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THE JONES FAMILY

CONCERNING

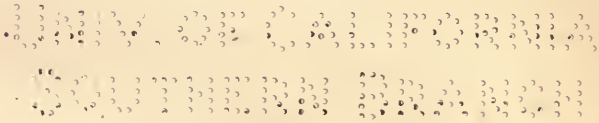
THE

JONES FAMILY

BY

TIMOTHY TITCOMB

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE," "GOLD-FOIL," "LESSONS IN LIFE," ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

THE form in which this book was originally written has never satisfied me. Courteous men do not write outspoken letters of condemnation and counsel to their acquaintances, and although my men and women were men and women of straw, I owed them polite treatment, to say the least. So I have entirely rewritten the book, transforming the letters into sketches of personal types, and thus doing away with the seeming discourtesy and impertinence of the previous form of direct address. I believe that all that was valuable in the book has been retained, and that the articles of which it is composed will be read with more profit and pleasure in consequence of the change.

NEW YORK, 1881.

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CONCERNING THE

JONES FAMILY.

DEACON SOLOMON JONES.

THE CONSIDERATION OF HIS SYSTEM OF FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

DEACON SOLOMON JONES is now an old man, and I do not expect that anything that I shall write about him will do him any good. I only seek, through what I say concerning him, to convey useful hints and lessons to others. It would not be a pleasure to me to wound his self-love, or to disturb the complacency which he entertains amid the wreck of his family hopes. It is not delightful to assure him that his life has been a mistake from the beginning, and that his children owe the miscarriage of their lives to the training which he still seems to regard as alike the offspring and parent of Christian wisdom. If there were not others in the world

who are making the same mistake that he has made, and moving forward to the same sad family disaster, there would be no word from me that he could shape into a reproach. But he will soon pass away, with the comforting assurance that his motives, at least, were good; and to these, his only comforts, I commend him.

He was once the great man of Jonesville. He then deemed it necessary to maintain a dignified deportment, to take the lead in all matters of public moment, to manage the Jonesville church and the Jonesville minister, and to exercise a general supervision of the village. There was not a man, woman, or child in the village who did not feel his presence as that of an independent, arbitrary power, that permitted no liberty of will around it. He had his notions of politics, religion, municipal affairs, education, social life; and to these he tried to bend every mind that came into contact with him. He undertook to think for his neighbors, and to impose upon them his own law in all things. If one independent man spoke out his thoughts and refused to be bound to his will, that man was sure of persecution. Deacon Jones beset him behind and before by petty annoyances. He took away his business, and sneered at him in public and private. In this way Deacon Jones banished from Jonesville many men who would have been an honor to it, and finally alienated from himself the hearts of his own kindred. He drove the whole village into opposition to himself. He forced

them to a self-assertion that manifested itself in a multitude of offensive and improper ways. If he opposed a harmless dance at a neighbor's house, the villagers revenged themselves by holding a ball at the tavern. It took only a few years of his peculiar management to fill Jonesville with doggeries and loafers, and to prove to him that his village management had been a sorry failure.

He seems to have conducted life upon the assumption that all the men in the world, with the exception of Deacon Solomon Jones, were incapable of self-government. It never seemed to occur to him, in any dispute with a neighbor, or in any difficulty which arrayed the public against him, that he could possibly be in the wrong; and it always has offended him to think that any other Jones, or any other man, should dare to controvert his opinions or question his decisions. And he was so stupid that, when all his neighbors—after much long-suffering and patient waiting upon his whims—rebelled against him, and went to extremes to show their independence of and contempt for him, he attributed the work of his own hands to the devil.

The Lord gave to Deacon Solomon Jones a respectable quantity of brains, and Yankee enterprise got him money. Had there been proper management on his part, Jonesville would be in his hands to-day; but he must be aware that by far the larger proportion of his fellow-citizens either do not love him, or that they posi-

tively hate him. How has this state of things been arrived at? Certainly not by his having been as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. He can hardly believe that the loss of his influence is attributable rather to the popular than to his own personal perverseness. I do not expect to make him see it, but he really did his best to make slaves of his fellows; and his fellows, recognizing him as a tyrant, kicked over his throne, and tumbled him into his chimney-corner, where alone he had the power to put his peculiar theories into practice.

A man does not usually have one set of notions concerning neighborhood government and another concerning family government. He managed his family very much as he undertook to manage his village. I can, indeed, bear witness that he gave his family line upon line and precept upon precept; but I am not so ready to concede that he trained them up in the right way. His family was an orderly one, I admit; but I have seen jails and houses of correction that were more orderly still. An orderly house is quite as liable to be governed too much, as a disorderly house is to be governed too little.

I always noticed this fact with relation to his mode of family training. He enforced a blind obedience to his commands, and never deemed it necessary or desirable to give a reason for them. Nay, he told his children, distinctly, that it was enough for them that he commanded a thing to be done. He refused to give them a reason beyond his own wish and will. He placed him-

self between them and their own consciences; he placed himself between them and their own sense of that which was just and proper and good; nay, he placed himself between them and God, and demanded that they should obey him because he willed it—because he commanded them to obey him.

It is comparatively an easy thing to get up an orderly family, on such a plan of operations as this. A man needs only to have a strong arm, a broad palm, and a heart that never opens to parental tenderness, to secure the most orderly family in the world. It is not a hard thing for a man who weighs two hundred pounds, more or less, to make a boy who weighs only fifty pounds so much dread him as to obey his minutest commands. Indeed, it is not a hard thing to break down his will entirely, and make a craven of him. The most orderly families I have ever known were the worst governed; and one of these families was that of Deacon Jones. He is not the first man who has brought up "an orderly family," and fitted them for the devil's hand by his system of government.

I know the history of his children, and in many respects it is a bad one and a sad one. He governed them. He laid his law upon them. He forced upon them his will as their supreme rule of action. They did not fear God half so much as they feared him; though, if I remember correctly, he represented God to be a sort of infinite Deacon Solomon Jones. They did not

fear to lie half so much as they feared to be flogged. They became hypocrites through their fear of him, and they learned to hate him because he persisted in treating them as servile dependents. He put himself before them and thrust himself into their life in the place of God. He bent them to his will with those strong hands of his, and he had "an orderly family."

When I think of the families that have been trained and ruined in this way, I shudder. The children of Deacon Jones were never permitted to have any will; and when they went forth from his threshold, they went forth emancipated slaves and untried children in the use of liberty. When they found the hand of parental restraint removed, there was no restraint upon them. They had never been taught that most essential of all government, self-government; and a man who has not been taught to govern himself is as helpless in the world as a child. A family may be orderly to a degree of nicety that is really admirable, and still be as incapable of self-government as a family of idiots. Families that might be reckoned by thousands have left orderly homes, all prepared for the destruction to which they rushed.

The military commander knows very well that he says very little as to the moral character of his soldiers when he says they are under excellent discipline. The drill of the camp may make the camp the most orderly of places, but this drill does not go beyond the camp, or deeper than the surface of the character. Take from

the shoulders of these soldiers the strong hand of military control, and you will have—as ordinary armies go—a mass of swearing, gaming, drinking rowdies, ready to rush into any excess. The state prison is the most orderly place in the world. The drill is faultless. I know of no place where, among an equal number of men gathered from the lower walks of society, there are so few breaches of decorum; yet, when the inmates reappear in society, they are not improved. Deacon Jones undertook to introduce a military drill, or prison drill, or both, into his family; and he failed precisely as generals and wardens fail. He never recognized the fact that the essential part of a child's education is that of teaching him the use of his liberty, under the control of his sense of that which is right and proper and laudable in human conduct. He did not undertake to develop and enlighten that sense at all. He managed his children, instead of teaching them how to manage themselves. He never appealed to their sense of honor, or to their sense of right or propriety, as the motive to any desirable course of conduct; and when he placed his command upon one of them, and that one dared to ask after the reason, he was crushed into silence by the assurance that he had nothing to do with the reason.

It is not uncommon to hear the assertion that the sons of ministers and deacons turn out badly. Statistics show that the statement is too broad, yet common observation unites in giving it some basis in truth. It is

not at all uncommon to see the children of excellent parents—children who have been bred in the most orderly manner—going straight to destruction the moment they leave the family roof and cease to feel parental restraint. These parents feel, doubtless, very much as Deacon Jones did, that it is all a mysterious dispensation of Providence, while it is only the natural result of their style of training.

I know of public institutions for the reform of vagrant children, that are celebrated for the delightful manner in which those children are brought to square their conduct by rule. They march like soldiers. They sing like machines. They enter their school-room in silent files that would delight the eye of an Indian warrior. They recite in concert the most complicated prose and verse. They play by rule, and go to bed to the ringing of a bell, and say the Lord's prayer in unison. And they run away when they can get a chance, and steal, and swear, and cheat, and prowl, and indulge in obscene talk, as of old. I know of other public institutions of this kind that have no rule of action except the general Christian rule within it. The children are taught to do right. They are instructed in that which is right. Their sense of that which is true and good and pure and right and proper is educated, developed, stimulated, and thus are the children taught to govern themselves. They govern themselves while in the institution, and they govern themselves after they leave it. It is impos-

sible to reform a vicious child without patiently teaching that child self-government. All the drill of all the masters and all the reformers in the world will not reform a single vice of a single child; and this show of juvenile drill that we meet with in schools and charitable institutions is frequently—nay, I will say generally—a most deceitful thing—the specious cover of a system of training that is terribly worse than useless. If dogs could talk, they could be taught to do the same thing in the same way; but they would hunt cats and bark at passengers in the old fashion when beyond the reach of their master's lash.

Deacon Jones's mode of family training has introduced me to a field of discussion as wide as it is important. It relates to public institutions as well as to families, and to nations as well as to public institutions. The people of America have been indulging in dreams of democracy in Europe; but these dreams do not come to pass, and are not likely soon to be realized. The people of Europe have been governed. They know nothing about self-government, and, whenever they have tried the experiment, they have usually failed. That which alone imperils democracy in this country is the loss of the power of self-government, and that which alone prevents the establishment of democracy in Europe is the lack of that power. The governing classes of Europe will take good care to see that that power be not developed.

But I return to this matter of family government, and I imagine that I am asked whether I intend to sneer at orderly families. I answer, not at all. There must be, without question, more or less repression of the irregularities of young life, and of such rough passions as sometimes break out and gain ascendancy in certain natures; but this should be exceptional. I do not sneer at orderly families, but I like to see order growing out of each member's sense of propriety, and each member's desire to contribute to the general good conduct and harmony of the family life. I like to see each child gradually transformed into a gentleman or a lady, with gentlemanly or ladylike habits, through a cultivated sense of that which is proper and good. I know that children thus bred—taught from the beginning that they have a stake and a responsibility in the family life—used from the beginning to manage themselves—are prepared to go out into the world and take care of themselves. To them home is a place of dignity, and they will never disgrace it. To them liberty is no new possession, and they know how to use without abusing it. To them self-control is a habit, and they never lose it.

I have often wondered whether Deacon Jones knows what a child is. I have wondered if he thinks whence it came and whither it is going—whether it ever occurred to him that any one of his children is a good deal more God's child than it is his. I have wondered whether he

ever happened to think that it came from heaven, and that it is more his brother than his child. I doubt whether he has ever thought anything of the kind. He has never dreamed that his children are his younger brothers and sisters, intrusted to him by their common Father for the purposes of protection and education. He certainly has never treated them as if they were. He has not a child in the world whose pardon he should not ask for the impudent and most unbrotherly assumptions which he has practised upon it. Ah! if he could have looked upon his sons as his younger brothers and his daughters as his younger sisters, patiently borne with them and instructed them in the use of life and liberty, and built them up into a self-regulated manhood and womanhood, he would not now be alone and comfortless. A child is not a horse or a dog, to be controlled by a walking-stick or a whip, under all circumstances. There are some children that, like some dogs and horses, have vicious tendencies that can only be repressed by the infliction of pain; but a child is not a brute, and is not to be governed like a brute. A child is a young man or a young woman, possessing man's or woman's faculties in miniature, and is just as sensitive to insult and injury and injustice as in after years. Deacon Jones has insulted his children. He has treated them unreasonably, and he ought not to complain if they hold him in dislike and revengeful contempt.

He never did anything to make his children love

him, and he cannot but be aware that, the moment they were removed from his authority, he lost all influence over them. Why could he not reclaim that son who madly became a debauchee and disgraced his home and tortured his heart? Because he had never won that son's love, or given him better motives for self-restraint than his own arbitrary will. He had been governed from the outside, and never from the inside; and when the outside authority was gone, there was nothing left upon which Deacon Jones had power to lay his hand. Why did that daughter elope with one who was not worthy of her? She did it simply because she found a man who loved her and gave her the consideration due her as a woman—a love and a consideration which she had never found at home, where she was regarded by her father as the dependent servant of his will. She was nothing at home; and, badly as she married, she is a better, a freer and a happier woman than she would have been had she continued in her home. These children of Deacon Jones went astray—not in despite of his mode of family training, be it understood, but in consequence of it. If I should wish to ruin my family, I would pursue his policy, and be measurably sure of the desired result.

It is not pleasant for me to write these things; but I am writing for the public, and can have no choice. I must say to all who read these words, that, if they do not get the hearts of their children, and build them up

in the right use of a liberty which is no more theirs after they leave their homes than it is before, they will be to those children forever as heathen men and publicans. If these children take the determination to go to destruction, they will go, and nothing that their parents can place in their way can save them. A child must have freedom, within limits which a variety of circumstances must define, and be taught how to use it, and made responsible for the right use of it. It is in this way that self-government is taught, and in this thing that self-government consists. All children, on arriving at manhood and womanhood, should be the self-governed companions and friends of their parents ; and on their going out into the world, or losing parental control, they should not feel the transition in the slightest degree. No child is trained in the right way who feels, when he steps forth from the family threshold—an independent actor—any less restraint than he felt the hour before. If he does, he is in danger of falling before the first temptation that assails him.

MRS. MARTHA JONES,

WIFE OF DEACON SOLOMON.

CONCERNING HER SYSTEM OF FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

I SUPPOSE I have thought of Mrs. Martha Jones ten thousand times within the last twenty years. I never see a clean kitchen, or a trim and tidy housewife, or an irreproachable "dresser," with its shining rows of tin and pewter, or a dairy full of milk, or a cleanly raked chip-yard, or polished brass andirons, flaming with fire on one side and reflecting ugly faces on the other, or catch a savory scent of breakfast on a frosty morning, or see a number of children crowded out of a door on their way to school, without thinking of her. Thriving, busy, exact, scrupulous, neat, minute in her supervision of all family concerns, striving to have her own way without interfering with the Deacon's, she has always lingered in my memory as a remarkable woman. She sat up so late at night and rose so early in the morning, that it seems as if she never slept. There was a chronic alertness about her that detected and even anticipated every

occurrence in and around the house. Not a door could be opened or a window raised in any part of the house, however distant it might be, without her hearing and identifying it. Not a voice was heard within the house at any time of the day or night that she did not know who uttered it. Her soul seemed to have become the tenant of the whole building, and to be conscious of every occurrence in every part of it at every moment. She not only knew what was going on everywhere within it, but every part spoke of her presence.

She had a curious way of maintaining the family harmony without the sacrifice of her own sense of independence. She really carried on a very independent life within certain limits. She was aware that, in the matter of will, the deacon, her husband, was very obstinate, and that she could never hope to dispute his empire. So she shrewdly managed never to cross him where the course of his will ran the strongest, and to be sure that no one else crossed him. I remember very well her look of amazement and reproof when she heard me treat with apparent irreverence some of his most rigidly fixed opinions, and assail prejudices which she knew were as deeply seated as his life. I enjoyed her look of amazement quite as much as I did the deacon's anger, for it seemed to me a very justifiable bit of mischief to break into a family peace that was maintained in this way. By humoring and indulging her husband, in all matters over which he saw fit to exercise authority,

and by so closely attending to everything else that he did not think of it, she kept him in a state of self-complacency, and was the recognized queen of a wide realm.

As I look back upon her life, I find but little to blame her for. Wherever her errors have been productive of mischief, they have been errors of ignorance—mistakes—possibly excusable in the circumstances under which they were committed. She loved her children with all the tenderness and devotion of a good mother, but, in her anxiety that they should not cross their father's will, and provoke his displeasure, she became but little better than an irksome overseer to them. She knew that if there was anything that her husband insisted on, it was parental authority. She knew that the strict ordering of his family was his pet idea, and that his family government, in the fullest meaning and force of the phrase, was his hobby. This pet idea—this hobby—she made room for in her family plans. She knew that he was often unreasonable, but that made no difference. She knew that his will ran strongest in that direction, and she made it her business to see that as few obstacles lay in his path as possible. On one side stood the deacon's inexorable laws and rules and will, by which his children, of every age, were to square their conduct. On the other stood her precious children, with all the wilfulness and waywardness of children—with all their longing for parental tenderness and indulgence—with

moods which they had never learned to manage, and tempers which they did not know the meaning of; and she became supremely anxious that the deacon should not be provoked by them to wrath, and that they should escape the consequences of his displeasure.

Well, what was the consequence? This ceaseless vigilance which she had learned to exercise over every portion of the household economy, she extended to the bearing and conduct of her children. She exercised over them the strictest surveillance. She carried in her mind and in her manners the dread of a collision between them and their despotic governor. She tried to save him from irritation and them from its consequences. She kept one eye on him and another on them, and nothing in the conduct of either party escaped her. Her children, as they emerged from babyhood, grew gradually into the consciousness that they were watched, and that not a word could be uttered, or a hand lifted, or a foot moved, without a degree of notice which curtailed its liberty. It was repression—repression—nothing but repression—everywhere, for them. No hearty laugh, or overflowing, childish glee, or noisy play for them, for fear that the deacon might be disturbed!

At last, every child she had, in addition to the fear of its father, came to entertain a dread of its mother. I think her children loved her, or would have loved her, had they not associated her forever with restraint. If they played, she was near with her everlasting "hush!"

If they sat down at table, they knew that her eye was upon them—that she watched the position of every head under the deacon's long "grace"—the passage of every mouthful—the manner in which they asked every question and responded to what was said to them—the amount of food and drink consumed—everything. They felt themselves wrapped up in—devoured by—a vigilant supervision that took from them their liberty and their will, and with them, all feelings of self-respect and self-possession.

It is not the opinion of her neighbors that either she or her husband has had anything to do with the ruin of their children. The deacon was so strict and so efficient in his family government, and she was so scrupulously careful in everything that related to their manners at home and away, that they did not imagine it possible that any bad result could naturally flow from such training. I do not say that they are mistaken from any wish to blame her, but I must speak the truth about her. Her minute watchfulness and censorship exercised over these children until she became to them God, conscience, and will, were just as fatal to a manly and womanly development as the deacon's irresponsible commands. A boy that feels that every word of his mouth and every movement of his body is watched by one whose eye never sleeps, and whose hand is ever ready to repress, becomes at last a coward or a bully. There are natures which will not submit to this surveillance;

and when these become weary of the pressure, they kick it aside, and parental restraint—associated with all that is hateful in slavery—is gone forever.

Under the peculiar training and home influences to which her children were subjected, there were but two things that they were likely to become, viz.: rebels or cravens. Her children were naturally high-spirited, like the deacon and herself, and they became rebels. Otherwise, they would have carried with them through life the feeling that whatever show they might put on—however much they might struggle against it—they were underlings. There are some men and some women, probably, who, living through a long life under favorable circumstances, recover from this early discipline of repression, and this abject slavery of the will, but they are few. They must be few. The negro who has once been a slave cannot, one time in a hundred, refuse to take off his hat, or bow, to a white man. He is never at home, when placed on an equality with him. He carries in his soul the badge of servility, and he can no more thrust it from his sight or banish it from his consciousness than he can change the color of his skin. This is not because he is a negro, simply, but because he has been a slave—because he has been trained up to have no will, and to be controlled under all circumstances by the wills of those who had him in their power.

A child can be made the slave of a parent just as thoroughly as a negro ever was made the slave of a white man,

and such a child can be just as everlastingly damaged by parental or family slavery as a bondsman can be by any system of bondage. A child can be made as mean, and cowardly, and deceitful, and devoid of self-respect, by a system of management which puts a curb upon every action, as the devil himself could possibly desire. This system of watchful repression, and minute supervision, and criticism of every action, among children, is utterly debilitating and demoralizing. Mrs. Jones intended no harm by it. Under the circumstances, it was a very natural thing for her to do; but I think she can hardly fail to see that, unwittingly, she perfected the work of destruction in her children which the deacon so thoroughly began, and for which he would have been, without her assistance, entirely sufficient. Oh! when will the world learn that children are neither animals nor slaves? When will the world learn that children—the purest, sweetest, noblest, truest, most sagacious creatures in the world—with a natural charter of liberty as broad as that enjoyed by the angels—should be treated with respect? When shall this idea that all legitimate training relates to the use of liberty—to the acquisition of the power of self-government—become the universal basis of family policy?

What do I mean by this? Well, I will try to explain, or illustrate, my meaning. I remember a gathering at the house of Mrs. Jones—a party of friends—to which her children were admitted; and I remember with pain-

ful distinctness the telegraphic communication which she maintained with them during the whole evening. If James got his legs crossed, or, in his drowsiness, gaped, or if he coughed, or sneezed, or laughed above a certain key, or made a remark, or moved his chair, it was: "James, h—m!"—"James, h—m!"—"James, h—m!" And James was only one of half a dozen whom she treated in the same way. She began the evening with the feeling that she was entirely responsible for the behavior of those children—just as much responsible as if they, severally, were the fingers of her hand. She acted as if they were machines which, for the evening, she had undertaken to operate. They felt that they were under the eye of a vigilant keeper, and they did not dream of such a thing as acting for themselves. They were acting for her, and they did not know until they heard her suggestive "h—m!" whether they were right or wrong. She undertook for the evening to be to them in the stead of their sense of propriety; and the communication between them and her being imperfect, they often offended. I know that her good sense will tell her now that this is not the way gentlemen and ladies are made.

I was recently in a family circle where I witnessed a most delightful contrast to all this—where the sons and daughters were brought up and introduced to me by the father and mother with as much politeness and cordiality as if they were kings and queens every one, and with as

much freedom as if the parents had not the slightest doubt that the children—from the oldest to the youngest—would bear themselves like ladies and gentlemen. There was no forwardness on the part of these children, as may possibly be supposed; yet there was perfect self-possession; and each child knew that he stood upon his own merits. I suppose that if any one of these children had indulged in any impropriety during this interview—as not one of them did—he would have been kindly told afterward, by one of the parents, what he had done, and why he should never repeat it. The children of Mrs. Jones were always awkward in company, and for the simple reason that they did not know whether they were pleasing her or not. They had no freedom, and were guided by no principle. Her will was their rule, and her will, so far as it related to all the minutiæ of behavior, was not thoroughly known; so they were always embarrassed, and always turning their eyes toward her. Her entire system of management was based on distrust, while that of the family with whom I contrast hers was founded on trust. Her children, while she could possibly keep her hold upon them, were never permitted to outgrow their petticoats, while those of the other family alluded to were put upon their own responsibility just as soon as possible. Is there any doubt as to which system of treatment is best?

Perhaps, among those who read this essay, there may be those who think that parental authority cannot be

maintained without its constant and direct assertion. If so, let them be sure that they are mistaken. I have known families that possessed fathers and mothers who were honored, admired, loved, almost worshipped—fathers and mothers whose children dreaded nothing so much as to give them pain—yet these same children knew no such word as fear, and would have been utterly ashamed to render the assertion of parental authority necessary. Parents and children were friends and companions—the children deferring to the opinions and wishes of the parents, and the parents consulting the happiness and trusting the good sense and good intentions of the children. Whenever I hear a young man calling his father "the old man," and his mother "the old woman," I know that the old man and the old woman are to blame for it.

If the children of Mrs. Jones had turned out well, it must have been in spite of a system of training which was so far from being education as to be its opposite. There was no inner life organized; there was no building up of character; there was no establishment in each child's heart of a bar of judgment—no exercise in the use of liberty; but only restraint, only fear, only slavery.

I do not entertain those opinions of one variety of disorderly families which Mrs. Jones and the deacon seem to have entertained all their lives. I have never yet seen the house where children were happy that did not

show evidences of disorder; and a man is a fool, or something worse, who quarrels with this state of things. Where children have playthings, and where they play with them, there must necessarily be disorder, and furniture more or less disturbed and defaced, and noise more or less disagreeable, and litter that is not highly ornamental. And before children have had an opportunity to learn propriety of speech and deportment—before they are educated—there will be in their conduct, in play-room and parlor alike, more or less of irregularity and extravagance. Remarks will be made that will shock all hearers; sudden explosions of anger will occur, with other eccentricities of conduct that need not be named. There are remedies for all these—in time. When, in the course of their education, the sense of propriety is stimulated and strengthened, and pride of character is developed, these irregularities will disappear and an orderly family will be the consequence, each child having become its own reformer.

There was a feature of Mrs. Jones' family government (which she held in common with her husband) that made still more complete the slavery of her children. It was the deacon's opinion that a boy who was not too tired to play at ball, or slide down hill, or skate, was not too tired to saw wood, and it was his policy to direct all the excess of animal life which his boys manifested into the channels of industry and usefulness. She seconded this opinion, and maintained that a girl who was

not too sleepy to make a doll's hat, or a doll's dress, was not too sleepy to hem a handkerchief, or darn a stocking. So her children never had what children call "a good time." Always kept at work when possible, and always restrained in every exhibition of the spirit of play, home became an irksome place to them, and childhood a dreary period. Her children were never permitted to do anything to please themselves, in their own way. Everything was done—or she insisted that everything should be done—to please her, in her way. If one of her daughters sat down to rest, or resorted to a little quiet amusement, she stirred her at once by some petty command. I was often tempted to be angry with her, because she would never give her children any peace. She had always something for them to do, and something that had to be done just at the very time when they were enjoying themselves the best.

"Precept upon precept" is very well, in its way, but principle is much better. The principle of right and proper acting, fully inculcated, renders unnecessary all precepts; and until a child has fully received this principle he is without the basis of manhood. The earlier this principle is received, and a child thrown upon his own responsibility, and made to feel that he is a man, lacking only years to give him strength and wisdom, the safer that boy is for time and for eternity. The moment a boy becomes morally responsible, he becomes in a most important sense—a sense which she and the

deacon never recognized—free. I do not say that he is removed from parental control or rational restraint, but that it is the business of the parent to educate him in the principle of self-government. A boy bred thus, becomes ten times more a man than a boy bred in a way which has seemed best to Mrs. Jones; and when he goes forth from the parental roof he goes forth strong, and able to battle with life's trials and temptations. Children long for recognition—to do things for themselves, to be their own masters and mistresses. Their play is all based on the assumption that they are men and women, as, in miniature, they are; and, insisting on the right use of liberty and teaching them how to use it, they should have it restrained only when that liberty is abused.

F. MENDELSSOHN JONES,

SINGING-MASTER.

CONCERNING THE INFLUENCE OF HIS PROFESSION ON PERSONAL CHARACTER.

I ONCE heard the most renowned and venerable of all the professors of music in this country say that he always warned his classes of young women to beware of singing men, and, with equal emphasis, warned his classes of young men to beware of singing women. He alluded, of course, to professional singers, and I have too much respect for his Christian character to suppose that he was not thoroughly in earnest. The statement will not flatter the self-conceit of singing men and women, but it brought to my mind, immediately, the history of Mr. F. Mendelssohn Jones, the singing-master. He was what people call a bright boy. He was, indeed, what I should call a clever boy. He was quick, ingenious, graceful, skilful; and his father and mother told me, with evident pride, and in his presence, that he had a remarkable talent for music. "Felix Mendelssohn could sing," they said, "and carry his own part before

he was three years old." And Felix Mendelssohn was brought out on all possible occasions, to display his really respectable gifts as a singer, and was brought out so often, and was so much praised and flattered, that, before he was old enough to know much about anything, he had conceived the idea that singing was the largest thing to be done in the world, and that Felix Mendelssohn Jones had a very large way of doing it.

Twenty years have passed away, and where is he now? He is a singing-master, with a limited income and a reputation rather the worse for wear. He has never been convicted of any flagrant acts of immorality, but men and women have ticketed him "doubtful." Judicious fathers and mothers are careful not to leave their daughters in his company. Ladies who prize a good name above all other possessions, do not permit themselves to be found alone with him. There are stories floating about concerning his intrigues, and the jealousy and unhappiness of his wife. Everybody says that he is an excellent singer; that he understands his business, etc.; but all add that he knows nothing about anything else; that they would not trust him the length of their arm; that he is a hypocrite and a scapegrace; that he ought to be horsewhipped and hissed out of decent society; that it is strange that any respectable man will have him in his family; and a great many other ugly things which need not be related. I am aware that he has warm friends; but not one among the men, unless

it may be some poor fellow whose wife's name has been coupled with his in an uncomfortable way. Wherever he goes, there are always two or three women who become his sworn partisans—women who have his name constantly on their lips; who will not peaceably or without protest hear his immaculateness called in question—women who, somehow, seem to have a personal interest in establishing the uncompromising rigidity of his virtue. I do not think very highly of these women.

Felix is a handsome man, and how well he knows it! He is a "dressy" man. There is no better broadcloth than he wears, and no better tailor than he employs. He is as vain as a peacock, and selfish beyond all calculation. A stranger, meeting him in a railroad-car, or at a hotel, would not guess the manner in which he gets his money, and least of all would he guess that in his home, where he is a contemptible tyrant, his wife sits meanly clad, and his children eat the bread of poverty.

I have asked myself many times why it is that he and a large class of singing men and singing women are thus among the most worthless of all human beings. One would suppose, from the nature of the case, that he and they would be among the purest and noblest men and women in the world. Music is a creature of the skies. It was on the wings of music that the heaven-born song —"Peace on earth! good-will to men"—came down, and thrilled Judea with sounds that have since swept

around the world. It is on the breath of music that our praises rise to Him, whose life itself, as expressed in the movements of systems and the phenomena of vitality, is the perfection of rhythmical harmony. It is music that lulls the fretful infant to sleep upon its mother's bosom; that gives expression to the free spirit of boyhood when it rejoices upon the hills; that relieves the tedium of labor; that clothes the phrases by which men woo the women whom they love; and that makes a flowery channel through which grief may pour its plaint. It stirs the martial host to do battle in the cause of God and freedom, and celebrates the victory; and "with songs" as well as with "everlasting joy," we are told, the redeemed shall enter upon their reward at last. Why, one would suppose that no man could live and move and have his being in music, without being sublimated, etherealized, spiritualized by it—kept up in a seventh heaven of purity and refinement.

This may all be said of music in general, but to me there seems to be something peculiarly sacred in the human voice. There is that in the voice which transcends all the instruments of man's invention. It is one of God's instruments, and cannot be surpassed or equalled. It is the natural outlet of human passion; the opening through which—in love and hate, in grief and gladness, in desire and satisfaction—the soul breathes. It pulsates and trembles with that spiritual life and motion which are born of God's presence in the

soul. It is not only the expression of all that is human in us, but of all that is divine.

One would suppose, I repeat, from the nature of the case, that all professional singing men and singing women would be among the purest and noblest and best men and women in the world; but, on the contrary, Felix Mendelssohn Jones is the mean and miserable profligate I have already charged him with being, and many of his associates are like him. In saying this, I do not mean to wound the sensibilities of some singing men and women who do not belong to his set. I know truly Christian men and women who have devoted their lives to music, but they are in no danger of being confounded with the crowd and class I have condemned. They despise that class as much as I do, and regret, as much as I do, the facts which have associated music with so much that is mean and unworthy in character and conduct.

It is interesting to study into the causes of this widespread immorality and worthlessness among those who make singing the business of their lives. In the case of Felix, and in many others, personal vanity has had more to do than anything else. He was bred from the cradle to a love of praise His gift for music was manifested early, and his parents undertook to exhibit him and secure praise for him throughout all the years of his boyhood. He grew up with a constant greed for admiration, and this grew at last into a passion, which has

never relinquished its hold upon him. He became vain of his accomplishment, and vain of his personal beauty, and vain of his whole personality. He has been singing in church all his life, and giving voice to the aspirations and praises of others, but, probably, there has never, in all that time, gone up from his heart a single offering to Him who bestowed upon him his excellent gift. He has, during all his life, on all occasions, sung to men, not to God. As his voice has swelled out over choir and congregation, he has been only thoughtful of the admiration he was exciting in the minds of those who were listening, and has always been rather seeking praise for himself than giving praise to his Maker.

This love of admiration and praise has been, then, the mainspring of his life; and no man or woman can be decent with no higher motive of life than this. With this motive predominant, he has grown superlatively selfish. He refuses to share his earnings with his wife and children, because such a policy would detract from his personal charms, or his personal comforts. He quarrels with every man of his profession, because he is afraid that the man will detract somewhat from the glory which he imagines has settled around him. His mouth is constantly filled with detraction of his rivals. In the practice of his profession, he is thrown into contact with soft and sympathetic women, who are charmed by his voice, and his face, and his style, and his villanously smooth and sanctimonious manners, and they be-

come easy victims to his desire for personal conquest. Thus his music becomes to him only an instrument for the gratification of his greed for admiration, and, among other things, a means for winning personal power over the weak and wayward women whom he encounters.

Life always takes on the character of its motive. It is not the music which has injured him: it is not the music which injures any one of the great brotherhood and sisterhood of vicious genius. There are those among musicians who can plead the power of great passions as their apology for great vices. No great musician is possible without great passions. No man without intense human sympathies in all directions can ever be a great singer, or a great musician of any kind; and these sympathies, in a life subject to great exaltations and depressions, lead their possessor only too often into vices that degrade him and his art. But Felix is not a great musician, and I doubt very much whether he has great passions. I think he is a diddler and a make-believe. I think his vices are affectations, in a considerable degree, and that he indulges in them only so far as he imagines they will make him interesting.

There is something very demoralizing in all pursuits that depend for their success upon the popular applause. We see it no more in public singing than in acting, and no more in acting than in politics. I doubt whether there are more singers than politicians ruined

by their pursuits. A man who makes it the business of his life to seek office at the hands of the people, and who administers the affairs of office so as to secure the popular applause, becomes morally as rotten as the rottenest of the musical profession.

I never hear of an American girl going abroad to study music, for the purpose of fitting herself for a public musical career, without a pang. A musical education, an introduction to public musical life, and a few years of that life, are almost certain ruin for any woman. Some escape this ruin, it is true, but there are temptations laid for every step of their life. They find their success in the hands of men who demand more than money for wages. They find their personal charms set over against the personal charms of others. Their whole life is filled with rivalries and jealousies. They find themselves constantly thrown into intimate associations on the stage with men who subject themselves to no Christian restraint—who can hardly be said to have a Christian education. They are constantly acting in operas, the whole dramatic relish of which is found in equivocal situations, or openly licentious revelations. In such circumstances as these, a woman must be a marvel of modesty and a miracle of grace to escape contamination. I do not believe there is a woman in the world who ever came out of a public musical career as good a woman as she entered it. She may have escaped with an untarnished name—she may have pre-

served her standing in society, or even heightened it, but in her inmost soul she knows that the pure spirit of her girlhood is gone.

It is the dream, I suppose, of most women who undertake a musical career that after winning money and fame, they shall settle down into domestic life gracefully, and be happy in retirement. Alas! this is one of the dreams that very rarely "come true." The greed for popular applause, once tasted, knows no relenting. The public life of women unfits them for domestic life, and the contaminations of a public singing woman's position render it almost impossible for her to be married out of her circle; so that a woman who spends ten years on the stage usually spends her life there, or does worse. I do not wonder at the old professor's warning against singing women, or singing men. It is enough to break down any man's or woman's self-respect to depend for bread and reputation upon the applause of a capricious public—to devote the whole energies of one's being to the winning of a few clappings of the hand and a few tossings of the handkerchief, and to feel that bread, and success of the life-purpose depend upon these few clappings and tossings.

I have a theory that it is demoralizing to pursue as a business any graceful accomplishment which is only intended to administer to the pleasure and recreation of toiling men and women. I have not read history correctly if it be not true that the artists of all ages have

been generally men of many vices. There have been men of pure character among them always, but, as a class, they have not been men whom we should select for Sunday-school superintendents, or as husbands for our daughters. If Felix Mendelssohn Jones had been a tailor, and had worked hard at his business and only used his talent for music in the social circle and the village choir on Sunday, and been just as vain as he is to-day, he would have been a better man than he is now, I think. I think this devotion of his life to music has had the tendency, independently of all other influences, to make him intellectually an ass and morally a goat.

Whether there is soundness in this theory or not, singing as a pursuit must come under the general law which makes devotion to one idea a dwarfing process. A man who gives his life to music and becomes absorbed by it—and who really knows nothing else, will necessarily be a very small pattern of a man. The artist is developed at the expense of the man. Music is thrown entirely out of its legitimate and healthy relations to his life, and he makes that an object, or end of life which should only minister to an end far higher. When a man undertakes to clothe his manhood from materials furnished by a single pursuit, even when that pursuit is so pure and beautiful as that of music, he runs short of cloth at once. I have no doubt that one of the principal reasons why music has such a dwarfing effect upon a multitude of those who make it the pursuit of their lives,

is, that it is so fascinating and so absorbing—that it possesses such a power to drive out from the mind and life everything else. There is no denying the fact that, in the eye of a practical business man, musical accomplishments in men are regarded as a damage to character and a hinderance to success. It is pretty nearly the universal belief that a man who is very much devoted to music is rarely good for anything else. This may not be true—I doubt whether it is strictly true—but it is true enough, and it has always been true enough to make it a rule among those who have no time for nice distinctions and exceptional cases.

I do not wonder that Felix Mendelssohn Jones is intellectually a dwarf. I do not wonder that men who have nerve and muscle and common sense, and practical acquaintance with the great concerns of life, and a share in the world's earnest work, should hold him in contempt for other reasons than those which relate to his morals. What did he ever study besides music? Upon what subject of human interest is he informed except music? Upon what topic of conversation is he at all at home unless it be music? Why is it that he has nothing to say when those questions are discussed which relate to the political, moral, social, and industrial life of the race or nation to which he belongs? No man has a right to be more a musician than a man, and no musician has the right to complain when men who are men hold him in contempt be-

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cause he is the slave of an art of which he should rather be the kingly possessor. There is a vast deal of nonsense afloat in the world about being married to music, or married to art, as if music were a woman of a very seductive and exacting character, and musicians were very gallant and knightly people who make it their business to bend before a lifted eyebrow, and follow the fickle swing of petticoats to death and the worst that follows it.

There is another cause that has operated to make him much less a man than he might have been under other circumstances, and this is almost inseparable from his life as a public singer. His life has been a vagabond life. He, in his humble way, passing from village to village, has only had a taste of that dissipation of travel which the more famous members of his profession are obliged to suffer. From the time a public singer begins his career until he closes it, he has no home. He is never recognized as a member of society. He is obliged to be all things to all men everywhere. He has no nationality. He shouts for the stars and stripes in New York, but would just as easily shout for the stars and bars wherever they float. He is equally at home in England and France and Italy, and salutes any flag under which he can win plaudits and provender. He has no politics, he has no religion, "to mention," he has no stake in permanent society whatever. The institutions of Christianity, public schools, educational

schemes and systems, the great, permanent charities, municipal and neighborhood life—he has no share in all these. He runs from country to country and from capital to capital, or scours the country, and does not cease his travels until life or health or voice is gone. It is impossible for any man to be subject to such dissipation as this without receiving incalculable damage of character. He can think of nothing but his profession under these circumstances. He can have no healthy social life, no home influences, no recognized position in religious and political communities. He can be nothing but a comet among the fixed stars and regularly revolving systems of the world, making a great show for the rather nebulous head which he carries, occupying more blue sky for the brief period than belongs to him, and then passing out of sight and out of memory, leaving no track.

I might go further, and show how nearly impossible it is for a public singer, who sings everything everywhere, who wanders over the world and lives upon the breath of popular applause, whose life seems almost necessarily made up of intrigues and jealousies, to be a religious man. No matter what the stage of the theatre or the platform of the concert-room might be, or may have been; we know that now they are not the places where piety toward God is in such a state of high cultivation that good people throng before them for religious motive and inspiration. The whole atmosphere of a public singer's life is sensuous. Like the

beggarly old reprobate in Rome who obtained a living by sitting to artists for his "religious expression," they coin their Te Deums into dollars, and regard a mass as only a style of music to be treated in a professional way for other people who have sufficient interest in it to pay for the service. Man is a weak creature, and it takes a great many influences to keep him in the path of religious duty, and preserve his sympathy with those grand spiritual truths which relate to his noblest development and his highest destiny. These influences are not to be secured by a roving life, and constantly shifting society, and ministering to the tastes and seeking the favor of the vulgar crowd.

On the whole, I do not wonder that Mr. Felix Mendelssohn Jones is no better than he is. He has really had more influences operating against him than I had considered when I began to write this essay. Nevertheless, he ought to be ashamed of himself and institute a reform. He ought to recast his life. If he cannot settle down permanently in his profession in some town large enough to support him, and become a decent husband to his wife and a faithful father to his children, and take upon his shoulders his portion of the burdens of organized society, let him quit his profession and go into some other business. I know that he furnishes a very slender basis for building a man upon, but he can at least cease to be a nuisance.

I know a good many musical men and women whom

music or devotion to music has not damaged; but these men and women have entered as permanent elements into the society in which they live, and are something more than musicians. Singing is the most charming of all accomplishments when it is the voice of a noble nature and a generous culture; and all music, when it preserves its legitimate relations to the great interests of human society, is refining and liberalizing in its influence. But when music monopolizes the mind of a man; when it becomes the vehicle through which he ministers to his personal vanity; when it either becomes degraded to be the instrument for procuring his bread, or elevated to the position of a master passion, it spoils him. I pray that no friend or child of mine may become professionally a singing man or singing woman. All the circumstances that cluster around such a life, all the influences associated with it, and the great majority of its natural tendencies are against the development and preservation of a Christian style of life and character and, consequently, against the best form of happiness here and the only form hereafter.

HANS SACHS JONES,

SHOEMAKER.

CONCERNING HIS HABIT OF BUSINESS LYING.

MY shoemaker, Mr. Hans Sachs Jones, has always seemed to me to be an anomalous sort of personage. On the street, he is a respectable and decent man. I would take his note for any sum he would be likely to borrow, and rely upon its payment at maturity. Nay, I would accept his word of honor at any time, when he has his coat on his back and the wax is off his fingers, with entire confidence. He has been entrusted with responsibilities in civil and social affairs, and has never betrayed them. He is a good husband, father, friend, and citizen, but he stands behind his counter from morning until night, and lies as continuously and coolly as if he were a flowing fountain of falsehood. He will not assail me in the street, because I so plainly tell him this, for he knows it is true, and that I like him too well to insult him. He knows, as well as I do, that he never made a pair of boots for me that did not cost him more lies than they cost me dollars.

I have stood before him, on some occasions, thoroughly astonished at the facility and ingenuity and boldness with which he lied his way out from among the fragments of his broken engagements. The glibness of his tongue, and the candor of his tone, and the immovable sincerity of his features, and the half-discouraged, half-wounded expression of face and voice with which he apologized for his failure to keep his pledges, were really overwhelming. I have sometimes wondered whether he did not suppose he was telling the truth—whether he had not, by some odd hallucination, come to believe that the causes of his failure to keep his pledges had a real and permanent existence. Never was so much sickness suffered by journeymen shoemakers as by his. Never had shoemakers such sickly children, and never had shoemakers so many children born to them. It is a strange fatality, too, that always keeps his best workmen on a spree. I have never known any class of artisans drink so much as those he employs. He is always getting out of the right kind of leather at the wrong time, or suffering by some occurrence that renders it impossible for him to keep his promise, and, at the same time, make just such a pair of boots or shoes as he feels particular about making for his particular customers. He resorts to the most transparent flattery to keep his patrons good-natured, but there is not a man or woman who enters his shop who believes a word he utters. Day after day, and week after week, his prom-

ises are broken with regard to a single job, and his patrons smile in his face at the excuses which his tongue holds ready at all times; and he knows that they know that he is lying.

He is not a sinner in this respect above all shoemakers, and shoemakers are not sinners in this respect above all artisans and tradesmen. He happens to be a very perfect specimen of a class of men who work for the public in the performance of essential everyday jobs in the various mechanical arts. They do not all lie as much as he does, but many of them lie in the same way, and for the same reason. They are not all as cool about it as he is, but lying is their daily resort.

Now, what is there in his business or in the relations to society of that class of employments to which he belongs, to develop the untruthfulness which all must admit attaches to it in some degree? In the first place, he began business in a very small way, and was able to keep his promises, never making any that he did not intend to keep. Business increased, and he found among his best customers—those whose patronage he most desired to retain—a degree of unreasonable impatience which he could not withstand. He was imperiously urged into the making of pledges for the delivery of work which he could not make, consistently with his previously existing engagements. He was desirous to please; strong wills, backed by money, were brought to bear upon him; the keeping of his promise looked

possible, even if not altogether practicable; and he promised. He felt, however, that somebody was to be disappointed, and he undertook to find an excuse which would lift the burden of blame from his own shoulders. He did not dare to stand before his customer a voluntary delinquent; so when his customer came, and he was not ready to see him, he justified himself by throwing the blame upon others, or upon circumstances over which he had no control. The customer may have believed him at first, but his faith soon wore out.

The shoemaker learned, at length, that people liked to have their work promised early, and that they would take his apologies for failure good-naturedly; and he ran into the habit of promising work early, with the expectation, if not the direct intention, to break his promise. I have given him jobs when I knew he lied while taking them, and expected to lie a great many times before he finished them. He has told me repeatedly that work was nearly finished when I knew that it had not been begun; and all this for the purpose of pleasing me, and saving himself from blame. He was not naturally untruthful, and he is not untruthful now where his business is not concerned, but in his business he has made falsehood the rule of his daily life. His promises are always in advance of his power to perform, and the breaking of them has become habitual.

It is painful to see a man—otherwise so respectable—unreliable in the place where men meet him most; for

it weakens his hold upon the popular regard, and cannot fail to depreciate his own self-respect. He must feel ashamed, at times, to realize that his word is not believed, and to know that he has not a customer in the world who feels at all sure about getting work done by him until it really is done and in his hands. The kind of life he leads must also be an exceedingly uncomfortable one. Now there is not the slightest necessity for this, and there is no apology for it. It had a very natural beginning, but he ought to have learned long ago that it was not requisite either to his prosperity or to his comfort. He gets his work in spite of his lying, and not in consequence of it. His habit of lying is the only thing people have against him. They give him their custom because he is a good workman, and for nothing else.

I have no doubt that, as he reads this letter, he says to himself that I talk as if a man could always keep his promises, honestly made, and as if there were men in the world who never break promises. I know, indeed, that there is no man who can so thoroughly depend upon circumstances, or so control them, as always to be sure to keep his pledges. Sickness happens to all. Calamity in some form comes to all. Drunkenness sometimes overtakes a journeyman shoemaker, though, to tell the truth, such men are not commonly employed by masters who care about keeping their word. Men of business punctilio, and regular business habits, can

always secure the best workmen. It is only the unreliable masters who are obliged to accept unreliable hands, though I would by no means intimate that I believe in his representations concerning the drunkenness of his workmen. His men are shamefully belied; and if they knew how badly they are slandered, they would rebel. No; I admit that the most prompt and punctual men must fail, through unforeseen impediments, to keep every promise; but such men do not lie their way out of their difficulty, and are only the more careful about making and keeping their engagements afterward.

To me, one of the most admirable things in the world is business punctilio. I think it is rare to find very bad men among thorough business men. I do not mean to say that a good business man is necessarily religious, or even necessarily without vices. I mean, simply, that it is difficult to be strictly honest in business, and sensitive in all matters pertaining to business engagements, and thoroughly punctual in the fulfilment of all business obligations, and at the same time to be loose in morals and dissipated in personal habits. I have great respect for those rigid laws of the counting-room which regulate the dealings between man and man, and which make the counting-room as exact in all matters of time and exchange as a banking-house—which ignore friendship, affection, and all personal considerations whatsoever—which place neighbors and brothers on the same platform with enemies and aliens, and which make an auto-

crat of an accountant, who is, at the same time, strictly an obedient subject of his own laws. I say it is hard for a man to enter as a perfectly harmonious element into this grand system of business, and submit himself to its rigid rules, and maintain his position in it with perfect integrity and, at the same time, be a very bad man. To a certain extent he bows to and obeys a high standard of life. He may not always recognize fully the moral element which it embodies. He may take a selfish view of the whole matter, but he cannot be entirely insensible to the principle of personal honor which it involves, or fail to be influenced by the personal habits which it enforces. Some of the best business men I have ever known have been the most charitable men I have ever known. Men who have acquired wealth by rigid adherence to business integrity, and who have sometimes been deemed harsh and hard by those with whom they have had business relations, have shown a liberality and a generosity toward objects of charity which have placed them among the world's benefactors. Men who have exacted the last fraction of a cent with one hand, in the way of business, have disbursed thousands of dollars with the other, in the way of charity.

On another side of this subject, it may be stated that it is not possible for a man to be careless in business affairs, or unmindful of his business obligations, without being weak or rotten in his personal character. Show me a man who never pays his notes when they are due,

and who shuns the payment of his bills when it is possible, and does both these things as a habit, and I shall see a man whose moral character is, beyond all question, bad. We have had illustrious examples of this lack of business exactness. We have had great men who were in the habit of borrowing money without repaying it, or apologizing for not repaying it. We have had great men whose business habits were simply scandalous — who never paid a bill unless urged and worried, and who expended for their personal gratification every cent of money they could lay their hands upon. These delinquencies have been apologized for as among the eccentricities of genius, or as that unmindfulness of small affairs which naturally attends all greatness of intellect and intellectual effort; but the world has been too easy with them altogether. I could name great men—and the names of some of them arise before the readers of this paper—who were atrociously dishonest. I do not care how great these men were. I do not care how many amiable and admirable traits they possessed. They were dishonest and untrustworthy men in their business relations, and that simple fact condemns them. I am ready to believe anything bad of a man who habitually neglects to fulfil his business obligations. Such a man is certainly rotten at heart. He is not to be trusted with a public responsibility, or a rum bottle, or a woman.

Now, Mr. Hans Sachs Jones, has customers of this class. Will he permit me to ask him how he likes

them? Some of these men are poor, but quite as many of them are rich. He lied to them a great many times before they made their little bills with him, and they have lied to him a great many times since. When he has had money to raise, they have promised to furnish it to him, and then they have failed to keep their pledges. Not unfrequently when he has upbraided them for disappointing him, they have retorted by telling him that he made them wait for their work, and that it is perfectly proper that he should wait for his pay. Their reply was a fair one so far as he was concerned. It was just as much a matter of business honor that he should keep his promises, as it was that they should keep theirs. It was just as wrong for him to promise his work before he could give it to them, as it was for them to promise to pay him, before they could pay him, or before they intended to pay him. In his heart, he thinks these men are very mean, and in their hearts they think that he is just as mean as they are, and they are right. Their plea leaves him defenceless, and they banter and badger him until he becomes disgusted with his business and himself. Ah! if he had never given those customers of his an advantage over him, by his constant failures to keep his word with them, he would be worth a good many more dollars to-day than he is.

Then he ought to remember that he owes a debt of honor to his guild. A very admirable thing among tradesmen of the same class is that *esprit de corps*

which enables them to join hands in a recognized community of honor and of interest, and to look upon their trade as the kind mother that feeds them and that deserves at their hands the treatment due from grateful and chivalrous sons. He has doubtless heard of associations of men engaged in much humbler employments than his (humbler in the world's judgment), that really won the respect and admiration of the communities in which they lived—men who felt strengthened and ennobled by their association — men who came by their association to feel the slightest insult offered to their trade as a personal affront. I say that this *esprit de corps* is a very admirable thing, and, further, that it gives, or may give, a true dignity to any honest calling under heaven. We do not have so much of this in this country as we ought to have. All European countries are ahead of us in this matter, principally, perhaps, for the reason that in those countries the acquisition and pursuit of trades are more particularly a matter of legal regulation. Here a man may set up a trade whether he ever learned it or not; and few learn their trades thoroughly. It is more difficult, therefore, to secure community of feeling among those engaged in the same pursuits here than abroad; but it is none the less desirable and necessary, that among good workmen there should be brotherhood of feeling and interest—pride and sympathy of guild. It would give Mr. Hans Sachs Jones dignity, protection, respectability; and he

would feel in all his business transactions that, however reckless he might be of disgrace to himself, he has no right to disgrace his business, or his brotherhood.

I repeat, then, that he owes a debt of honor to his guild. There are men engaged in the same calling with him, who scorn the petty arts of falsehood to which he resorts. They are men of character—men who never make a promise which they do not intend to keep, and who faithfully and conscientiously strive to keep every promise which they make. These are the men who give to their calling all the respectability which it possesses. All labor of the hands, pursued for bread, is honorable, and honorable alike. One trade is respectable above another only in consequence of the superior respectability of the class of men engaging in it. Now, any tradesman has a right, in a certain sense, to disgrace himself, but he has no right to disgrace his trade and his guild. His devotion to this idea should be almost religious; for, in a certain degree, he has the reputation of the whole class with which he is identified in interest in his keeping, and he is bound by every principle of justice and honor not to betray it.

I have not alluded, in what I have to say upon this subject, to those higher motives of conduct which grow out of his relations to the God of truth, nor do I propose to do so. The subject of this paper knows just as well as I do, that his system of business lying is morally wrong. I simply wish, in closing this paper, to call his

attention to the fact that he has arrived at a point where his conscience ceases to trouble him. He does not use profane language. He is shocked when he hears others use it, but he is aware that many of his acquaintances swear from habit, and, by habitual swearing, have ceased to look upon their profanity as profanity. They take the names of God and Jesus Christ in vain, and call for curses upon the heads even of their friends, without a thought of sin and without a twinge of conscience. Over a certain region of their moral sense profanity has trampled, until it has trampled the life all out of it. So, over a certain region of his moral sense, these lies of his have trod their daily course, until not a blade of grass or a flower is left to give token of life, or breathe complaint of the invaders. They have trampled out all sensibility, and he lies without feeling it; and when he is detected and indignantly rebuked, as he sometimes is, he only feels his detection as an inconvenience, which might have been avoided by more ingenious lying. I beg him to discontinue this ruinous practice, and see if sensibility will not once more inform those functions of his moral nature which persistent abuse has indurated and rendered useless.

EDWARD PAYSON JONES.

CONCERNING HIS FAILURE TO YIELD TO HIS CONVICTIONS OF DUTY.

AS I write this name, there comes before me the vision of a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, who was fed by smiles and pleasant words at home so constantly that his whole nature was sweetened by them. I remember how he used to look up into my face for recognition, and for the greeting and the smile which he had learned to expect from everybody. Into few faces did those expectant blue eyes look in vain, for he was the universal favorite. I remember that I was always so much impressed by his pure and precious nature, that I could never resist the impulse to put my arm around him and draw him to my heart. It was easy to love him, and sweet to be loved by him; and those who knew his sainted mother knew why he was what he was in spiritual and personal loveliness. That mother has been dead a long time, and it is easy to imagine her reason for giving her son the name of Edward Payson. Ah, yes! I know that even he must sometimes remember

that in her heart of hearts—before he was born—she dedicated him to the service of the Saviour of men, and that she crowned him with a name hallowed by a wide wealth of Christian associations that she might be reminded of her gift whenever she pronounced it. The absorbing hope of her life was to see her boy in the pulpit, and to hear him preach the everlasting gospel. To compass this end she would have been willing to work her fingers to the bone; to live in want; to deny herself every worldly pleasure; nay, to lay down her life itself. She died, at last, without seeing the attainment of the object for which she had labored and prayed so ardently.

Well, he is now a man; and he is just as widely a favorite to-day as he was when he was a boy; but he is not the man whom his mother prayed he might become, and is not likely to be. That he is stifling convictions of duty by the course which he is pursuing, every man knows who remembers his early training, and the nature upon which that training could not fail to leave its impress. He is a man whom everybody loves; whom everybody praises; whom everybody believes to be in a measure the subject of Christian conviction; whom everybody believes to be, within certain limitations, controlled by Christian principles; yet, in an irreligious community, he has never, in a manly way, declared himself in the possession and on the side of personal Christianity. Under these circumstances, there are

some things which it seems to me to be my duty to say to him and about him.

Christianity is everything, or it is nothing; it is divine, or it is nothing; it has the right to the entire control of a man's life, or it has no claims at all. It is hardly necessary that I should argue the transcendent worth, the divine origin, or the grand claims of that religion which made an angel of one's mother, and transformed the little room in which she died into heaven's gateway. It is hardly necessary for me to assure Edward Payson Jones that these convictions of duty which haunt him everywhere, which assert themselves in his heart in every scene of questionable mirth and careless society, are not superstitions engendered by early education in error. It is hardly necessary that I should try to prove to him that a life which does not acknowledge a rule of action imposed by the Author of life, must necessarily be a life of transgression and the fruits of transgression. He knows—he is entirely convinced—that he owes the devoted allegiance of his heart, the obedience of his will, and the gift of his life to that religion in which alone abides the secret of the purification and salvation of himself and his race. He is convinced that without Christianity this world would be as dark as the infernal shades; that it alone gives significance to life; that it alone can give such direction to its issues that they shall rise to everlasting harmony and everlasting happiness.

There are those around us who do not believe in these things. They had not a Christian training. They do not possess pureness of insight. In short, they are not, to any great extent, the subjects of religious conviction; and yet these are the men who are chosen by Edward Payson Jones as his associates and fellows. Is it a manly thing for one like him, with his convictions, to live like one who has no convictions? Must he not feel that he is disgracing himself, and depreciating his own self-respect, by constantly refusing to yield his heart and life to the claim of those convictions?

While he gives such answers to these questions as I know he cannot fail to give, if he considers them at all, and while he half resolves to yield to convictions which I know are pressing upon him with redoubled force, he looks forward to the possible consequences of a change in the motives and regulating forces of his life. Before his imagination, glaring gloomily in the distance, there stands a lion in the way. A hearty and unconditional surrender to his convictions would involve changes in his social relations, in habits which have become endeared to him, in the general sources from which he has drawn the satisfactions of his life. He knows that a change like this would bring with it a public declaration of his faith, and a publicly formed union with those men and women who have organized themselves into the Christian Church. He shrinks from this with a sensitiveness of selfish pride which ought to show that he is

very much farther from being a Christian than he supposes himself to be, for with all his consciousness of religious convictions stifled, he is fondly cherishing the fancy that he is already quite as good as Christians average.

Now, he ought to know that I do not entertain a very extravagant opinion of the prerogatives of the Christian Church. No church has the power to save him or any man, or to say whether he or any man shall be saved or not. He knows also that I am no propagandist of sectarian doctrines and policies. If a church is a Christian church, that is enough. I do not care the value of a straw by what name it calls itself. I look upon it as a school of Christian disciples—of imperfect men and women who have chosen Christianity as their religion, their reforming motive, and their rule of life; the grand system of spiritual truths into which they have garnered their hopes for this life and the life to come—garnered their temporal and eternal satisfactions. I do not believe in the infallibility of any church, or in the sinlessness of any member of any church. Nay, I do not believe that the act of uniting with a church has in itself any saving grace whatever. Church is not Christianity and Christianity is not church in any practical sense. A man is probably just as good a Christian the moment before joining a church as he is the moment after, but a Christian will cast in his lot with Christians, if he possesses a decent degree of manhood, and share

with them in the Christian work and responsibility of the world.

I very well know what the influences are which restrain Edward Payson from yielding to his convictions, and from taking the public step which would naturally follow such a surrender. He loves praise, he likes to be loved by everybody, and he has very strong friends among all sorts of people. The good people praise him, and feel as if he, with his straightforward life and good habits, belonged to them. The bad people like him, and feel that, by his practical denial of the claims of Christianity, he makes their position respectable. But where does he find his delights? Who are his cronies? Whose society does he seek? When he feels inclined to yield to his convictions of duty, whose are the shrugging shoulders and the pitying smiles; whose are the quiet jest, and the banter, and the badinage which come in quick vision to him to shame and scare him? Ah! he does not love that which is characteristically Christian society. He loves that which has no Christian element in it except the element of decency; and he feels that to become the member of a Christian church would throw him out of sympathy with men whose good will and good fellowship he counts among his choicest treasures. He cannot bear that these men should think him weak and womanish. He cannot bear to become the subject of their lenient and charitable scorn.

Human friendship is very sweet. These ties that bind heart to heart; these sympathetic responses of kindred natures; these loves among men, glorify human life; but they not unfrequently form a bond of union so strong, that one powerful nature will, through their aid, carry whithersoever it will—even into the jaws of destruction—all the lives that are joined with it. The ice upon the mountain-side links rock to rock, till the lightning or the earthquake loosens the hold of the giant of the group, and it drags them all into the valley below. Life nearly always follows the current of its friendships, or flows parallel with it. If a man finds his most grateful companionship among those who are irreligious—either negatively or positively—he shows just what and where his heart is. Like seeks and sympathizes with like.

I ask the subject of this paper to apply this test to himself. What kind of society does he delight in most? Does he love and cling to those most who best represent to him the religion in which his mother lived and died, or those who practically hold that religion in very light esteem? I ask him to apply this test, because I think he is entertaining the idea that, although he makes no professions, he is quite as good a Christian as those are who do. But he chooses freely to give his most intimate friendships to the worldlings by whom he is surrounded. I state the fact, and leave him to his own conclusions.

There is another powerful influence which dissuades him from yielding to his convictions: He is absorbed in business. All the activities of his nature are given to it. Great business responsibilities are upon him, and his heart gives them glad entertainment, for they are full of promise to his ambition and his desire for wealth. Business occupies nearly all his waking thoughts, and even haunts his pillow and breaks his slumbers. It intrudes itself upon his family life, and monopolizes both his time and his vital power. His heart is so full that he has no room in it for another object. Wife and children, and friends and business—these four; but the greatest of these, practically, is business. If he will candidly examine himself, he will see that I do not overrate this power of business which shuts out from his heart a guest who sits and shivers in its ante-room in the cold society of his convictions. To make this matter still worse, he is thrown in contact with men, in the way of business, upon whom he is, to a certain extent, dependent for his prosperity, who hold Christianity and its professed friends and possessors in contempt. These men, with their business thoughts and schemes, break in upon his Sabbaths; they tempt him, they familiarize his ears with profanity, and invest him constantly with an atmosphere of worldliness. He has in his present position no defence against the influence of these associations. He has never declared himself upon the subject of Christianity, and these business friends of his

know it. They recognize him as one of their own number, and treat him accordingly; and yet he is foolish enough to believe, or to try to make himself believe, that a man can be just as good a Christian outside of a church as inside of it. Yet if he felt himself identified with a great cause, he would not betray it. I am sure that he has often comforted himself with the consideration that, if he has failed to become what his convictions have urged him to become, no one has been harmed but himself.

Edward Payson Jones is a man of honor. I have given him the credit of being sensitively such. I know of no man who more thoroughly despises a mean and unmanly spirit, or a mean and unmanly deed. If he were to see a man who, for any reason, should cast his vote at an election contrary to his convictions of political duty, or one who should stand upon the fence in an important canvass and refuse to place himself upon the side of the right, or who, in a great public emergency, should fail to perform his duty through absorbing devotion to his private pursuits, he would think him a mean man. He would despise particularly one whom he knew to be the subject of strong political convictions, which were so feebly pronounced that all parties claimed him. I take his own standard, and reply to him. I say, on the authority of his own best judgments, that it is mean and unmanly for him, with his strong religious convictions, to refuse to stand by them and act up to them. It is mean and unmanly to refuse to identify

himself with the society, and assist in maintaining and forwarding the cause of those whom, sooner or later, he deliberately intends to join, and whom he feels and knows to be in the right. If he were not convinced of the truth, I would be more charitable toward him. If there remained anything to be done in shaping the judgment of his intellect and his heart, he would have some excuse; but no such exigency exists. No, he is convinced; but he flinches, and he refuses to stand in a manly way by what he knows and feels to be right.

While I thus blame him, I pity him. I know how much his will bends before these words of mine, and how impotent he feels for action in the right direction. He almost feels as if his hands and feet were tied. He almost feels as if he must follow his old friendships—that they have fastened themselves to him by hooks of steel which cannot be broken. He feels that his business is upon him, and all its associations, and that neither can be lifted. He feels that he really has no room in his life for those experiences and those duties which accompany the surrender of the heart to religion. He feels himself walled around by obstacles, and, what is really worse than this, he knows that he grows more and more in love with the life he leads, and less inclined to take the direction of his early training. The oath does not shock him as it once did; vulgarity is not as offensive as it was; he has learned to look more leniently upon the vices of the men by whom he is surrounded;

worldliness does not seem so barren a form of life as formerly; he is charmed and excited by success; and he cannot deny to himself the fact that, strong as his convictions of duty are, his heart and his life are growing more and more widely estranged from them. Where can he suppose all this will end? He has common sense, and can judge as well as I. Do habits grow weaker by long continuance? Are the cares of business less absorbing as life advances? Is moral conviction stronger for constant denial and insult? I say he has common sense and can judge as well as I. He knows as well as I that this life of his must have a rupture with its surroundings; that his feet must turn into another path; that he must yield himself a conquest to his convictions, or that his life will be one of disaster, and that its end will be wretchedness or an induration worse than wretchedness.

He is surrounded by a crowd of men and women who do not regard life as a very serious thing. They take it carelessly and even gaily. He sees the multitudes rushing along in the pursuit of baubles. Men live and die, and there comes back no voice to tell whether they sleep with the brutes or wake with the angels. Men eat and sleep, and love and hate, and make display of their equipage, and pursue their ambitions, and indulge in all the forms of vanity and pride, and all life comes at last to seem like a sort of phantasmagoria—empty, unreal, insignificant. He sees that these convictions of his have

no place in the multitude of minds around him, and no place in the current of life by which he feels himself borne along. There are moments, I suppose, when he doubts the soundness of these convictions—when he half believes that he is the victim of a morbid conscience or a superstitious impression. At such moments as these—when the tricks of the world delude him most, he comes back to his mother and learns the truth. That life of hers, so pure and unselfish and useful, and that death of hers, so peaceful and triumphant, are realities. They can never lie to him, and the moment he touches them, he knows that he touches something divine—something by the side of which all worldliness and wealth and material success are chaff.

He will perceive in what I have written to him, that I have not undertaken to convince him of anything. I have not undertaken even to deepen his convictions. I have simply endeavored to reveal him and his own experience to himself, and to urge him to yield to convictions which I know are striving to gain the control of his life. I have simply urged him to be true to himself; to take a bold, manly, consistent stand upon the side which he knows to be right; to be a Christian man in Christian society, and to refuse longer to stand upon what he mistakenly regards as neutral ground. He ought to know that he is abusing and ruining himself. He ought to realize that the passage of every day renders it less probable that his convictions will ever gain the victory over him.

I appreciate the struggle it would cost him to welcome the new motive and change the policy and issues of his life. The preacher may talk as he will of the path of life and the ease of yielding up the will, but he and I know that there is no ease about it. We know that whatever may be the truth touching the doctrine of universal total depravity, it is not natural for us to lead religious lives. It takes sacrifice and fighting and heroism to do that. I know it and he knows it. Easy to be a Christian man? It is mean for a man like him not to be one; it is wrong for a man like him not be one; but Heaven knows that it is not easy for him to be one, or he would have been one long ago. No, it will be hard for him to be one, and it will grow harder every year till he becomes one. But it will pay; and when he is once fairly on the right side he will not care for the struggle, for he will have good company, a clean conscience, and an outlook into the far future unclouded and full of inspiration.

MRS. JESSY BELL JONES.

CONCERNING THE DIFFICULTY SHE EXPERIENCES IN KEEPING HER SERVANTS.

IT has been stated to me, confidentially, that Mrs. Jessy Bell Jones has had nineteen different cooks and thirteen chambermaids in her house during the past year. This may be slightly above the annual average—I should hope so. I do not understand how flesh and blood can endure such changes. Yet she lives and thrives, and the new servants come and go at about the usual number per month. Her husband grew tired long ago with rasping against so much new domestic material, but has learned fortitude by practice. One or two attempts to tell her that there were women who kept their servants for months and years without change, and to convince her that it was possible that there were bad mistresses in the world as well as bad servants, resulted in scenes which will be avoided in the future. Not if he were to see a procession of young women entering his house and emerging from it through all the weary year—not if he were to hear a constant storm raging in the

kitchen and echoing through the passages and chambers, would he ever intimate that she was not the paragon of mistresses and that her girls were not the meanest, dirtiest, sauciest pot-slewers that ever invaded an abode of civilization.

No, she will hereafter have it all her own way, without any interference from him. He knows she is in the wrong—and so does she—but he will never tell her so again. On the contrary, he will sympathize with her after a fashion, and take her part in all her quarrels and all her domestic difficulties; but he will quietly wish, meanwhile, that she had the faculty of getting along pleasantly with her servants. I have intimated that she knows herself to be in the wrong. She is not a fool. On the contrary, she is a very sharp, bright woman, and she cannot fail to see that there is a reason, somewhere in her house, for her failure to keep her servants. Her neighbor lives in the same climate that she does. The roof of her house is covered by slate from the same quarry; the Stuart's stove is of the same size in the one house as in the other; the two laundries are equally convenient; the neighbor's servants are no better fed than hers; the wages are no better; but the neighbor keeps her servants and she does not keep hers. When one of the neighbor's servants marries, or sickens, or for any reason, wishes to leave her, fifty others stand ready to take her place, and she has her pick of them all, while Mrs. Jones is obliged to take such as come,

and such as feel compelled to come after having heard that she is a hard mistress. For she must know that masters and mistresses have reputations among servants —reputations made up, and weighed, and widely known. She, and a hundred other women whom I know, have bad reputations among servants ; and when she deals with them she is always obliged to deal with them under the disadvantages which a bad reputation bears with it.

Suppose we have a little plain talk about these matters, and see if we cannot get an understanding of them. Mrs. Jones will pardon me if I tell her, in the first place, that she is an opinionated person, which is a mild way of stating that, in certain respects, she is very conceited. Her pet conceit is that she is a model housekeeper, and her opinion is that she knows the best and only proper modes of doing the work in her kitchen, and in her house generally. She has her way of doing everything. She has her particular order, in which all things about her are to be done. The machinery of her household arrangements, as it exists in her mind, is a perfect whole, and every executive element that she introduces into it must adapt itself to that machinery, or it is cast out at once, or so harassed that it casts itself out. Suppose a girl enters her kitchen who understands her business, but who has learned it under another mistress, and a different household economy. She has learned to do her work in a certain way and after a certain order. She has her notions as well as Mrs. Jones. It is quite

possible that those notions may be in many respects better than those of Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones insists, however, from the moment she enters her service, that she shall do her work in her way. The new mistress does not wait to see results. She does not wait to see how the servant will succeed if left entirely to herself, but she goes into the kitchen with her, and superintends every act. She gives her no freedom, encourages no independent effort; she takes the whole burden on herself, and insists that the servant shall be her machine. When this servant forgets her directions, or steps aside from them, she is found fault with. She soon tires of this sort of treatment, and her mistress is told to look for another girl.

I have said that Mrs. Jones' pet conceit is that she is a model housekeeper, and tried to show that her difficulties with her servants grow out of her insisting that they shall do everything in her way. I think I may justly say, in addition, that there is a certain sensitiveness of will in her constitution which aggravates these difficulties. She is imperious. There is one spot in the world where she has the right to rule—one spot where that will of hers has the right to assert itself and make itself law. Perhaps there is no other spot where her will is recognized. Her house is her only domain. There she is a queen, and she is sensitively alive to all interference with her prerogatives. It frets her to feel that there is any other person in the house with a will,

who has anything to do or say about her domestic affairs. She does not feel that a servant has a right to an independent opinion on any subject connected with her service; and when any such opinion finds practical expression, it enrages her. A servant may feel that if she does her work well, in the way most convenient to herself, she does all that her mistress can reasonably claim; but the mistress feels that unless that work—in all its modes and particulars—has followed the channel of her will, she has been insulted in her own house. In short, Mrs. Jones is "touchy," and when she is touched, she scolds, and when she scolds, off goes her servant. She has excellent pluck, however. I have never known her to lament the loss of a servant. They were always such terrible creatures, that she was glad to get rid of them. I do not know how she came to be just the sort of mistress she is. She was a very pleasant little girl, with a sweet temper. It has really puzzled me to find out the reason for her peculiar development. I suppose there must be an "ugly streak" in her somewhere, but she did not show it when she was a child. Her hair is red, I know (call it golden), and the eye black; but the hair is beautiful and soft, and the eye has a world of love in it for the man it worships and for his children. My theory is, that every nature which has any force in it will assert itself somewhere, in some form; and that if it fails to be recognized in society, it will make itself recognized where there are none to dispute its claims.

I do not recall a single famous housekeeper—with a splendid faculty for getting rid of servants, and a bad reputation among them—who, at the same time, was a woman widely recognized in society. If Mrs. Bell Jones were an acknowledged power and authority in the social circle; if she were a fine musician, with the opportunity to charm her friends; if she had a high degree of literary culture, and were received everywhere in literary circles as an ornament or an equal; if she possessed a recognized value out of her house, or in her parlor, beyond other women of her class or set, I think she would be content; that her servants would get along well enough, and that she would get along well enough with them. But she has turned housekeeper, and directed all her energies and all her ambitions, and all her will, into the channel of housekeeping; and woe to the servant who stands in her way!

Under these circumstances, there are a few practical questions which it would be well for her to ask herself. Does she feel that her system of management pays? Does she enjoy these constant troubles with her servants? Does she think her husband enjoys them, and her irate or plaintive representations of them? Does she not feel sometimes as if she would be willing to give a good deal of money and put herself to a good deal of trouble to get along as smoothly with her girls as some of her neighbors do? Does she wish or expect always to live the same sort of life she is living now?

In making up her answers to these questions, she must remember that any change which may be made must begin with herself. If she is really willing to make sacrifices for the sake of peace and perpetuity in her domestic arrangements, she can have both; but she will be obliged to sacrifice her will, and a good many of her pet notions concerning housekeeping. If it is sweeter to her to have her will than it is to keep girls steadily who will serve her reasonably well, why, of course, that settles the question; though it is doubtful whether she would get so much of her will accomplished by sending them away as she would by keeping them.

There are certain facts that she must take into consideration when she hires a servant. The most important is, perhaps, that when she hires a servant she does not buy a slave. She does not buy the right to badger and scold her, to impose unreasonable burdens, or to treat her servant as if she were only an animal. She is to remember, also, that there are two sides to this relation of mistress and servant. Labor is not a drug in this country, yet, thank Heaven! and it is quite as important to her that she have servants, as it is to her girls that they do service. She and her girls are under mutual obligations to treat each other well. In England, and on the continent, where human life, owing to peculiar circumstances, is in excess—a condition which cannot possibly exist in healthfully constituted society—servants are born into families often, and grow up de-

pendents, forever attached to the family name and interest. A good place and a permanent one is equivalent to treasure with them, and they will make many sacrifices to preserve it. Here it is different. Labor is everywhere in demand, and no girl ever steps out of Mrs. Jones' door without knowing that, within a short space of time, she can easily find another place, with a chance at least for better treatment than she received from her last mistress.

There is another consideration to which I am sure sufficient importance has not been attached. She is a Protestant, as the majority of Americans are, and she knows that servants who come to her, and whom the most of us employ, are Catholics. It is notorious and incontrovertible that her servants are taught to consider her a heretic—a person who has no religion, and who is bound as directly for hell as if she were a murderess. It is cruel to teach those ignorant women such horrible stuff, but they are taught it. The Irish girl in Mrs. Jones' kitchen—who perhaps does not know her alphabet, who probably has not the first idea of the vital truths of Christianity—regards her and the whole community of American Protestants with contempt, as the accursed of God, and of those whom she supposes to be his representatives on the earth. She has been bred to this opinion, and it may be the only really strong opinion she has in her mind. She has no doubt that a drunken, profane, lying scoundrel, if he is only in the Catholic

Church, has a better chance for heaven than the purest Protestant that lives, because she has been taught from childhood that there is no salvation out of "the Church." Now, I say that women thus bred cannot possibly entertain such a degree of respect for Mrs. Jones that they will take patiently her style of treatment. It is notorious that they receive, even with abject humility, indignities from masters and mistresses belonging to their church, while they exact from Protestants the last ounce of that which is their due as Christian women. I do not complain of this particularly, but I allude to it to show that Mrs. Jones, and every Protestant mistress in America, must necessarily labor under disadvantages in the management of servants.

There is still another consideration which she and all other mistresses should make, which is, that all girls who are good for anything must do their work in their own way, or not do it well. One of the hardest things in this world, for any person who has brains and the power to use them, is to do another person's work in another person's way. To most persons the attempt to do this is always disgusting, and often distressing. It is only hacks and blockheads that can possibly submit themselves to the degradation which such a service involves. We must always be content with these, or we must have servants who have some notions and ways of their own. A servant may be a very humble person, but she has her will, and her pride, and her desire to be

somebody in her place, just as much as her mistress has; and she will not sell her right to entertain an opinion and have her way in the little details of her service, for a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, to anybody. I must confess that I sympathize with her in this matter. Among her servants she may reasonably require results economically attained; but all that exactness which insists on dusting a piano from the north to the south, or prescribes the whole routine of a kitchen to its minutest particulars, and vigilantly maintains it, is an insult and a hardship, and is certain to be regarded and treated as such by every servant who is good for anything.

Now, if Mrs. Jones is willing to entertain all these considerations, she can have servants and keep them. If she is willing to consider that her servant is not a slave, and has a right to the treatment due to a rational woman; that she has no right to harass a servant with her notions or her petulancies; that she is under as strong an obligation to treat the servant well as the servant is to treat her well; that the latter has been bred to consider her a heretic—one for whom God has no respect and Heaven no home; that it is in the nature of things impossible for a really capable and good servant to do her work cheerfully and well when she is required to do it in a way not her own; that in this world of imperfection there are some things that will be unpleasant "in the best regulated families;" that it is better to en-

joy peace generally, than to have one's will in unimportant particulars—I say that if Mrs. Jones is willing to consider all these things, I do not see why she may not keep her servants as long as other people, and have just as good a time with them.

It will be very hard for Mrs. Jones to break into this thing, and I know of but one way for her to proceed. Let her get a new cook—the best she can find—and promise to pay her good wages. Then let her hold up her right hand and swear, in the presence of her husband (who will record her oath with unaffected delight), that she will not enter her kitchen for a month, unless it be to praise some particular dish, or tell the cook how nicely everything looks in her domain. At the end of the month she will have learned that cooking can be carried on in her family without her help, that her cook is contented and pleased, that she is happier than she has been for ten years, that she has more time for reading and dressing and visiting, and that the inconveniences attending a course like this are much less than those which have thus far accompanied her housekeeping life. I would not prescribe constant absence from the kitchen as the only safe course for all; I simply say it is the only safe course for Mrs. Jones. After a few months shall have passed away, and she shall have come to love her new way of life, it will be safe for her to take a general oversight of her kitchen again. She must run, however, whenever she feels the old fever coming on.

Did Mrs. Jones ever think how easy it would be to change her pretty name — "Jessy Bell" — into Jezebel? It would be just as easy to transform her pretty nature into one which that name alone would fitly represent. I do not account her one of those women, possessed with the devil of neatness, who are as much the horror of husband and children as of servants. She is not even one of those women (from whom the gods defend me and mine!) to whom the vision of a speck of dirt is the cause of a convulsion and the inspiration of a lecture which would frighten anything but a clod out of the house. Mysterious are the ways of women. There be women who take delight in being miserable and making others so; who can scold, or cry, or howl, or spit fire; who would not be happy if they could be; who badger everybody—implacable, unreasonable, abominable women, from whom all gentle womanhood has departed. There be such women as these, I say, and everybody has seen them. Will Mrs. Jones permit me to tell her that she is in great danger of becoming one of them? It is not hard for a woman in her circumstances, who has set up for a model housekeeper, with a sensitive will and a determination to have everything her own way, to neglect the cultivation of those goodnesses and graces which keep her spirit soft, and keep it in sympathy with those who love her.

The secret of living comfortably in this world consists in making the best of such unpleasant things as

cannot be avoided. It is necessary to have servants, and it is necessary to obtain servants from what is called the lowest class of life. They are not a very trustworthy class of people, but they have in them the labor that we want and must have. The question simply is whether, under the circumstances, Mrs. Jones will make herself and her husband miserable by insisting on that which she has never yet succeeded in getting—perfect servants—the perfect slaves of her will—or whether she will get the best servants she can, make allowances for their shortcomings, and put up with their imperfect service for the sake of peace. The way in which she answers this question will determine everything concerning the comfort of her home-life, and much concerning her own personal character. The best way for her is to confess—to herself, at least—that she has been all in the wrong, and to change her entire policy. Let her turn her energies in some other direction. Let her be as good a housekeeper as she can under the circumstances, and be content with such modest attainments as servants moderately intelligent and immoderately independent will permit. Thus will Mrs. Jessy Bell Jones live long and comfortably on the earth, rejoicing the hearts of her husband and children, enjoying a good reputation among the class on which she must depend for service, taking comfort in lady-like pursuits, and avoiding the imminent danger in which she stands of becoming "Mrs. Jezebel Jones."

SALATHIAL FOGG JONES.

CONCERNING THE FAITH AND PROSPECTS OF HIS SECT OF RELIGIONISTS.

SALATHIAL FOGG JONES happened to be one of the men ordained from the foundation of the world to be a Spiritualist. There are many unlike him who are Spiritualists, but there are none like him who are not. He has all that natural love of what is novel and marvellous, and that peculiar mixture of credulity and scepticism, and that perverse disposition to run against the feelings and prejudices of the people, which would lead him to embrace Spiritualism. Wherever I find a man who possesses his particular nature and character, I always find a Spiritualist; for, if Spiritualism does not come to him, he goes to it. Mr. Jones was a Fourierite when I first knew him, and he rode the hobby of Fourierism until he rode it to death. Every "ism" that has been started for the last twenty years has numbered him among its champions. He was a zealous abolitionist until abolitionism became popular, and then, without turning against it, he seemed to lose his interest in it.

When Spiritualism made its appearance, I knew that he would be a Spiritualist as well as I knew that "fire ascending, seeks the sun." It was the natural thing for him.

I was not at all surprised, therefore, when he caught me by the button-hole one day, at the corner of a street, and announced to me the conviction that he could demonstrate the immortality of the human soul. He may, perhaps, remember the smile which his announcement excited. I confess that it amused me. He seemed as interested and pleased about the matter as if he had never heard of such a thing as immortality before. A book had been in his hands ever since he could read, that told him all about it. A belief in this immortality had incorporated itself into the constitution and governments of all the powerful nations of the world; had moulded civilization—nay, had created civilization out of barbarism; had introduced into society its highest motives and its most purifying elements; had sustained the courage and inspired the hope of multitudes of dying saints and martyrs through all ages; had surrounded him through all his life with the evidences of its vitality, and yet, he had but just satisfied himself on the question, by means of unaccountable raps on a table, in the dark, which, through a little assistance of his own, had spelled out, in bad orthography and worse syntax, an insignificant sentence! Here was a moral force that had moved the world, yet it had never moved him. He

—wiser, more acute, less credulous, less superstitious—had waited to see a table dance before he could believe in that realm of spiritual things which has hung over and embraced him ever since he was born, and which has always had a representative in his own bosom.

This has been one of the marvels of these latter-day developments in spiritualism; that men who have been sceptical on all cognate subjects, and have resisted all the moral and spiritual evidences of immortality—resisted all the evidences germane to the subject—have bowed like bulrushes before the proofs that come to them from a mysteriously played banjo or a commonplace message, pretended to be rapped out by a friend on the other side of the river. It took Materialism to prove Spiritualism to these very acute men; and they thought that, because they had seen matter moved by spirit, or what they supposed to be spirit, they had made a prodigious advance. They have been floored by proofs that do not add a hair's weight to the faith of any genuine Christian in the world. They think that they have made a discovery, and that Christians are afraid of it, when the truth is that they have made no discovery whatever, and that Christians are above it. The proofs of spirituality and of immortality, to be found in what is called Spiritualism, are the grossest that can possibly be produced, supposing them to be genuine. They are proofs that deal with matter exclusively, and appeal to the commonest and lowest order

of minds. It is Mr. Jones himself who is behind the age, and not the Christians at whose faith he scoffs, simply because he is not up to it and cannot appreciate it. He receives a little thing because he is not sufficient to receive a large one.

I do not intend, in the few words which I propose to say to him, to undertake the overthrow of his proofs of Spiritualism. I am willing, indeed, to confess that I have witnessed, among much that was undoubtedly the result of deception and jugglery, phenomena which I could not rationally account for by any other theory than that which assigns to them a spiritual origin. But those phenomena have never contributed anything to my conviction that I am immortal, and that there is a realm of spiritual existence which holds the product of unnumbered worlds and the history of an eternity. They have never made so much as a ripple on the surface of my faith. Their apparent aim has been so limited, many of them have been so low and frivolous, some of them have been so vicious, and all have had so much more to do with matter than with spirit, or with spiritual truth, that they have never seemed worthy for an instant to have any consideration as parts of any religious system or as opponents of any religious system. It is an insult to common sense, no less than an offence against decency, to compare the conglomerate trash which has been issued as the teachings of the spirits, with Christianity as a system of religion; and it is simply impossible for

a true and hearty Christian to accept, in place of his faith, the peepings and the mutterings of a pack of lying demons, whose deceptions and tricks are acknowledged by their best friends.

The rule which the Author of Christianity announced, and which the common judgment of the world has endorsed—that a tree is known by its fruits—is one which it is now proper to apply to Spiritualism. Thirty years have passed since the new sect made its first batch of proselytes. It is time to be looking for the fruit of this tree, which, at the beginning, was declared to be so full of golden promise. I would like to ask Mr. Jones if he has found Spiritualism particularly nourishing to himself. Is he a better man than he was thirty years ago? How much progress has he really made toward spirituality? How much more devout is his worship of the Great God than it was before he was convinced of the immortality of his own soul? How much have his affections been purified, his love of spiritual things strengthened, his lust for sensual things diminished, by this new faith of his? Has his sense of moral obligation grown stronger? Has his benevolence increased? Has his love of all that is good and pure grown brighter, while the sensual delights of his animal life have faded? These are important questions to him, and they are very important questions to Spiritualism itself.

I must be plain with him, and tell him that if Spiritualism has improved him, I have failed to see it. I do not

see that he has even made any progress intellectually. He pretends that Spiritualism reveals great truths, in which abide the seeds of progress and perfection for a race, but these seeds do not germinate in him. On the contrary, he seems content to stand on the threshold of his new religion, and to amuse himself with the same insignificant phenomena which first attracted his attention. I hear of his holding weekly, or semi-weekly, seances or "circles" where there are the ringing of bells, and playing of guitars, and the scraping of fiddles, and the tipping of tables, and the rubbing of faces, and the rapping of knuckles. It is the same old story of a sort of frolic or orgy with demons, and no step forward into a divine life. As it is with him, so it is with all whom I have seen. I will not speak of the immoralities to which Spiritualism has given birth. Free Love is not a plant indigenous to Spiritualism. It starts in human nature, and grows wherever there is license. The doctrine of "affinities" is as old as the race, and has found its advocates among the beastly of all races and the bad of all religions. I will not speak of the immoralities which have been associated with Spiritualism, because they are not peculiar to it; but I say that I cannot perceive that Mr. Jones has made the slightest progress intellectually—he or his friends. He has always been busy with these little material phenomena, which have no more spiritual significance or vitality in them than there is in the grunts that come from a pig-sty—not half as much as there is in a

concert by Christy's minstrels. Has Spiritualism nothing more in it for him than this? Is this the highest food it has to offer him? Why, he ought to be intellectually a giant by this time. With immortality demonstrated to him, in daily communion with the spiritual world, with visions clarified of all errors and superstitions, he ought to have made advances which would prove to an incredulous world that Spiritualism has in it seeds, at least, of the intellectual millennium. It is not necessary for me to tell him that he has done no such thing. He has been mixed up with two or three fanciful schemes for social improvement, that have not had enough of vitality in them to preserve them from quick degeneration, and these schemes have absorbed all his spiritual activities. Indeed, I think these "seances" have been rather dissipating than edifying to him.

Literature has always been the record and the gauge of every form of civilization, every system of philosophy, and every scheme of religion; and nothing is more certain than that any religion which possesses vitality will permeate and reform all the literature associated with it, and create for itself a literature which is especially the product of its life. Thus, with the Bible for its basis, Christianity has created a literature of its own. An Alexandrian library could not contain the books which cluster around the Bible, deriving from it their sole inspiration and significance, and receiving from it all their power, while there is not a book written within the pale

of Christian civilization which is not modified by it. And literature is but one of the forms of art in which the Christian religion betrays the vitality of its central truths and ideas. There is hardly a department of painting and sculpture and architecture that does not have reference, at some point, to it, while many of its departments are its direct outgrowth and offspring. It is time that Spiritualism, if it possesses such claims and powers as are ascribed to it, should make its mark on literature and art. Has it done so?

I think Mr. Jones cannot fail to regard the literature that has been the direct and immediate outgrowth of Spiritualism as, on the whole, of an exceedingly frivolous, weak, and unworthy character. Spiritualism has undertaken to deal with almost all forms of literary art. It has put forth orations, philosophical disquisitions, revelations concerning the unseen world, prophesies of future events, and poetry. These productions purport to come from the spirits of departed men and women, who assume to speak from actual knowledge acquired in the realm of spiritual things. The least that can be assumed by the Spiritualist is that these utterances are the products of minds purified and exalted by freedom from the grosser animal life into which they were originally born, strengthened and invigorated by direct contact with spiritual truth, and inspired by the vision of those realities of which we can only form, through guess and conjecture, the faintest idea. I say that this is the

least that can be assumed by the Spiritualist. It is the least that is assumed by him, or any of his associates, concerning the utterances of his best spiritual correspondents; yet I defy him to point me to a single oration originating in his circles that can compare with those of Webster, or Burke, or Everett; a single philosophical discourse that betrays the brains of a Bacon; a single revelation of the unseen world that can compare with that of John; or a single poem that is not surpassed many times by many poems from the pen of the lamented Mrs. Browning. The Spiritualist is lame in every field in which, in accordance with his theories of intellectual and spiritual progress, he should walk with kingly strides. He cannot hold in contempt the literary judgments of the world; and the literary judgments of the world are against him. It is the decided opinion of those whose opinions he is bound to respect that his theories of intellectual and spiritual progress beyond the grave are shockingly disproved by the products of the minds which pretend to address us from it. There is nothing in the literature of Spiritualism which, in power and beauty, and practical adaptation to the wants of men, and skilful use of language, can compare with the literature written before Spiritualism made its first rap. Does any one doubt it? Look at the alcoves of the scholars and poets of the world, and mark the shelves which the classics of the Spiritualists occupy. They are not there at all, and their absence is owing to the simple

fact that they are not worthy to be there. Literature is catholic. Literary men are not particular as to the source from which great thoughts come, and they will gather where they find them. They have not found them in the literature of Spiritualism. I state this as a fact, which he cannot deny, and I appeal to the literary men of the world as my witnesses.

In the degree by which Spiritualism has failed to produce a worthy literature of its own, has it failed to incorporate itself as a vital force into any literature. In a few English novels we have seen evidences of its presence, but even there it has furnished only machinery for mysteries, and not ideas for life. No poet of power has gone to it for his inspirations. While many literati have been attracted to its marvels, and not a small number of them have acknowledged their faith in the genuineness of its "manifestations," it finds no record in the characteristic products of their pens. And now, in view of all these facts, I declare my full conviction that Spiritualism, notwithstanding all its high pretensions and its ambitious efforts, has imported no new intellectual food into the world, and brought no increment to its intellectual life. Has heaven been open, to scatter crumbs and broken victuals to children already fed with bread from the tree of a nobler life? Have the dead come back to prove that they have only made progress toward imbecility and idiocy? Have the angels of God forgotten to be wise, and the saints of

God learned to be silly? Is a religion, or a system of philosophy, or a revelation of whatever character, good for anything, or worthy of a moment's consideration, which gives nothing greater and more abounding in vitality than what we have had before—nothing great and vital enough to create a literature of its own which will command the respect of the world and find its way through various channels of life into all literature? Mr. Jones has common sense—or he used to have it. He may answer the question.

I remember very well the boast that he and his friends made a few years ago, that the world was about to witness a new dispensation, through the ministry and revelation of Spiritualism. We had outgrown Christianity, as the world once outgrew Judaism, they declared; and so, burning up our soiled and worn-out creeds, and casting off the clothing of the Christian church, which had grown too strait for us, we were to emerge into a brighter light and a freer and nobler life. Well, have their boasts proved to be well-grounded? They must not complain that I ask them this question, and say that I do not give them time enough, or refer me to the difficulty of the early steps of Christianity. There was no steamboat, no railroad, no telegraph, no universal newspaper, no printing-press, to wait upon the early steps of Christianity. The first wail in the little village of Bethlehem that gave notice of the advent of The Redeemer did not reach outside of the walls of the stable where he

lay; but through the ministry of modern art—itself the child of Bethlehem's child—the first rap at Rochester was heard throughout the nation. Every appliance of Christian civilization has waited upon the early steps of Spiritualism, and within fifteen years it has been sown wherever steam and lightning can travel, and men can read the language which they speak. It has been free ever since to do what it would. It has published what it would. Prisons and scaffolds have not threatened those who received and entertained and advocated it. It has been patronized by the fashionable and the titled. Royalty itself has lent its eyes and ears to its marvels, and petted the mediums through whom they were wrought. It has been brought fairly before the world, and now, what is to be said of the results?

Preliminarily, is it making progress to-day? Does it occupy as large a place in the public mind of this country and of other countries as it did some years ago? Is it winning as many proselytes as it was winning ten years ago? Has it not already called to itself its own, and ceased to be aggressive? Is it not already dying from lack of power to nourish and bless those who have been attracted to it? It is probable that Mr. Jones would not answer these questions as I should; yet it seems to me as if there could be but one answer to them. I know that, as far as my acquaintance reaches, Spiritualism is making neither proselytes nor progress, and that many of those who were once its most ear-

nest defenders have grown cold toward it, or careless of it. It has shown no power to fertilize society, and no disposition to organize society for philanthropic effort. It has originated a few utopian schemes and promised great things for human harmony and happiness; but they have fallen to pieces, of their own dead weight, light and flimsy as they were. I cannot point to anything that Spiritualism is really doing to purify, elevate, and save mankind. I cannot find in it that principle of love which uproots selfishness, or leads the martyr to dare his death of fire.

Now, where is the effete Christianity which was to be displaced by Spiritualism? There never was an equal period in its history when it made more progress than it has made since Spiritualism was announced. The greatest revival the world ever saw occurred during that period. It has planted its feet in new fields, and is everywhere aggressive. This Spiritualism which was to supersede it, has hardly been a fly in the path of its gigantic progress. It is pushing its silent, individual conquests, and organizing its forces in the wilds of the West, on the shores of the Pacific, in Australia, and among the heathen nations of the world. It is gaining new victories near the centres of its power. It gives no sign of decay. It is more and more recognized as the grand, saving and reforming power of the world—as a religion to live by and die by. It finds its way into governmental institutions. It more and more pervades

every kind of literature, and it is legitimate to declare that there is not a good thing in Spiritualism that Christianity had not previously promulgated.

There are some Spiritualists who deny that Spiritualism opposes Christianity. Indeed, there are some among them who claim that they are really the only enlightened Christians in the world, Spiritualism having interpreted Christianity to them. I am sure Mr. Jones is too honest to tell me this, because he has talked very differently to me many times. He knows that if Spiritualism is not in opposition to Christianity as a system of religion and salvation, there is nothing in it whatever. He knows, and so do his friends, that Spiritualism is at least in opposition to that form of Christianity which prevails in the world, and which marks its progress by such marvellous evidences of its vitality and power.

Mr. Salathial Fogg Jones is eating husks when he might have corn. I beg him to cut the delusion loose, for it is a dying thing. There is nothing more in it for him or for the world—no more food, nor inspiration, nor light, nor life, nor blessing. All the good fellows are going my way. Let him come and join me!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN JONES,

MECHANIC.

CONCERNING HIS HABITUAL ABSENCE FROM CHURCH ON SUNDAY.

I HAVE often wondered why Benjamin Franklin Jones, and many others who are engaged in mechanical pursuits, should be so sceptical in all matters lying outside of the domain of material things. There seems to be something in the constitution of the mechanical mind, or something in the nature of mechanical pursuits, which tends to infidelity. It is notorious, that as a class, the mechanics of this country, and particularly those who are engaged in such branches as call for the most ingenuity and skill, are given to unbelief. I cannot explain this. I see the fact as it exists in manufacturing communities and in the large cities, and am entirely at a loss to account for it. Why it is that constant dealing with the laws of matter and second causes should so induce materialism, and so hide the great first cause, I do not know. I only know that the coldest infidels I have ever known—men the most utterly faith-

less in spiritual things—men sceptical on all subjects which touch religion, and immortality, and revelation, and God—are mechanics, and there seems to be something in their pursuits, or in their mental constitution, which makes them so.

The number of these men in every New England community is large. We are a manufacturing people, and the best and most influential minds in nearly all our manufacturing towns are those of mechanics. I have been surprised at the contempt in which religion and its institutions are held in some New England towns where it is supposed that both are honored in an unusual degree. The truth is that, throughout New England, not more than one-third of the people go to church, or have anything to do with its support, and that third is very largely composed of farmers and merchants. The mechanical and manufacturing interests, notwithstanding their magnitude, contribute comparatively little to the maintenance of the institutions of Christianity. None can be more aware of the truth of the statements which I make than Christian mechanics, because they are constantly thrown into the society of those of their own class whose cold and sneering infidelity, and whose habitual disregard of the Sabbath and all Christian institutions, are themes of constant sorrow or annoyance to them. I am sorry to believe that Benjamin Franklin Jones adds one to the number of these faithless men, and particularly sorry, because he has such natural

strength of mind that he cannot fail to have great influence upon those who are nearest him—upon his companions and his family. But I must leave these general remarks, for I began with the intention to say something upon his habit of staying away from church on Sundays.

He told a friend of mine the other day that he had not put his foot inside of a church for ten years. He made the statement, so my friend informed me, in a tone which indicated contempt not only for the church itself and the religion which it represents, but for all the men and women who respect them both. Now, I like his frankness. There is something in his position which I cannot but respect. It is different from the majority of those who spend their Sundays in laziness or pleasure. When they are questioned in relation to their very questionable courses, they take the position of culprits at once, and make their excuses—always, however, protesting that they have the most profound respect for religion and its institutions. They make a merit of this respect, and put it forward as a substitute for the thing itself. Fools may be taken in by this sort of talk, but God and wise men can only have contempt for those who pretend to honor a religion whose institutions they treat with persistent neglect.

If we speak to some of these men about their neglect of attendance upon the Sunday ministrations of the church, they will say that they can worship God as well

in the fields as they can in the sanctuary—that they can commune with Him quite as well alone, among the beauties of nature, as in the great congregation, surrounded by ribbons and artificial flowers. As independent propositions, these may be sound. I will not controvert them; but when these men put them forward, they do it for the purpose of skulking behind them, and they know very well that they have no relation to their case. They know that they never worship God in the fields, and that they would be frightened at the thought of an act of communion with Him. Others will denounce the impurities and imperfections of the church, or find fault with the minister, or certain of the leading members. All kinds of apologies are put forward by these poor men to delude themselves and their neighbors with the belief that they are really better than those who go to church—that they have, at least, quite as much respect for religion as those who do.

All this talk disgusts me, for I know that there is no sincerity in it. When a man tells me that he respects religion, I want to see him prove it in some practical way. If he really respects religion, he will give his life to it, and, as the smallest possible proof of respect that he can render, he will scrupulously attend upon its ordinances, and show to the world the side upon which he wishes his influence to count. No, when men tell me that they respect religion, and offer in evidence only their studied and persistent absence from all Christian

ministrations, I have simply to respond that I do not respect them. They are a set of hypocrites and humbugs. They talk about the hypocrisy of the church! There is not such another set of hypocrites in America, as those who, while professing to respect Christianity, devote the Christian Sabbath to their own selfish ease or convenience, and regularly shun the assemblages of Christian men and women. Sometimes they try to prove their sincerity by throwing in their wives and children. They will tell people that they hire a pew, and dress their wives and children for the public, that they are willing that they should attend church, and that they have too much respect for religion to stand in anybody's way, while by every Sunday's example, they plainly declare to their wives and children that they regard the church and the religion which it represents as unworthy the respect and attention of a rational man.

I repeat, then, that there is something in Benjamin Franklin Jones' position which I respect. He has brought himself to the belief that Christianity is a delusion—a cheat. He has no respect for religion, and does not hesitate to express his contempt for it. All preaching is blarney and cant to him; all prayer is blatant nonsense addressed to a phantom of the imagination. Practically, his companions in absence from the church on Sunday occupy his most decidedly irreligious position, and their weakly lingering belief in the truth of Christianity, or in the possibility of its truth (which is

all their "respect" means), might as well, for any practical purpose, be disbelief. His position is really better than that of those who pretend to respect religion, and who treat it with the same contempt that he does, because he is not a hypocrite. I speak of him, then, as the most respectable and decent man of his class.

My desire is to give him one or two good reasons for going to church which do not depend upon the authenticity of Christianity, or upon the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath at all. My first reason is that unless a man puts himself into a fine shirt, polished boots, and good clothes once a week, and goes out into the public, he is almost certain to sink into semi-barbarism. He knows that unless he can do this on Sunday, he cannot do it at all, for he labors all the week. There is nothing like isolation to work degeneration in a man. There is nothing like standing alone, with no place in the machinery of society, to tone down one's self-respect. He must be aware that he is not in sympathy with society. He is looked upon as an outsider, because he refuses to come in contact with society on its broadest and best ground. It is a good thing for a man to wash his face clean, and put on his best clothes, and walk to the house of God with his wife and children on Sunday, whether he believes in Christianity or not. The church is a place where, at the least, good morals are inculcated, and where the vices of the community are denounced. He can afford to

stand by so much of the church, and by doing so, say "Here am I and here are mine, with a stake in the welfare of society, an interest in the good morals of society." This little operation gone through with every Sunday would give him self-respect, help him to keep his head above water, and bring him into sympathy with the best society the world possesses. A man needs to beautify himself with good clothes occasionally to assure himself that he is not brother of the beast by the side of which he labors during six days of every seven, and he needs particularly to feel that he has place and consideration in clean society.

Another reason why he should go to church on Sunday is that he needs the intellectual nourishment and stimulus which he can only get there. I suppose that he does not often consider the fact that the greatest amount of genuine thinking done in the world is done by preachers. I suppose he may never have reflected that, in the midst of all this din of business, and clashing of various interests—in the midst of the clamors and horrors of war, the universal pursuit of amusements and the vanities and inanities of fashion, and the indulgence of multitudinous vices, there is a class of self-denying men, with the best education and the best talents and habits, who, in their quiet rooms, are thinking and writing upon the purest and noblest themes which can engage any mind. Among these men may be found the finest minds which the age knows—the most

splendid specimens of intellectual power that the world contains. The bright consummate flower of our American college system is the American ministry. Among these men are many who are slow—stupid, it may be—but there is not one in ten thousand of them who does not know more than Benjamin Franklin Jones does. He can learn something of them all, while some of them possess more brains and more available intellectual power than he and all his relatives combined. If he supposes the American pulpit to be contemptible, he is very much mistaken. He has staid away from it for ten years. During all these ten years I have attended its weekly ministrations, and I have a better right to speak about it than he has, because I know more about it. I tell him and his friends that I have received during these ten years more intellectual nourishment and stimulus from the pulpit than from all other sources combined, yet my every-day pursuits are literary while his are not.

There is something in the pursuits of working men—I mean of men who follow handicraft—which renders some intellectual feeding on Sunday peculiarly necessary. They work all day, and when they get home at night, they can do nothing but read the news, and indulge in neighborhood gossip. They are obliged to rise early in the morning, and that makes it necessary that they should go to bed early at night. They really have no time for intellectual culture except on Sunday. Then they are too dull and too tired to sit down to a

book. They always go to sleep over any book that taxes their brains at all. They know that there is nothing but the living voice which can hold their attention, and they know that that voice can only be heard in the pulpit. The working-man who shuns the pulpit on the Sabbath, voluntarily relinquishes the only regularly available intellectual nourishment of his life. He need not tell me that the pulpit has no intellectual nourishment for him. I know better. Philosophy, casuistry, history, metaphysics, science, poetry—these all are at home in the pulpit. All high moralities are taught there. All sweet charities are inculcated here. There are more argument and illustration brought to the support and enforcement of religious truths than all the other intellectual magazines in the world have at command; and, quarrel with the fact as he may, he must go to church on Sunday, and hear the preaching, or be an intellectual starveling. His brain is just as certain to degenerate—his intellect is just as certain to grow dull—under this habit of staying at home from church, as a plant is to grow pale when hidden away from the sun.

But Benjamin Franklin Jones responds to this that he will not attend church because he does not believe in the doctrines that are preached there. Does he refuse to attend a political meeting which a gifted speaker is to address, because he is not of his way of thinking? Does he stay away from the lecture of a man who has brains, because he cannot endorse his sentiments? Why, he is

very much behind the age. The most popular lecturers of America have for years been those who have represented the principles and sentiments of a small minority. Intellectual men have maintained their place upon the platform when their persons and their principles were held in abhorrence by the masses whom they addressed. It is not necessary for me to mention names, to prove this statement, for the facts are too fresh and too notorious. Does he decline to attend a circus because the performers differ with him as to the number of horses it is proper for a man to ride at one time? Is it possible that he, who has been charging bigotry upon the church and its representatives so long, is a bigoted man? Is it possible that he who has denounced the American Christian ministry for intolerance is intolerant himself? It looks like it.

He is truly lame in this matter. His position is a very weak one. It is not based in any principle—it is based in prejudice. Besides, he is not truthful when he says that the utterances of the pulpit generally are incredible. I have been a constant attendant of church all my life, and I declare, without any hesitation, that three-quarters of the sermons I have heard have been other than doctrinal sermons. The majority of the sermons preached have their foundation in the eternal principles of right—in the broad moralities to which he and every other decent man subscribes. He knows that, as a system of morals, Christianity is faultless. He knows that if the world should live up to the morals of

Christianity—we will say nothing about it as a system of religion—there would be no murder, no war, no stealing, no wrong,—that everywhere men would walk in peace and concord and fraternal affection, and that the golden rule would be the universal rule of life. The pulpit is the spot of all others in the world where, through the wonderful agency of the human voice, these morals are taught; and does he tell me that he will not go to church because he does not believe in what is taught there? He does believe at least three-quarters of the teachings of the pulpit. He does himself great wrong by holding himself aloof from an institution which would not only nourish his intellect, but instruct and confirm him in those moralities which are the only safeguard of that society which numbers among its members his wife and children.

Perhaps he can afford, or feels that he can afford, to teach his children that Christianity as a system of religion, is a cheat, but he cannot afford to confound with it, and condemn with it, the moralities of Christianity. He cannot afford to teach his children by words or deeds that the great mass of the teachings of the pulpit are unworthy of consideration; for their safety, their respectability, their prosperity, their happiness, all depend upon the adoption and practice of Christian morals. Does he teach them Christian morals? Is he careful to sit down on the Sabbath, or at any other time, and instruct them in those moralities that are essential to the right and happy issue of their lives? He has not

the face to do any such thing, for his position will not permit him to do it without shame. Well, if he refuses to do it, who will do it? Unhappily, his wife is quite as much under his influence as his children, and unless those children go to church on Sunday, they will get no instruction in Christian morals whatever, except such as they may pick up at the public schools.

These children of his are not to blame for being in the world. They came forth from nothingness in answer to his call, and they are on his hands. He is responsible to them, at least, for their right training. He is in personal honor bound to give them such instructions in morals as will tend to preserve to them health of body and mind, and honorable relations with society. How will he do it? By telling them that church-going is foolishness, and Sabbath keeping nonsense, and the teachings of the pulpit only tricks of priestcraft, and the amusement of blockheads? Not so. He must take these children by the hand and lead them to church, and show that there are, at least, some things that come from the pulpit which he respects. It will not be enough that he sends them and their mother. He must go with them, for, if he does not, they will soon learn the realities of the pulpit, and, in learning them, learn to pity him, and to hold his intolerance in contempt. He must stand by the pulpit as the great teacher of public and private morality, or do an awful injustice to the children for whose life and health and education he is responsible.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON JONES.

CONCERNING THE POLICY OF MAKING HIS BRAINS MARKETABLE.

JUDGING from recent conversations with this gentleman, and from many things I have heard about him, he is not satisfied with the results of his life, thus far. He has tried various fields of effort, and has failed of the success he sought in all. He knows my honest friendship for him, and the measure of respect which I entertain not alone for his intellectual gifts, but for that high ideal of art and its mission which has been the only bar to his reward. He wrote a novel, which failed, simply because he refused to write one which would succeed. He erected a standard in his own soul, bowed to his standard, and then was disgusted because the humanity upon which he had turned his back would not applaud his doing. He wrote a poem, classical without a doubt—powerful and beautiful in its way beyond question—but, somehow, the poem had no point of sympathy with the age which he believed ought to receive and love it. Behind these two books he sat in imperial

pride, disgusted with the world which seemed so little in knowledge and so low in feeling—so unable to appreciate him, and so ready to give its applause to men of slenderer faculty and shallower motives. Will he permit me to say to him now, before it is too late, that the world will never come to him, and that he must go to the world or die voiceless?

The world is not in want, just at this time, we will say, of life-sized portraits in oil, with all their stately conventional accompaniments. The world happens to want photographs, and will have nothing but photographs. He chooses to stand by his pigments and his canvas and his camel's hair, and to starve, while all the world rushes by him to patronize the sun. He imagines that it would degrade him to have anything to do with photographs. He would not make one—he would not color one—he would not touch one with one of his fingers, because his idea of art, or what he chooses to consider art, is so high, that he could have nothing to do with the production of a photograph without a sense of humiliation. He will die rather than disgrace the art to which he is in honor married, and degrade the standard he has erected for himself. Let him die if it will be any satisfaction to him; but the world will never thank him for it, and, moreover, will vote him a fool for his voluntary sacrifice. The only way for him is to meet the want of the world and make photographs—make the best photographs that the world has seen—so that it shall come to

him and ask him to do it favors, and beg the privilege of paying him much honor and much money.

I confess that I have a measurable respect for that ideal of art which refuses all compromise with popular prejudice, and, standing alone, strives to compel the homage of the world, and failing, stands in self-complacent pride to pity and despise those who will not bow to it. Yet this ideal upon which the issue of Washington Allston's life seems to be turning, has in it, to a fatal degree, the element of selfishness. What is art but a minister? What is art but a vehicle by which he may transport the life which is in him to the souls by which he is surrounded—for their good, and not for his? Cut off from its relations to life—to the life which produces it and that to which it is addressed—standing by itself—what is art but a phantom?—a nothing with a name? God has endowed this man with intellectual wealth. He has given him great power, and set him upon a throne where he can reason and judge and reach outward and upward into great imaginations; he has given him the power to speak and to sing. For what purpose? Is it that he may selfishly shut this wealth of his into a coffer, and close the lips of his utterance, from obedience to a standard of art which has more reference to him than to the world to which he owes service? He is rich and must dispense. Who gave him his wealth? Is it for him to stand and higgle with the world about the form or style in which it shall receive his gifts? Is it for

him to declare that the world shall have none of his expression unless it be accepted in a certain form, which form shall have supreme consideration?

He has carried his reverence for his idea of art and his contempt for those who will not regard it so far that he cannot speak with patience of those who succeed in the fields which have witnessed his failure. He has learned to despise those whom the world applauds, because he thinks that the world's applause can only be won by treachery to art. This contempt for those who succeed is the logical result of his own failure; and now he sits alone, in selfish pride, a martyr, as he supposes, to his better ideal and his higher aim, the world unconscious meanwhile that he has in him the power to move and bless it. He has told me that he distrusts a book which sells, and has spoken with undisguised contempt of men who carry "marketable brains," as he was pleased to call them.

And now we get at our subject. What are brains good for that are not marketable? My belief is that a man who has brains is in duty bound to make them marketable. My position is that unless mind, under Christian direction and control, is marketable, it is useless; and I must be permitted to use the word marketable in the largest sense. The world is as we find it—not as we would have it. We write, we speak, we paint, we give utterance to all forms of art, in order to make the world richer and better; and unless the world will receive what

we utter, and take it into its life, it is not benefited, and our utterance is a failure. There are, doubtless, a few great souls, laboring in some difficult departments of art, that must labor for the few, and through these few find their way to the world, but these are exceptional cases. The case of our friend is not one of these, for he has undertaken only to address the world at large, and it is his fault that he has failed. He would not take the world as he found it. He intended that the world should take him as it found him. He did not go to the world to sell, throwing himself into its markets, but stood at his own door determined to compel the world to come to him and buy. The world did not come, and I do not blame it.

In intellectual, no less than in commercial, affairs, the market is the first consideration. The manufacturer never adopts one style of fabric as that to which alone his effort of production shall be devoted, but studies the market, and shifts his machinery and modifies his material in accordance with the indications of the market. We hear of certain preachers who preach great sermons, such as a few only like to hear, or have the power to remember and appropriate. They have no right to preach such sermons. If they have any gold in them, they should reduce it to coin that will pass current with the people. There is a stiff and stilted set in occupation in many of the American pulpits, who suspect a preacher who is very popular, and hold in contempt

him who places himself in thorough sympathy with the crowd around him that he may reach and hold them, and who are particularly disgusted with what they call "sensational preaching." It seems better to them to preach to small congregations than to draw large houses by making their preaching marketable. Is this being all things to all men that they may save some? Not at all. It is being one thing to a few men, whether they save them or not. St. Paul understood the matter of making his intellectual gifts and his preaching marketable. We know writers of magnificent power—some of them are certainly very greatly Mr. Jones's superiors in mental acquisition—who are burying their gifts in books that find no buyers. These men might as well be horse-blocks, so far as the world is concerned. They are doing nothing for the world. They have not consulted its market, and appear to know and care nothing for its wants. We know orators who never let themselves down to minister to the desire of those whom they address to be melted and moved, but who with stately dignity, insist on being rational and dull, and on driving from them those whom they desire to hold.

Washington Allston Jones sympathizes with all these men, but does he not see how much a selfish pride lies at the bottom of their action? I give him and them credit for that self-respect which shrinks from the tricks of the mountebank and the demagogue, but I charge him and them with a pride which is not consistent with

the position of the artist as a minister of life. With all his nobleness of nature, he has never been able to conceive of a higher motive of action, in a literary man, than the ambition to achieve literary distinction. He does not understand how a man can undertake a literary enterprise which has not literary reputation for its object; and when some book is uttered for the simple purpose of doing good, by one who has it in him to do great things for himself—a book which does not even pretend to literary merit beyond that which lies in adapting means to ends—he curls his lip in contempt for the voluntary degradation. This man for whom he has this contempt, writes for the market, and the world accepts him, and he does the world good; and if he did not write for a market the world would spurn him as it spurns Washington Allston Jones; and he would be deprived, as Washington Allston is, of the privilege of doing the world good.

I suppose our friend hugs to himself the delusion that he is in advance of his age, and that what the age fails to appreciate, posterity will receive at its full value. To leave out of consideration the selfishness of this fancy—as if he and his reputation were the only things to be taken into account—let me assure him that the coming age will have its own heroes to look after, and it will stand a very small chance of stumbling over his dead novel and his still-born poem. The only way for him to win the reputation which I know he desires,

is to throw his life—his thinking and acting self—into this age, as a power to uplift and mould and bless it. He must come into the market. He must shape his utterances to the want of the times. He must be content to work for others, forgetful of himself, and to give to men, in cups from which they will drink it, that life with which God has filled him.

But he despises his age. The age has not treated him well. The age is vulgar and low and rude and ungrateful. The age is mercenary and immoral. His wounded self-love has misled him. He is living in the greatest age of the world, and his soul only needs to be attuned to its great movements and events to find itself coined into words for their majestic music.

"Every age
Appears to souls who live in it (ask Carlyle)
Most unheroic. Ours, for instance, ours!
The thinkers scout it and the poets abound
Who scorn to touch it with a finger-tip;
A pewter age—mixed metal, silver-washed;
An age of scum, spooned off the richer past;
An age of patches for old gaberdines;
An age of mere transition, meaning nought
Except that what succeeds must shame it quite,
If God please."

And now as I have broached Mrs. Browning upon this point, I will go further, and let her sing the rest of my paragraph.

"Nay, if there's room for poets in the world
A little overgrown (I think there is),
Their sole work is to represent the age—
Their age, not Charlemagne's—this live, throbbing age
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,
And spends more passion, more heroic heat,
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,
Than Roland with his knights at Roncesvalles.
To flinch from modern varnish, coat, or flounce,
Cry out for togas and the picturesque,
Is fatal—foolish too.
"Never flinch,
But, still unscrupulously epic, catch
Upon the burning lava of a song
The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted age;
That, when the next shall come, the men of that
May touch the impress with reverent hand, and say,
'Behold—behold the paps we all have sucked?'
"This is living art,
Which thus presents and thus records true life."

Let him do what he can to make his age great. Let him be alike its minister and its mouthpiece. Let him give himself to his age, and his age will take care of itself, and the ages to come will be the guardian of his fame.

When he spoke to me of "marketable brains," I understood him of course to use the phrase in a lower sense than that in which I have used it. I have not adopted his meaning, simply because it walks in the shadow of mine. A man who adapts the products of

his brain to the real wants of the world, is the man who sells his books and makes money by them. He ought to be sensible enough to know that a man who writes from no higher motive than the desire to win money, cannot meet the wants of the world, and that he who writes a marketable book must necessarily be something better than a mercenary wretch who would sell all that is godlike in him, for gold. Yet I will admit that the desire to win bread—nay, the ambition to acquire a competent wealth—is, in its subordinate place, a worthy motive in impelling the artist to make his brains marketable. Commerce puts its brains into the market, and nobody cries out "shame," or hints at humiliation. The brains of all this working, trading, scheming world are in the market. These "marketable brains" are the pabulum of progress everywhere; and a writer is good for nothing for the world, who does not understand what it is to work for a living—what it is to expend life for the means of continuing life. Nay, I would go farther, and say that God has, by direct intent, compelled the worker in all departments of art to make his brains marketable, under penalty of starving.

To the person of whom I write, all this is very disgusting. He feels that the artist ought to be king, and that grateful men should only be too glad to do homage and bring gifts to him. He is wrong. The people are kings, and he is their servant. The law announced by the Great Teacher on this point is universal, and with-

out exception. A man is felt to be great only by reason of his power to administer to the life around him. Life licks the hand that feeds it. He thinks it a degradation to go to the world with his brains, adapting their product to the popular want, and taking his pay in the currency of the country; but it is this or something worse. Think of those kings of the old English literature, who were obliged to sit and sneak in the anterooms of nobles, and beg the patronage of the rich and the great, and become lickspittles for the sake of the influence that would sell their books, and give them position, and furnish them with bread to starve on and a garret to die in! The world will not buy what it does not want, and he cannot blame it without being unreasonable. It is honorable to thirst for the world's praise. He needs its money, he really envies the success of others, and because praise and money and success are denied him, he buttons his coat to his chin, turns up his nose to the world, and, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," stands apart.

Washington Allston Jones mistakes entirely if he supposes the world to be a contemptible master; and this failure to appreciate the world—this persistent underestimate of the world—which he and all of his class entertain, is enough to account for his failure. The world deals with practical life, and is guided by experience and common sense. The world is at work to win bread and raiment and shelter. The world digs the field, and searches the seas, and trades and manufactures, and

builds railroads and telegraphs and ships, and prints and reads newspapers. The world is full of the cares of the government. The world fights battles and pays taxes. The world is under a great pressure of care and work. This working, trading, fighting, careful world holds within itself the great, vital forces of society, the practical interests of humanity, the wisest, brightest, noblest minds that live. And this world for which he has such contempt, is the only competent judge of the artist, and is always the final judge of art. "The light of the public square will test its value," said Michael Angelo to the young sculptor whose work he was examining. The remark was the bow of a respectful servant to his master. Washington Allston can write for dillettanti if he chooses—for an audience "fit, though few"—for the fellows of the mutual admiration society—and they will praise him; but he knows that if he fails to get hold of this world which he affects to despise, he is powerless and without reward as a literary man.

As I think of his kingly gifts of intellect, and of the power there is in him to bless mankind, art itself appears before me in the likeness of Him who wore the seamless robe among humble disciples, and the crown of thorns between thieves. Ah! when art becomes the mediator between genius and the world, then does it answer to its noblest ideal, and confer the greatest glory upon the artist. He, in his realm, is almost as incomprehensible and unapproachable by the world as

God was, before he expressed His love and His practical good will through the gift of The Beloved. He had wrought augustly in the heavens, and filled the earth with glory. He had crowded immensity with the tokens of His power and the expression of His majestic thought; but the world did not see him—would not receive him—regarded him without reverence. Why should he not despise the world? Why, falling back upon the dignity of His Godhead, and sufficient for himself, did He not spurn the race which so disregarded itself and him? Ah! he pitied. He respected the characteristics of the nature He had made. He sent the choicest child of His Infinite Bosom down into the world to wear its humblest garb, and eat its homeliest fare, and perform its meanest offices, and die its most terrible and disgraceful death, that the world might drink through Him the life of the Everlasting Father. In this way let our friend send his mediator into the world. Let him send the child of his bosom, clad in humble garments—charged only with a mission of love and practical good will to men. Let me assure him that he can only bring the world to love him and learn of him by making it the partaker of his life through some expression of art which it can appropriate. No matter if it die. It shall rise again, and when it rises, rise to him, drawing all men unto it and unto him.

REV. JEREMIAH JONES, D.D.

CONCERNING THE FAILURE OF HIS PULPIT MINISTRY.

I NEVER should have undertaken this paper, had I not been requested to do so by one of the professional brethren of the Rev. Jeremiah Jones. It is not a pleasant thing to find fault with people, particularly with those whose faults are the results of natural organization. My object in finding fault at any time, with any person, is his reform; and the subject of this paper can never reform. He cannot make himself over again, into something different and better; and this ink of mine will be wasted, unless it shall address other eyes than his. The assurance that other eyes will be interested in what I have to say to him determines me to write this paper.

Surveying the American pulpit, I find it occupied by men who can legitimately be divided into two great classes, and these, for the present purpose, I will call the poetical and the unpoetical. I am not sure that these designations are sufficiently definite, or even sufficiently suggestive, but I will tell him what I mean by

them. The class which I denominate poetical is composed of men who possess imagination, strong and tender sympathies, profound insight into human character and motive, and power to attract to themselves the affections of those around them. These men possess also what we term individuality, in an unusual degree—a quality which carries with it the power to transmute truth into life—to resolve system into character—to appropriate, digest, and assimilate all spiritual food whatsoever, so that when they preach they do not preach as the mouthpieces of a school, or a sect, or a system, but as revelators and promulgators of a life. These are the preachers who touch men, because they preach out of their own life and experience. These are the men who speak from the heart and reach the heart—the men who possess what, for lack of a better name, we call magnetism. The unpoetical class may roughly be defined by the statement that they are the opposites of the poetical. They have no imagination; they are not men of strong and tender sympathies; they do not possess fine insight (though some of them possess a degree of cunning which is mistaken for it); they have not the power to attract to themselves the affections of those around them; they do not possess true individuality (though they may have peculiarities or idiosyncrasies which pass for it); and, in their utterances, they are little more than the mouthpieces of the systems and schools to which they are attached.

To the latter class I assign the Rev. Jeremiah Jones without the slighest hesitation, because nature has placed him in it. I have no expectation that he will ever be different from what he is. It is possible that some terrible affliction, or some great humiliation will soften his character, and develop his heart, and quicken his sympathies, but I could hardly pray for such discipline as would be necessary to revolutionize his constitution. No; he will live and die the same sort of a man he always has been—useful in some respects, self-complacent in all respects—an irreproachable, unlovable, sound, solid, dogmatic doctor of divinity.

I give him credit for an honest Christian character and purpose, but I should be false to my convictions should I fail to tell him that I consider him and all who are like him to be out of place in the Christian pulpit. His religion is mostly a matter of intellect. He is fond of preaching doctrine. He delights in what he is pleased to denominate theology. He rejoices in a controversy. He speaks as by authority. He denounces sin, as if he had never sinned, and never expected to sin. He unfolds what he calls "the scheme of salvation" as if it were a grand contrivance of the Supreme Being to circumvent Himself—a marvellous invention by which He is enabled to harmonize His justice with His pity. He has a "system of truth" to promulgate, and, in his mind, it seems essential that this system should be accepted in all its parts as the condition of

salvation. He is, indeed, the special guardian of the orthodoxy of his region. Alas! for the poor candidate for the Christian ministry who may be obliged to pass under his examination! Alas! for any person who may presume to decide that a man can be a Christian without embracing his "system of truth," or that religion is not quite as much a matter of the brains as of the heart! He lugs along into this present age, to its scandal and its shame, to the detriment and disgrace of the Christian cause, the old Puritan idea that assent to a creed—that belief in certain dogmas has more to do with the soundness of a man's Christianity than anything else. He does not ask, first and foremost, in his inquiries concerning a man, whether his life is pure—pious toward God and loving and benevolent toward men—but whether he is sound in his "views." At this very moment, while he is reading these words, he is wondering, not whether I am a Christian man, loving and serving God and men, but whether I am orthodox or heterodox in my "views;" and because I hold his rigid scholasticism in contempt, he regards me as "loose" in my "views," and, on the whole, dangerous in my teachings. I should like to ask him if this is not so. Has he not been troubled more with doubts about my orthodoxy, while reading this paragraph, than anything else?

I hope he will not be offended if I reveal to him the nature of his Sabbath ministrations, and endeavor

to show him why he cannot hope to accomplish very much for his Master. His manner is not humble—his spirit is not humble. He does not enter his church on Sunday morning crushed with a sense of his responsibility—feeling the need of aid and inspiration—filled with tender reverence toward God and love toward man. His utterances are those of a self-sufficient man. His prayers touch nobody. They are full of sonorous phrases culled from the sacred text; they abound in passages of information addressed to the Deity; they embrace all the objects of Christian solicitude and labor; they range the earth through all the degrees of latitude and longitude for subjects; the sailor, the soldier, the heathen, the Jews, the Roman Catholics and all other errorists, the foreign missionaries, the civil authorities—all these come in by catalogue. These broad generalities of petition, which do not grow, as he very well knows, out of any immediate impulse of desire, but only out of a general impression of desirableness, have not the slightest power to lead a congregation in genuine prayer. The thing sounds well. The words are well chosen and well pronounced, but they do not lift a heart to its Maker, or give voice to the aspirations of a single soul.

His sermon is like his prayer, and carries with it the idea that he is safe, and comparatively independent. It is as if he were to stand in his pulpit, and say, "Here am I, Rev. Jeremiah Jones, D.D., safe, by the grace of

God, forever, with a message to deliver. Repent and believe what I believe, and you will be saved ; refuse to repent and believe, and you will be damned. Take things in my way, see things as I see them, adopt my opinions and my system, and you will be all right. If you do not, then you will be all wrong, and I wash my hands of all responsibility for your destruction." Salvation would seem, in his scheme, to be a matter of machinery. He preaches just what he was taught to preach at the theological seminary, and has not taken a single step in advance. It is the same old brain stuff, unsoftened by a better love, unfertilized by a better experience, without life or the power to enrich life. He puts before his hearers a skeleton, and holds them responsible for not seeing and admitting that it is a beautiful form of life. He gives them a system and a scheme, when they need a life and a heart. He insists on driving them by threats to Him who, with a different spirit and a different policy, said "Come to me." I do not wish to be understood that I blame him for all this, for he cannot very well help it. I only state the matter in detail, to prove that the pulpit is not the place for him. He is honest enough, but he has no sensibility. He has mind enough, but he has none of that poetic or spiritual insight which enables other men to seize the essence of that scheme of truths with whose adjustment into form and system he so constantly busies himself. I once entered the study of a preacher who had been for three months out

of public employment, and who, to demonstrate to me his industry, assured me that he had written during that period thirty-six sermons. Indeed, he showed me the pile. Now there was a job which the Rev. Jeremiah Jones could have done as well as he, but neither he, nor any other man who could do it, is fit to write a sermon at all. Moved by no special want of the souls around him, taking no suggestions from the living time, he wrote sermons—very sound sermons, doubtless—but sermons with no more power in them to move men than there is in a mathematical proposition. The Rev. Jeremiah Jones seems to feel that the truth is the truth, and that if he promulgates it with an honest purpose, it is all that is necessary. Men occasionally find their way into his pulpit, however, to whom his congregation give their hearts before they have uttered ten sentences, and why? The heart instinctively acknowledges the credentials of its teacher. There is something about some men, in the pulpit, which draws my heart to them at once. I know by their bearing, by the sound of their voices, by every emanation of their personality, that their hearts are on a sympathetic level with all humanity—that they are bowing tearfully under their own burden while they help me to bear mine—that they are my fellows in temptation, in struggle, in aspiration.

This poetic instinct—this power to reach through words and phrases, and forms and types and figures, and to grasp the naked truths of which they are only the

representatives—is essential to any man who feeds the people. Dr. Jones is fond of creeds and catechisms; and those who listen to him are instructed in creeds and catechisms; but he might just as hopefully undertake to make a living tree out of dry chips, as a living Christian out of creeds and catechisms. This poetic instinct or power is the solvent of creeds and catechisms—the gastric juice that softens them into chyle, and the absorbants that suck from them their vital fluid for the soul's nourishment. But why do I talk to him about this poetic faculty? He does not understand me. He does not comprehend me at all. He thinks that I am foggy and fanciful—transcendental and nonsensical; but it is he—stolid pretender to solidity and sound sense—who is foggy and fanciful. He thinks and calls himself a matter-of-fact man, when he is only a matter-of-form man. The poet is the man who touches facts. The poet is the man of common sense, who finds and reveals the inner life and meaning of things. The true poet in a free pulpit is a man in his place, and no other man is fit for the place. When the true poet speaks from the pulpit, the people hear; and they will hear gladly no other man. He is the only man who can reveal a congregation to itself. The great charm of The Great Teacher to the woman at the well was His power to tell her all the things that ever she did, and that was her sole recommendation of Him.

There are not so many preachers of Dr. Jones' class

in the world now as there were once, thank God! It was this brain Christianity—this intellectualism—this scholasticism—that gave root to those great controversies and schisms which disgraced Christianity, alike in the judgment of history and the eyes of a faithless world. Pride of theological opinion, sectarian partizanship, strifes of words, splittings of hairs, formalisms,—these have been the curse of Christianity and the clog upon its progress in all ages. He and those who are like him have made a complicated and difficult thing of that which is exquisitely simple. He has surrounded that fountain which flows with a volume of sparkling bounty for the cleansing and healing of all humanity, with hedges of words and forms, and conditions and prejudices; yet he is too blind to see it. But I see his class fading out, and another and a better coming in, and I mark with gratitude the change in the general aspect of the Christian enterprise. The differences between sects are growing small by degrees and beautifully less. Brother grasps the hand of brother across the chasms which the fathers made. Names do not separate as they once did those whom the common reception of the vital truths of Christianity has made one. Love unites those whom logic and learning have long divided. And Dr. Jones, with his dry doctrinal discourses, his array of redemptive machinery, his denunciations and threatenings, his fulminations against opposing sects, his pride of opinion, and his hard, unpoetic nature, is

out of place in a pulpit which is already far in advance of him.

I recently wrote a paper for the benefit of an intelligent relative of the Doctor concerning his habit of staying away from the church on the Sabbath. I found serious fault with him for his delinquencies in this respect. I undertook to present to him sufficient reasons for reform, and prominently among those reasons I stated that he needed the intellectual stimulus which, in his circumstances, he would only secure by attendance on the ministrations of the pulpit. I do not retract what I said to him at all. I should advise him to hear Dr. Jones preach, rather than to hear nobody, spending his Sabbaths in idleness ; yet I cannot hide from him the fact that such men as Dr. Jones are responsible to a great extent for the thinly attended Christian meetings of the Sabbath. I cannot help feeling that those preachers who find themselves without power to draw men to them by the beauty of their lives and characters, and by the adaptedness of their teachings to the popular want, and by that magnetism of poetic or spiritual sympathy which is the heavenly baptism, are doing more than they imagine to depopulate the churches. I confess to no small degree of sympathy with those who prefer staying at home to hearing them preach ; for though I am sometimes stirred intellectually by them, I am never moved religiously and spiritually. Let us look at the churches for a moment, and mark what we see.

Here is a church with a man in the pulpit with great intellectual gifts and excellent scholarship. His sermons are models of English composition. He is known in all the churches as a sound man. Look over his congregation: two, three, four, in a pew—old men, steady men, pious women—some asleep—all decorous. We will see the same sight fifty-two Sundays of the year. The teaching is good enough, but there is no motion. The instruction is sound, but there is no impulse. How many respectable, sleepy, sound preachers and churches are there in this country which show no change from Sabbath to Sabbath and from year to year, and which make no aggressive inroads upon the worldly life which environs them? Well, here is another church, whose preacher never was celebrated for the soundness of his "views"—who, indeed, never paid very much attention to his "views;" but who tried to do something—tried to introduce a new life into his church and into the community in which he lived. What is there about this man that draws the crowd to him? He is not so intellectual as his neighbor; he is not so good a scholar as his neighbor; he cannot write so fine a sermon as his neighbor, but he draws a church full of people. The young flock to him; his Sunday-school is the largest to be found for many miles around him, and his church is recognized as a thing of power and progress. This man has reached the hearts of his people, through the sympathies of his poetic nature. He has touched them

where they live—not where they think. He has melted them, moulded them, moved them. I am sure that thin churches are very much attributable to thin ministers—not thin in brains, or scholarship, but thin in heart and thin in human sympathy and in spirituality—thin where they should be fullest.

Dr. Jones, and his brethren of the pulpit, very rarely get honestly talked to from the pews, but they could learn a great deal more from them than they imagine, if the pews would talk to them honestly. They rarely hear the truth. Their friends praise them, and their enemies shun them. Let me say this to them: that when they preach they preach with such an air of authority, and such an assumption of superiority, and such an apparent lack of sympathy with my weaknesses and trials, that I find myself rising in opposition to them. I think that all those hearts which have not schooled themselves to accept their teachings as they are rendered, are affected as mine is. I hope they will not deceive themselves with the thought that these feelings are the offspring of depravity, for they are no such thing. They are the spirit's protest against their right to teach. Very differently do many other men affect me. Ah! well do I remember one, sleeping now within a few rods of where I write, and waking uncounted miles away beyond the blue ether that draws the veil between my eyes and heaven, who took my heart in his hand whenever it pleased him. He had an

intellect as bright and keen and strong as any pulpit holds, but his power was not in that. He preached a sermon that a tasteful scholar would call brilliant, but his power was not in the brilliancy of his sermons. His power was in his sanctified, spiritualized humanity, that never blamed but always pitied me, and took me into its charitable arms and blessed me, that held my hand and gave me loving fellowship, that unselfishly poured out its life that the life of all humanity might be raised to a higher level. Dr. Jones is too great in his own estimation. He is too much impressed with his own dignity. This other man was humility's personification, and carried a sense of his unworthiness as a constant burden. Ah! I fear that Dr. Jones has not learned that the weak do not commit their burdens to the strong. Let him learn of his children then, who seek for refuge in their mother's slender arms and not in his.

I said at the outset that I had no expectation of reforming him, because it is not in him to be reformed. He lacks the insight to apprehend spiritual things; he is harsh; he is coarse; he dwells in forms and phrases; he is constitutionally imperious; he is not sympathetic; he is not tempted as other men are. This lack of sympathy in his nature has cut him off from participation in the severest trials and struggles that ever visit the Christian soul. He cannot have charity for others. But there are some who will read this paper and gather perhaps a valuable hint from it. It will not have been writ-

ten in vain if one preacher learns that his power and usefulness in the pulpit do not reside either in the orthodoxy or the heterodoxy of his "views," do not reside in any system of theology or in any intellectual power, but do reside in a spiritual life, which, acting through its sympathies, by apprehension of and application to human need, nourishes, elevates, and spiritualizes human character.

STEPHEN GIRARD JONES.

CONCERNING THE BEST WAY OF SPENDING HIS MONEY.

THE art least understood in this country, where money is made easily and quickly, is that of spending it wisely and well. Most men think that if they could make money they would run the risk of spending it properly; and these same men criticise their fortunate neighbors; yet it is doubtless true that the poor do not monopolize the wisdom of the world, and that if they were to change places with the rich, money would be no better spent than it is now. There are enough poor men who succeed, from time to time, in getting rich, to show that wealth rarely brings with it the wisdom which will dispense it with comfort and credit to its possessor and with genuine benefit to the world. Of how few men of wealth can it be said that they spend their money well! One is niggardly, another is lavish; one runs into sports and debaucheries, another into extravagance in equipage; one apes the fashionable, or does what he can to buy social position, another

separates himself from others by using his money to thrust his personal eccentricities upon the public; one expends thousands in ostentatious charities, and there is occasionally one who impoverishes himself and his family by his improvident beneficence. Caprice and impulse seem to govern the spending of money more than principle, with the large majority of those who have money to spend.

It is a good sign for a man who has made money to take to spending it in any way that is not vicious. It usually shows that he is getting over the excitement of pursuit—that the pleasures of seeking wealth are beginning to pall, and that his heart is looking for a fresh delight. It seems to me to be a good sign, I say, for a man to reach this point, for it proves that he is not a miser. When a man can content himself with a never-ending search for wealth, or rather, when a rich man can be content with the pleasure of adding to wealth which he can never use, and which will be most likely to damage his children, it is evident that he possesses a very sordid nature, or that his character has been made sordid by his absorbing pursuit of gain. To begin to dispense with one hand what the other has gained, and still may be gaining, is to assume a healthy attitude. A man who does this is not spoiling.

It happens in this country, where estates are not entailed, that there are but a few families which, for any considerable number of generations, remain rich.

Wealth, when left to voluntary management, is almost uniformly dissipated in two or three generations, so that the great-grandchild nearly always is obliged to begin just where the great-grandfather did. Oftener than otherwise the reach of a fortune is briefer than this. It is thus that men are not bred to the management and the expenditure of wealth. Our rich men are men who have made their money—men who have spent their youth in learning how to make it. On becoming rich, they find that there is one part of their education which has been neglected, viz. : that which relates to the best methods of spending money. They are not misers ; they are not sordid men ; they would be glad to do something which would prove to the world that they are not altogether ungrateful for the handsome way in which it has treated them. Moreover, there is a call within them for repayment in comfort, or some form of satisfaction for the toil and care which it has cost them to win wealth. Many a man on reaching wealth has found himself confronted by the great problem of his life, and many a man, unable to solve it, has given up the thought of spending, and gone back to money-getting to seek his sole satisfaction in the excitement of the pursuit. Not unfrequently the process of getting money has been so absorbing, and has so shut out of the mind all culture and all generous pleasure, that the spending of money can fill no want.

I have said thus much generally on this subject, that

my friend Mr. Stephen Girard Jones may attach sufficient importance to what I have to say to him. He has been fortunate in business. His enterprise and industry have been abundantly rewarded. All his adventures have been prospered, and he is to-day the richest of all the Joneses. What is he going to do with his money? He has arrived at the point when this inquiry has, I am sure, profound interest for him. He is not a man who can be content with the life-long task of acquisition. He wishes to give an expression to his wealth, for his personal satisfaction, and for the purpose of adding privileges to the lot of those whom he loves.

In laying out his plans for spending money, the first consideration is safety for himself and his family. Any plan which contemplates idleness or dissipation for himself or his children, is illegitimate, and will prove to be ruinous. I am not afraid that he will ever become idle, or, even, that he will become devoted to any form of vicious indulgence. His habits of industry and sobriety are well formed, and I do not think that he is in any personal danger. The danger relates entirely to his family. He had a hard time when he was a boy, and through all his early manhood worked severely. He has frequently said to his friends that he did not intend that his children should be subjected to as much hardship as he had been. Now, there is danger that his parental tenderness will injure these children. Will he permit me to ask him what harm those early hardships of

his inflicted upon him? Was it not by the means of these hardships that he learned to achieve his success? Then why does he so tenderly deprecate these hardships for his children? Let me warn him that through his tenderness for his children his wealth may become—nay, is quite likely to become—a curse to them.

This notion that wealth brings immunity from industry is the ruin of thousands every year. I do not intend to convey the idea that this man's children shall all work in the same way that he has done, but that neither girls nor boys of his shall ever receive the impression that they can live reputably or happily without the systematic and useful employment of their minds, or their hands, or both. Let him give them all a better education than he had, and subject them to the same rigid rules of labor and discipline which are applied to their poorer classmates. Above all things, they should be taught that they must rely upon themselves for their position in the world, and that all children are mean-spirited and contemptible who base their respectability on the wealth of their father. Let him give all his boys a business and assist them in it sparingly, and with great discrimination. Let no son of his "lie down" on him, but make all the help he gives him depend upon his personal worthiness to receive it. Money won without effort is but little prized, and he may be sure that he will get few thanks from his children for releasing them from the necessity of industry. Nobody knows better

than he, how necessary industry is to the comfort and pleasure of living, and it should be his special care, in all his schemes for spending money upon his family, that these schemes should involve family employment or improvement. Better a thousand times throw his money into the river, than permit it to spoil his children.

There is danger also to the community in which he lives, and to the humble men by whom he is surrounded, in indiscreet benefactions. He is impulsive; his money now comes to him easily; and it is not hard for him to toss a gratuity to those whom he knows will be glad to receive it. Universal observation proves that money which does not cost anything is rarely well spent. Men will thank him profusely for the dollar which he gives them for some insignificant service, but that dollar is pretty certain to be spent upon their vices, and to help to make them beggars and flunkies. He, doubtless, finds himself surrounded by men who would "sponge" him gladly—who think and say that he can give them any amount of money "and never feel it." It is possible that there are a few mean-spirited Joneses who are already wondering whether he intends to leave them any money, or who have already asked him for "assistance." Let him never dismiss an application for help without examination; but he should be very careful how he gives money to those who are able to earn it. Let him never think it a disgrace to be thought mean

and niggardly by those who wish to get his money, without rendering an equivalent for it.

It is not necessary for me to tell him that no subscription paper ever starts within five miles of him that does not come to him before it completes its round. Now he should not get sick of the sight of these petitions. The offices of charity are never complete, and public spirit will always find work to do in fresh measures of improvement. It is right that he, who has been so abundantly prospered, should be abundantly charitable. It is right that he, who has so large a stake in public order and general prosperity, should minister generally to public improvement. The real danger with him, is, that he will give in such a way as to relieve others of the burden of duty which they should carry. This, I confess, is not the common weakness of rich men, but it would be the common error of the community were he to have its will. There is a contemptible spirit pervading the social body which would gladly shirk the cost of supporting public charities and public institutions and public improvements and throw it upon rich men. Stephen Girard Jones is a member of a church ; and I am ashamed to say that there is quite a general feeling among the members that he could pay the entire expenses "without feeling it." I suppose he might do this without suffering very much pecuniary inconvenience from it ; but if he were to do it it would damage not only the church but him. The jealousy of the very

men who would gladly shirk expenses that they would load upon his shoulders, would destroy the harmony of the church and drive him from it It will sometimes fall to his lot to pay that which niggardly souls refuse to pay, after the willing ones have exhausted their ability. Let him stand squarely up to this work, like the noble man he is. Never let it be seen by the community that he has any desire to avoid expenditures which it belongs to him to make. Let him do his part scrupulously well. Let every man see and feel that while he will not relieve others of burdens which belong to them, he is determined to carry all which belong to him, to the last ounce. Let society feel that it can rely upon him at all times for that measure of help which it belongs to him to render.

I am aware that I have said but little to him, as yet, as to the proper way of spending money, but I have narrowed the field of inquiry. I have told him never to spend it in such a way as to destroy the industrious habits of his family or to feed the vices of the poor men around him, or to foster a mendicant spirit among his relatives, or to relieve general society from the burdens which should be equitably distributed among its constituents; and now, let me go further and say that all ostentation is vulgar. It is quite the habit of men who become rich to show off their wealth by building large and costly houses, and furnishing them at great expense, and displaying luxurious equipage. The men who do

this are very rarely those who have lived in fine houses, or had practical acquaintance with luxurious domestic appointments; but this seems to be the only way in which they can give expression to their wealth. It is, I admit, better than nothing. Streets and building-sites are improved by it; upholsterers are benefited by it; various tradesmen are enriched by it; but, after all, ostentation is vulgar, and, moreover, it is not to his liking at all. I know he would not enjoy a splendid house; but he would enjoy a better one than he is in now—therefore, let him build it. He has good common sense and very little taste; therefore, with only general directions, let him pass this business into the hands of the best architect his money can secure. Let him buy good taste, and simply insist on convenience and solidity. Let him build a house which will be in good taste a hundred years hence, so that it may be delighted in by his children and his grandchildren.

It may seem impertinent to tell a man who has been shrewd enough to make money that he is not shrewd enough to spend it, but unless he has good advice, at every step of his progress, in starting an establishment —that is, in building his house, furnishing it, laying out his grounds, etc., etc.,—he will be sure to excite the ridicule of his friends, and bring mortification to himself. It is quite the habit of men who have made money to grow self-sufficient, and to suppose that, because they have succeeded so well in one department of effort, they

are equal to any. A practised eye can tell these men always, by the barren spots and the uncultivated and unoccupied spots which their management betrays. There will always be something to show that the establishment belongs to the man, and that the man does not belong to the establishment—something to show by its incompleteness the incompleteness of the owner's education—a library without books, a palace without pictures, a garden without flowers or fruit, luxury without comfort, or something of the sort. Our friend can have such a place as this very easily, by simply taking the whole matter into his own hands and assuming that he knows all that is necessary to know at starting; but it will be far better for him, and far more for his credit, to assume nothing, —to assume that he knows nothing, and to look upon the building and equipment of an establishment as a part of his education.

I can imagine nothing more delightful or more useful in family life than the two or three years of study and development which attend the proper building of a house and the appointment of the details of a generous establishment. If our friend and his wife and his sons and daughters, beginning with the assumption that they know nothing of the subject, devote themselves to study and conversation on domestic architecture and landscape gardening, and furniture and books and pictures, seeking for information and suggestions from every source, they will be surprised and delighted to find in

the end that they have entered into a new life. They will find that they have grown quite as rapidly as their house has grown, and that their grounds and gardens have been developed no more than their minds. They will learn, in short, how to spend money for themselves in a way which ministers to their growth, their industry, and their happiness. They become the pupils of the artists and scholars and artisans whom they employ, studying under the most favorable circumstances ; and they will find that an education thus pleasantly inaugurated may be pursued through life. It may be pursued in books, in society, in travel.

There is much that I might say upon this subject of spending money as it relates to other people, in different circumstances, but I am speaking especially of Stephen Girard Jones—a good type of "our successful men." He will find that a costly table will give him the gout and his children the dyspepsia ; therefore let him live plainly. He will find that luxurious clothing only ministers to the vanity of his children ; therefore let him insist that it shall be simply good, and chaste, and tasteful. He will find that his personal necessities are limited, and that unless he permits his wealth to produce a brood of artificial wants, he cannot expend his money upon his children or himself. Let him have an eye to those around him. The greatest kindness he can show to the poor is to give them employment, and to pay them for it well and promptly.

No matter if he does not really need their service. If they need his money, let him make a service for them. Above all things he should not give them money, unless calamity overtake them or they become unable to labor. I cannot too strongly insist that in all his dealings with society, with the poor, and with his children, he shall never depreciate in their minds the value of money. He should never permit himself, by his way of spending or bestowing money, to convey the idea that money has cost him nothing. For money is sacred. It is the price of labor of mind and body, and by some persons, at some time, somewhere, was dug from the ground, or drawn from the sea. Because he has been fortunate in accumulating it, he has no right so to spend it as to convey to the public an incorrect idea of its cost and true value.

After all, I imagine that he will find it very difficult to spend well that which Providence has favored him with in his home life and in the ordinary charities which appeal to him. In closing, I hope he will permit me to suggest that there is a class of charities and a class of public objects which make special appeal to him. The great majority of his fellow-citizens—even those who possess what we denominate a competence—have nothing left to pay after defraying the expenses of their individual and home life, and contributing their portion to the support of society and the ordinary charities. For a great hospital, for a literary or a religious institu-

tion, for a public library, for a public gallery of art, they have nothing. These things exist through the contributions of such men as Mr. Jones, or they do not exist at all. They are costly, and must be bought by men of superabundant wealth. Mr. Jones is a rational man, and knows already that he has more wealth than he and his family can advantageously spend. He knows, also, that it is always best for a man to be his own executor. If he proposes to do anything for the world he should do it now. He should see to the expenditure of his own money, and reap the satisfaction of seeing his generation enjoying the fruit of his benefactions. This waiting until death to give away useless money is the height of folly. The money is his to spend; let him spend it, and thus multiply the sources of his satisfaction. It is foolish for him to wait until he is dead to do a deed from which he has the right to draw pleasure. Let him make what he can out of his life, and get what satisfaction he can out of his money. There are many chances that it will be wasted or misapplied if he leaves it to be administered after he shall have passed away.

NOEL JONES.

CONCERNING HIS OPINION THAT HE KNOWS PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING.

I CANNOT tell whether Noel Jones believes he knows as much as he pretends to know, or whether he assumes to know everything as a matter of policy. I am simply aware that there is no subject presented to him in practical science, in art, in philosophy, in morals, in religion, in politics, in literature, in society, upon which he does not assume to entertain a valuable opinion, and that he pretends to be competent to direct every affair, and guide and control every interest with which he has anything to do. It seems to be a matter of principle with him to follow no man's lead, and to refuse to admit for a moment that any man's lead, except his own, can be worthy of following. I never knew him to ask advice of anybody. It has always seemed to me as if he regarded such a measure as an exhibition of weakness—one which would compromise his position and bring him to personal disgrace. No, he is authority on all subjects, an expert in all arts, an adept in all affairs; I

do not know of a position for whose duties he would admit himself to be incompetent, from that of a milliner to that of a minister.

In all my dealings with the world, I have noticed that the wisest men make the smallest pretensions. The prominent characteristic of all really great men is teachableness—readiness to learn of everybody, respect for the opinions of others, and modesty touching their own attainments. Sir Isaac Newton was so far from being a vain or pretentious man, that he had the humblest estimate of his own knowledge. Baron Humboldt was as simple and unpretending as a child. There are men among the living in this country—the mention of whose names is not necessary to call up their faces—whose exceeding simplicity is only equalled by their exceeding wisdom. A pretentious man is, by token of his pretentiousness, a charlatan always. A man needs only to be wise to have learned that no man in the world monopolizes its wisdom, and that there is no man living who cannot teach him something. Human faculty and human life are hardly sufficient for learning one thing thoroughly. Each man pursues his specialty, learning something of it while he lives; and though he may gather much in general touching the specialties of others, he gets little knowledge of detail out of his own work.

Noel Jones ought to have seen enough of the world to know that it is full of larger men than he is, or can ever hope to be. He ought to know enough of these men

by this time, to understand that no pretension of his can raise him to their altitude, or bring him into communion with them. The true position for him and for me, and for everybody—wise or simple—is that of a learner. Many years ago, as a young physician was standing by the bedside of a sick little child, in the dirty hovel of one who was very poor, he was asked by a coarse-looking Irish woman who had come in to do a neighborly office, and was standing at the opposite side of the bed, whether he thought the patient that lay gasping between them would live. He replied that he did not think that he could live until the next morning. There was a shrewd twinkle in her black eyes, and a positive tone in her voice as she expressed an opposite opinion, and, at the same time gave her reasons for it. He went away and thought about it; and the more he thought, the more he became convinced that this ignorant Irish woman had been a better student of disease than he had, and that her observations of previous cases must have been both intimate and extensive. He gave to her reasons their scientific significance, and before he reached his office he had become prepared to meet what he had supposed to be a dying patient a convalescent the next morning. He did find the patient a convalescent, and left him at last with a valuable addition to his knowledge of symptoms, beyond what books and his own observation had ever taught him. He learned a second lesson by this incident quite as valuable to

him, personally, as the first. It was, never to regard as valueless the opinions of the ignorant, when they are based on observation, until he had given them a fair and thorough investigation.

This ignorant woman had a right to her opinion. She had earned it, for she had studied. She may have known nothing else particularly worth knowing, but this golden bit of wisdom she had won, and the professors and teachers of medicine everywhere would have honored themselves by humbly learning it of her. Every great and wise brain that lives bows to and honors the humblest hand that brings it food and inspiration; but the position which Noel Jones assumes is an insult to all the humble life—not to say high life—by which he is surrounded. There are one or two things—perhaps half a dozen—which he knows better than others. Upon these, men come to him for information; but they know that all others about which he pretends to know so much he really knows nothing. Mr. Jones should let his neighbors estimate him. They recognize him their superior in one or two points only. Let him be thankful that there are one or two things which he really knows, and which he can offer in exchange for the world of knowledge which the multitudinous life around him has found and proved. He has his specialties and other men have theirs; and they know, and he ought to know and practically to acknowledge, that all the men he meets have just as much advan-

tage over him as he has over them. It is the habit to speak sneeringly of the poverty of human knowledge, but human knowledge is not poor in the aggregate. It is the individual man who knows so little; mankind knows much. If every man could bring to a common depository his special discovery, and the results of his particular thinking and working, and there were a mind large enough to comprehend and systematize the mass, with a life sufficiently long for the enterprise, it would be found that human knowledge is as great as humanity itself. Those little books of wisdom contained in the minds of his humble neighbors are open to him, and he owes it to himself and to them to read them with reverence.

I have said that the prominent characteristic of all really great and wise men is teachableness. I may add to this that without teachableness there can be no true greatness, for greatness consists, not in great powers alone, but in the power to appropriate, and in the deed of appropriating, the wisdom made ready for it by other minds. For a great man, a thousand minds are thinking, a thousand hands are working, a thousand lives are living; and the result of all this thinking and working and living come to him and pass into his life, contributing to his growth and feeding his power. The canal that crosses an empire, and feeds the roots of a score of springing cities, and gives passage to the bread of a continent, and swells the revenues of a state, has its unseen and unacknowledged feeders, that collect its

waters among the mountains, and pour them into its trailing volume, and keep it always full. A great man lays every mind with which he comes into contact under tribute. Great listeners are such men—absorbent of every drop of common sense and even the faintest spray of human experience. Unerring ears have they, to distinguish between the true and the false in the coins that are tossed upon their counter. Finding a man who has successfully pursued some specialty in knowledge or art, they suck his mind as they would suck an orange, throwing away cells and seeds, and drinking the juice for nutriment and refreshment. Noel Jones does not see that it is not the policy of such men as these to be pretentious. They could not afford it, even were they disposed to be.

The man who takes the position of Noel Jones must necessarily go through life at a disadvantage. His policy drives men from him. Pretentiousness is always and everywhere an insult to society. He repels the knowledge that naturally flows to one who pretends to nothing. Nobody goes to him with a suggestion, because his attitude repels suggestions. He assumes to possess all the knowledge that he needs. All that he learns outside of the specialty which absorbs the most of his active power, he is obliged to learn by book, or by some trick of indirection. He thinks that he can only appear to be wise by assuming to be wise, and it is possible that he is right. It is possible that he im-

poses upon a few who would otherwise hold him for a very common sort of person; but all the reputation for wisdom he may secure, can never compensate for what he loses by cutting off these voluntary supplies. Water flows naturally into the humble, open spaces; it never seeks the mountains, except to run around them. Self-love, self-conceit, pride of opinion—all these are barriers to knowledge and barriers to success. During his brief life he has suffered from many grave mistakes, which, had he been a teachable man, might easily have been avoided. His position repelled all information voluntarily offered, and his pride forbade him to seek for it at the only available source. He has blundered through experiments whose results could have been given him by a dozen of his neighbors, who took a secret satisfaction in witnessing his expensive failures. He is the wise man only who, holding himself unselfishly tributary to the lives of others, lays hold of and appropriates the wisdom won by the life around him. It should be in life as it is in science: if I read the record of a series of experiments by which a certain scientific result is arrived at, I do not feel myself humbled by the discovery, nor humbled by using the discovery for my own advantage. I contribute freely of my own work, I appropriate freely the results of the work of others—as a member of the great commonwealth of life. It is a noble thing to teach; it is a blessed thing to learn.

I have told Mr. Jones that there are probably one or

two things about which he knows more than others, and touching which his opinions are more valuable than those of others. These things his talents have given him special power to learn, and circumstances have conspired to give him sufficient opportunity. There are ten thousand things on which he assumes to have an opinion which he can never have a valuable opinion upon. He has not those peculiar gifts which will enable him to acquire experimental knowledge of them. He pretends to know something of finance, for instance, but it is not possible for him to comprehend finance. No matter how much he may run against the business world—the whole of his financial wisdom will consist of familiarity with common business forms, and the grasp of the general fact that if a man spends more than he earns he loses money, while if he earns more than he spends he is making it. He pretends to possess good literary judgment and taste, but he may study from this time until doomsday, and he will never, working by himself, win either. A life of study with relation to some arts will not win for him what the instincts of some men will teach them in a moment. He has his special knowledge :—talent and opportunity have given it to him. There is an indefinitely large range of life in which he can never discover anything that will be of the slightest value to him or to others. There is an infinitely large range of life through which he must be led by other minds, or he will never

explore them at all. The bird-fancier with whom I walk in the fields is a humble person. I may talk of literature, or art, or science, or politics, and he will show no sign of interest or intelligence; but if I talk of birds he becomes my teacher—nay, for the time being, my king. The air around him is full of creatures whose habits and characteristics he knows. He can pour out to me a tide of beautiful knowledge, for the acquirement of which nature has given him the needed eyes, and ears, and apprehensions. He knows the note of every bird, the nest of every bird, the plumage of every bird. He has possessed himself of their secrets, so that, imitating their language, and taking the advantage over them which reason gives him, he can entrap them. No uncommon bird, be it never so small, can invade his neighborhood without his detecting it; and he marks the retirement of a family from the region that they have frequented, as if they belonged to his own species, and had advertised their departure. Now, this man's knowledge may be humble, but it is genuine; and it is knowledge which, without his help, no one of us could have acquired. Mr. Noel Jones, for instance, would never have thought of studying birds any more than he would have thought of studying the insects that slide up and down the sunbeams before his door.

Knowledge is a very precious possession, and always dignifies its possessor. The theorists of all ages have filled the world with words, and the pulpit, and the li-

brary, and the school are thronged with words that represent more or less of the material and the spiritual worlds; but knowledge does not come from the pulpit, or the library, or the school. To know a thing is to live a thing—is to come into personal contact and acquaintance with a thing through the use of powers adapted to win acquaintance by contact. I have seen grave doctors, and literary men, and clergymen, and shrewd business men listen for hours to the talk of a man who knew nothing but the habits of a horse, and the means of making that animal the kind and healthy servant of man; and, although he could not construct a sentence of English elegantly, they listened as intently as if he were reciting the choicest poem in the language with the unction of a Kemble, forgetful alike of his provincial pronunciation and his incorrect English. These men were learners. They had found a man who knew something. He had been studying the horse all his life for them—studying the horse in the stable; and they were drinking in that which they felt to be positive knowledge. It was worth more than all the books on that subject they had ever read, and worth more than all their observation, because they had not the proper powers for studying the horse by contact. It is thus that every man is studying something for every other man—gaining absolute knowledge by contact with special departments of material existence, or by demonstrating spiritual truth in personal experience.

If Noel Jones really imagines that he knows so much that he does not need to seek advice or ask for knowledge, even at the hands of the humblest man with whom he is thrown into relation, he must change his opinion and his policy. He really knows very little, and he can obtain no valuable addition to his positive knowledge without laying those under tribute whose knowledge has been won as his has been won. Or if he imagines that he has powers adapted to discovery and demonstration in all the varied fields of knowledge, he must relieve himself of that mistake. He has not even the powers necessary to make a bird-catcher or a horse-tamer; and when he fancies that he could be a speaker of Congress, or a writer for the press, or a preacher, or a Secretary of the Treasury, if he only had the opportunity for the development or the trial of his powers, he is simply permitting his self-conceit to befool him. Let him be content with his specialty, and bear me witness that even the bird-fancier and the horse-tamer have dignity and honor which he has hardly won in the high field in which Providence has placed him, and to which his powers are especially adapted. Let him conquer his specialty, and take gratefully from other hands the knowledge and wisdom which he has neither the time nor the power to acquire.

No, Mr. Noel Jones does not know pretty much everything. Indeed he knows but a very few things thoroughly, and he would now know a great deal more than

he does if he had never pretended to know anything. All sensible people measure him. They give him credit for being an ordinarily acute and wise man—the greatest drawback on his reputation being his assumption of knowledge that he does not possess, while the only bar to his popularity resides in his unwillingness to give to men and women the place and consideration to which their specialties of talent and knowledge entitle them.

RUFUS CHOATE JONES,

LAWYER.

CONCERNING THE DUTIES AND DANGERS OF HIS PROFESSION.

MR. JONES has recently commenced the practice of a profession of which I possess no intimate knowledge. I know, generally, that it is a respectable profession, which requires in those who successfully pursue it the best style of intellectual power, thorough industry, and a vast amount of special learning. I know that it is a profession which in times of peace attracts to itself the most ambitious young men, because it affords the best opportunities for rising to positions of influence and power. I know also, that while it is prostituted to the basest uses—as any profession may be—it fills a want in the establishment of justice between man and man, and occupies a legitimate and an important place in society. I can very honestly congratulate him on his connection with his profession and his prospects in it. Will he kindly read what an outsider has to say of its dangers and duties?

The principal—perhaps the only—dangers which lie in his way relate to his personal character. I regard him as a Christian young man, and I find him in a profession which necessarily brings him into contact with the meanest and the vilest elements in the community. Almost every day of his life he finds himself in communication with men whose motives are vile and whose characters are base. He is obliged to associate with them. He not unfrequently finds his interests and sympathies engaged in their behalf. Almost the whole education of the court-room—to say nothing of the office—is an education in the ways of sin. It is there that murder and robbery, and adultery and swindling, and cruelty, and all the forms of crime and vice are exposed to their minutest details, and, as a lawyer, he is necessarily absorbed by these details. There is not a form of vice with which he is not bound to become familiar. All the meanness, and all the rottenness of human nature and human character, and all the modes of their exhibition, must come into contact with him and leave their mark. How this can be done without the blunting of his sensibilities I do not know. How this can be done without damaging, if not destroying, his moral sense, is beyond my comprehension. I have heard very good lawyers talk about the most shocking cases in a shockingly professional way, and witnessed their amusement with the details of some beastly case that had found its way into the court-room. I should be very sorry to think that

our young lawyer could ever acquire such moral indifference, yet I know that he may, and believe that he will, if he does not guard himself particularly against it.

It seems to me quite impossible that a man should have a professional interest in the details of a case of crime without losing something of the moral repugnance with which the case would naturally inspire him. I suppose that this loss of moral sensibility may not necessarily be accompanied by actual depravity, yet it is, nevertheless, an evil, for it destroys one of the barriers to depravity. Any influence which familiarizes the mind with sin and crime to such an extent that sin and crime cease to fill the soul with horror or disgust, is much to be deprecated. If he had a young son or a young daughter, he would regard any event which would bring their minds into familiarity with crime as a calamity. It would probably be a greater calamity to them than to him, but why it should be different in kind, I cannot tell. I think he has only to look around him, among his own profession, to find men who have received incurable damage through their professional intimacy with sin. He must know numbers of lawyers who take an interest which is anything but professional in the details of a case of shame that ought to fill them with an abhorrence so deep that they would gladly fly from it.

Again, constant familiarity with the weak and the erring side of human nature destroys respect for human

nature itself. The more Mr. Jones learns of the members of the legal profession, the more he will learn that great numbers of them have ceased to respect human nature. This seems to me to be one of the greatest calamities that can befal any man. I do not wonder at this effect at all. There is no class of people in the world that see so great cause to hold human nature in contempt as the legal. They come into contact with men whom the world calls honorable and good, and find in them such traits of meanness, and such hypocrisy and dishonor, and such readiness to be crippled under temptation, and such untruthfulness under the pressure of self-interest, that they naturally enough conclude that one man is about as bad as another, and that no man is to be relied upon where his appetites or his selfish interests are concerned. I say that I do not wonder at this, but it is much to be deprecated; and I know of no way to avoid it, except by free association with good men and innocent women and children. When a man has lost his respect for human nature, he has lost, necessarily, his respect for himself, for whether he wills it or not, he goes with his kind.

But there is another danger still which will assail him, more subtle and more damaging than professional interest in crime, or professional intimacy with the worst side of human nature, and this is professional interest in criminals themselves. I am sorry to say it, but he will find himself the professional defender of men whom

he knows to be the foes of society—of thieves, pick-pockets, gamblers, murderers, seducers, swindlers. He will find himself either lying or tempted to lie in order to shield from justice men who he knows ought to be punished. He will find himself arrayed against law and order, against the peace of the commonwealth, against the purity of society, against morals and religion, in the defence of a man whom he knows to be guilty of the crime charged against him, and deserving of the punishment attached to it by the laws of the land. I say "he," because I suppose he will naturally follow in the track of the principal members of his profession. Every criminal is defended to the utmost by men who are zealous in their attempt to prove him innocent, and to shield him from punishment. Great professional reputations are sometimes acquired by saving from the gallows a man who everybody is morally certain ought to be hanged. A triumph of crime like this is quoted admiringly by the profession, and regarded with complacent triumph by the professional victor. I have heard men talk by the hour to prove that to be true which they and everybody else knew, in all moral certainty, to be false, and to demonstrate the innocence of a man whom they knew to be guilty. Indeed this mode of proceeding has become a part of the machinery of the law, and is recognized as entirely legitimate. We hear, occasionally, of cases so bad that the counsel engaged in the defence throw them up in disgust; but

these are very rare, and I doubt whether such a surrender is regarded as a fair thing by the profession.

Now I ask him, before professional usage has had time to warp his common sense, what must be the effect upon the mind of an advocate, of throwing the entire sum of his personal power into the defence of a man who, he has good reason to believe, is a foe to law and order, and justly deserving of punishment for a breach of both? What must be the effect of identifying his own personal and professional reputation with the success of a criminal, in his attempt to shield himself from justice? What must be the effect upon his mind of a triumph over the law for himself, and for him who has trampled it under his feet? I know that there is a specious style of argument in use in his profession which takes the decision of a case out of the hands of a criminal's professional defender, and gives it to the jury before which he is to be tried. The lawyers will say that an advocate has no right to decide on the guilt of a man on trial—that his work is to defend; and that twelve men, whose business under the law it is, will make the decision. This is strictly professional talk—the talk of men who make a distinction between law and justice—the talk of men who stand by that which is simply legal, and let justice and right take care of themselves. These men would say that if they were engaged in the defence of a person who they were morally certain was guilty of the crime charged upon him, they

would not be excusable did they not do what they could to save him, by a resort to every legal trick and quibble of which they might be the masters. This is precisely what they do. They personally rejoice in the defeat of justice. Whenever justice is defeated, and right denied or destroyed, in "a court of justice," there is always present one lawyer to rejoice personally over the fact—a lawyer whose sympathies and success are identified with the triumph of the wrongdoer.

I remember, when a lad, witnessing an interview between a couple of young lawyers,—each of whom has come to great personal and political honor since then,—which to my unsophisticated moral sense, was quite shocking. One had been attending a term of court in an adjoining county, for the management of an important case in which both were interested. The returning lawyer greeted his associate with a triumphant flourish of his riding stick, and exclaimed: "We've beaten them! we've beaten them!" Thereupon they gleefully talked the matter over. It seemed very strange to me that they could rejoice at having "beaten them," without the slightest reference to the matter of justice and right. If the man had been engaged in a personal fight or a horse-race, and had come off the winner, he would have expressed his triumph in the same way, and with just as little reference to the moral aspects and relations of the case. This was a professional triumph, and it did not matter, apparently, whether justice had shared

the victory with him or had been vanquished with his opponents in the suit. This professional indifference to justice and to right, acquired by the identification of his own personal success with the safety and success of those whom he knows, or believes, to be criminals, is what I warn our young lawyer against. I tell him that this cannot be indulged in without injury to him, and were it not an ungrateful and offensive task, I could refer him to illustrious instances of legal depravity, induced by earnest defence of the wrong. I could point him to eminent lawyers, with whom lying is as easy as breathing—men who do not scruple to misrepresent, misconstrue, prevaricate, cheat, resort to all mean and unworthy subterfuges, suppress, make use of all available means to carry a point against law and good society and pure morals, in favor of ruffians who deserve nothing better than the halter or the prison. A lawyer has only to do this thing to a sufficient extent with sufficient earnestness, to lose both his sense of and respect for the right, and to become morally worthless.

I suppose that Mr. Rufus Choate Jones will tell me that I am a dreamer, and that I am suggesting something that is entirely impracticable, when I advise him never to permit himself to be professionally arrayed against justice. His seniors in the profession will smile contemptuously at my suggestions, I know, and I will not blame them, for I know how fatally they have been warped by their practice. I take the broad ground that

no man, whatever may be his profession, has a moral right to defeat, or to strive by all the means at his command to defeat, the ends of justice in the community in which he lives, and that no man can conscientiously identify himself with the wrong, and fight earnestly for its triumph without inflicting incalculable damage upon his own moral sense and moral character. I do not believe that he—a professional man—has a moral right to do in a court of justice what I, not a professional man, have no moral right to do. I do not believe that he has a moral right to stand up before a jury, and try to mislead it by tricks of language, by quibbles of law, by springing of false issues, by engaging their sympathies at the expense of their reason, and I know that it is a moral impossibility for him to do it without damage to himself. Mark my words : I do not advise him to leave a client while he has a reasonable doubt of his guilt, or a cause where he has a reasonable doubt of its injustice; but I say without hesitation that when he becomes convinced that he can go no further in the professional advocacy of a man or a cause, without arraying himself against right, against justice, against the well-being of society, he is bound, in duty to God, the state, and himself, to abandon that man or cause ; and all the professional sophistry which he and his professional brethren can muster can never convince me to the contrary.

The fact that the money of thieves and scoundrels will buy the best legal service to be had is notorious, and it

is but a short time ago that it appeared in evidence, in a court of justice, that a certain crime was committed by a man who, calculating his chances for detection, relied upon a certain lawyer to "get him off." Was that lawyer practically a friend or a foe to society? Had he a right professionally, or in any way, so to conduct himself as to encourage the commission of crime?

But I leave this point for one closely related to it. The whole tendency of the legal profession, as it seems to me, is a substitution of a human for a divine rule of action. I think that a lawyer naturally comes to view every action and every man from a legal standpoint. All his practical dealings with men are on a legal basis. If there be a hole in the law, large enough to let through his criminal client, the lawyer will pull him through. A flaw in an indictment will spoil a case legally, while morally and rationally it is not touched at all. The lawyer feels justified to do anything that is legal, to favor his client or his cause. His conscience has come to identify that which is legal with that which is right. The law of the Lord is perfect; the law of man is imperfect; and the lawyer's constant association with the latter naturally crowds the other out of sight. He measures the actions of men by that prescriptive red tape of his, and the standard of right within his own soul is degraded.

Litigation is one of the evils of the world, and is voluntarily pursued more to secure personal will than

sound justice. There are many cases of doubt in which a suit at law is entirely justifiable, not to say desirable; but our friend is already old enough to know that two-thirds of the civil cases tried would never find their way into court if simple justice were all that the litigants were after. Selfish interest, personal greed, pride of purpose, wilfulness and waywardness—these are the motives and elements of litigation everywhere. Now it is the misfortune of the legal profession, that its revenue is very largely dependent upon the selfishness and stubbornness of men. It is apparently for the personal interest of the lawyer to foster a litigious spirit in the community, and to nurse every cause of difference between men. That this is done by the more disreputable of his profession, I presume he will admit; and I am sure that he will not deny that the better class of lawyers do not discourage litigation as much as they might. Here is a duty which I trust our young friend will not avoid. If he can prevent a lawsuit between citizens, in which no important end of justice is involved, or settle a difference which is more a question of personal will than of right, then, as a Christian man and a good citizen, he is bound to interfere at whatever personal sacrifice. If I were to foster a legal quarrel between neighbors, which my advice would prevent, he would call me a bad neighbor and a bad citizen. The fact that it is for his professional interest that neighbors quarrel, does not relieve him from the same opprobrium for the same mean

offence. There is not a man in the world so well situated for promoting the ends of peace between citizens as the lawyer, and if he does not avail himself of his opportunities, then he fails in the offices of good citizenship.

I hesitate to speak of one of the dangers to which he is exposed, because it supposes that he can cease to be a gentleman; but he will find that, in the court-room, lawyers not unfrequently indulge in practices which, while they may be strictly legal, are not gentlemanly. I declare to him that I have witnessed more cowardly insolence in a court-room than in any other place that pretended to be controlled by the laws of decency. I have seen men whose years and positions should have given them dignity, browbeat and badger and, in every way sufferable by a too indulgent court, abuse old, simple-hearted men and honest women, whose crime it was to be summoned as unwilling witnesses by the party opposing them. I am not familiar with bar-rooms or brothels, but I think it would be hard to find in any of them such flagrant instances of ill-breeding as are witnessed at every term of court in every court-room in the land. I do not care how high the lawyer stands who takes advantage of his position to abuse the honest witnesses which the law places in his hands for examination. He is no gentleman—he is a mean and cowardly scoundrel. Under the protection of the court, he indulges in practices so insulting to honest and blameless men and women, that all there is within them of manhood and

womanhood rises to resent the indignity, yet they are powerless, and the unwhipped coward rubs his hands over his clever boorishness and brutality. For his own sake—nay, for decency's sake, I beg of Rufus Choate Jones to be a gentleman in the court-room, and do what he can to compel others to be gentlemen. This gratuitous abuse of those who are so unfortunate as to be summoned as witnesses by the lawyers into whose hands they fall, is the shame and disgrace of his profession.

Rather a formidable array of dangers he will say, I imagine; and perhaps he will add that it is not a very promising display of duties. I grant it, but I seek the glory of his profession and the good of himself. The profession of the law, when it confines itself to the ministry of justice, is one of the noblest in which a man can engage. In that aspect it is worthy of the best minds which the country produces; but the profession of law when it is used in the prostitution of justice for hire—when it is freely lent, with all the personal resources of him who practises it, to aid the notorious criminal to escape the punishment due to his crimes, and to thwart the adjustment of the right between man and man—is an outrageous nuisance. I would have him remain what I believe he is now—a Christian lawyer—a man who can never forget that the royal right is above the legal letter; that God lives and claims a place in the human soul; and that he refuses to live there side by side with venal falsehood. I would have him retain, amid all the temp-

tations of his profession, his love of justice and of right, and his hatred of injustice and wrong. I would have him guard himself against confounding that which is right with that which is legal, so that the latter shall always seem essentially the former. I would have him maintain in all places the demeanor of a gentleman. I would have him a good citizen and not a promoter of litigation. I would have him so pure, and upright, and honorable, and peace-loving, that men shall refer their differences to him rather than carry them into court. I do not wish to appeal to any selfish motives, but my opinion is that such a lawyer as I desire him to be, would command a premium in all the markets of the world.

MRS. ROYAL PURPLE JONES.

CONCERNING HER ABSORBING DEVOTION TO HER OWN PERSON.

I HAVE a great respect for the human body. As a piece of vitalized mechanism, it is the most admirable thing in the world. As the dwelling-place and associate and minister of the human soul—the possessor of those exquisite senses through which that soul feeds and breathes and receives knowledge and inspiration; its first home; the vestibule of its immortality—I give it honor. It is a thing of dignity—a sacred thing—sacred to its possessor, and sacred to those to whom in sacred love it may be given. Whenever the soul rises to a true appreciation of its own worth, it pays honor to the body which bears it. Barbarism wanders in negligent nakedness, but civilization, of whatever type, honors the body —covers it from sight—drapes and protects it with reference to ideas of comfort and taste. Innocence, like that possessed by infancy, may feel no shame without drapery, but virtue, a very different thing, grows crimson when uncovered.

The human body is a thing of beauty as well as of dignity. All civilized nations have recognized this fact, and all have striven, more or less effectually, to reveal or enhance that beauty by dress. It costs almost as much to clothe civilization as it does to feed it; and human ingenuity is taxed to its utmost, and all departments of nature are laid under tribute to produce the fabrics with which civilization enrobes itself.

This domain of dress is one which fashion has conquered and made peculiarly her own, and it ought to be a matter of interest to Mrs. Royal Purple Jones, as I doubt not it will be to people generally, to know how far that power has sophisticated the idea of personal dignity on which dress is based. Up to a certain point of beauty of fabric and elaborateness of ornamentation, dress can be carried legitimately, and with no violence to personal dignity; but beyond that point there must always come a resort to the barbaric idea, which will necessarily bring personal degradation. Barbarism, without any thought of personal dignity—of bodily sacredness—has gratified its vanity and desire for distinction by means of marks and gaudy ornaments. It has tattooed its skin, hung rings in its nose, worn beads on its neck, at its girdle, at its knees, stuck feathers in its hair, and daubed paint upon its face. This kind of ornamentation—an exhibition of personal vanity—is the highest expression of the highest idea which barbarism has ever entertained concerning the human body.

This vanity touching the person, that feels gratification in ornaments and trappings, has not the slightest natural connection with that better idea which finds in graceful drapery the refuge and shield of the dignity belonging to the living tenement of the living soul. It will be seen, therefore, that whenever fashion carries dress to extremes, or beyond the point of simply giving the body a graceful and becoming covering, it always resorts to barbarism to help it out—to partial nakedness, or to jewels and precious stones, and trinkets, and ribbons and laces, and all sorts of ornaments. The fashionable belle of Newport and Saratoga enters the assembly room or the dining hall only to show that she is sister of the South Sea Islander, and that the same idea controls them both.

The curse of Eden seems to have been the subjection of the soul to the service of the body. When I reflect upon the relative dignity and importance of the soul and the body—the immortality of the one and the mortality of the other, the heavenly alliances of the one and the earthy alliances of the other, the Godlike capacities of the one and the brutal appetites of the other—it astonishes me to realize that the soul's work in this world is, in the majority of cases, simply that of procuring food and raiment and shelter for the body. It astonishes me to realize that under every form of civilization the body is the soul's tyrant and leads it by the nose. Naturally, the body is uppermost in the general thought. Men

must have food and clothing and shelter, or die; they must win all these for their children, or lose them. So, under the circumstances of our life, and the usages of our civilization, the body is necessarily a constant topic of thought. It is not strange, therefore, that the soul often forgets that it is master, and loses sight of its own dignity and destiny in its habitual devotion to the satisfaction of bodily want.

But this is not the trouble with Mrs. Jones. She is not obliged to work for a living. Her money has been earned for her by other hands, and her devotion to her body is voluntary and not compulsory. Her soul, with all its fine capacities and its possibilities of culture and goodness, is the willing and devoted slave of the body in which "she lives." Her person is the central motive of her life. I would like to have her attempt to realize to herself how much thought and how much time she devotes to the hair that adorns her head. How much of both does she give to the little matter of eyebrows? How much to her teeth? How much to her face as a whole, with all the considerations of cuticular texture and complexion? how much to her hands? how much to her arms? how much to her neck? how much to her feet? how much to her general configuration? I would like to have her realize that she is in love with her own body, and that the keenest delight of her whole life consists in having that body admired and praised. The sense of personal modesty and dignity which flies to

dress for refuge has really no place in her. I do not mean that she is an immodest woman, but that this sense of personal sacredness has been overcome by personal vanity so far that she dresses rather to show than to hide her body—to attract attention to her person than to make it the modest and inconspicuous tenement of her soul. What is it that absorbs her time? What is it that absorbs her money? Is it not dress? Let her think of the silks that she buys, and the study that she bestows upon their selection and manufacture into garments! Let her think of the hats and the gloves and the jewelry, and of the intense and absorbing interest which attends their purchase and first wearing! I think she must admit to herself, if not to me, that I have found her out—that I know where she has her life?

When she attends a party, what is the highest object she contemplates? Does she attend for the purpose of enjoying the conversation of dear friends, or to minister to the pleasure of others by her own gifts of conversation, or to enjoy the sight of pleasant faces, or to hear music, or to engage in dancing or such other amusements as may be indulged in? Is it for all or for any of these that she attends? Is it not rather to show her dress, and to display, for the admiration of the gentlemen and the envy of the ladies like herself, her richly draped and elaborately ornamented person? Would she have a single motive to attend a party if she were obliged to dress inconspicuously and plainly? Is it not true that

her one absorbing thought with relation to such attendance concerns the dressing and adornment of her person? And when she returns from an assemblage, does she think of anything except the simple questions as to how she looked, and how she compared or contrasted with certain other women who, unfortunately, are as much devoted to their persons as she is to hers? When she walks in the streets, what is she thinking about? Is she thinking of what she sees in the shop-windows, or what the shop-windows see on her? Is she not conscious that many eyes are turned upon her to see what she has taken great pains to make attractive to all eyes? When she dresses for church, and when she enters the sacred edifice, what thought is uppermost in her mind? Is it a thought which becomes the holy place, or is it still of the drapery and ornaments with which she has hung her person? Is she not filled everywhere—under all circumstances—with these same vanities? Do they not haunt and hold her constantly?

She need not blush and hang her head because she finds that I know her better than she has hitherto known herself, for she has plenty of company. The whole world of fashionable women is controlled by the same thoughts and ideas that control her—a world of women who, in the pursuit of personal adornment, have adopted the ideas of barbarism, and have personally descended toward barbarism through such adoption. She, and all of her associates, have, in their devotion to

the dressing and bedizening of their persons, degraded themselves pitifully. The whole number of female fashionable souls are but slaves to the fading bodies in which they live. When I look in upon a fashionable watering-place, and see how dress and personal adornment absolutely monopolize the time and thoughts of the fashionable women assembled there—when I witness the rivalry among them—the attempts to outshine each other in diamonds and all the tributaries to costly dress —when I see their jealousies, and hear their ill-natured criticisms of each other, and then realize that these women are mothers and those of whom mothers will be made, I have opened to me a gulf of barbarous selfishness—a scene of gilded meanness and misery—from which I shrink back heart-sick and disgusted. Good Heaven! what are these women? Are they all body and no soul? Is it decent business for a decent soul to be constantly engaged—absorbingly occupied—in ornamenting and showing off, for the gratification of personal vanity, the body it inhabits? Do they realize how low they are fallen? Do they realize that they are come to the small and indecent business of getting up their persons to be looked at, admired, praised,—that the most grateful satisfactions of their lives are found in this business, and that the business itself is but a single moral remove from prostitution?

If I have succeeded in picturing them to themselves, perhaps they will be prepared to follow me in a contem-

plation of a few of the natural consequences of their infatuation upon their character and happiness. Are there any among these fashionable women who are making any intellectual progress? The thing is impossible. There is nothing more conducive to mental growth and development in devotion to the keeping and dressing of the person of a woman, than there is in the keeping and the grooming and harnessing of a pet horse. Let us look at a man who devotes himself to a horse. He may be a very pleasant fellow, and ordinarily intelligent, but if he is enamored of his animal, and gives himself up to his care and exhibition, becoming what is known as a "horse man," that ends his intellectual development. When horse gets highest in a man's mind, culture ceases. Now, it will make no difference, practically, to these women whether they are devoted to the person of a horse, or the person of a pet dog, or to their own persons. The mind that engages in no higher business, or that finds its highest delight in no higher pursuit than that of grooming and displaying a beautiful body, can make no progress in a nobler life. Practically, she will find this the case everywhere. Fashionable people do not grow at all. They move along in the same old ruts, prate of the same old vanities, go the same old rounds of frivolity, and only become less sprightly and agreeable as the years pass by. Just what I see in these people I see in Mrs. Royal Purple Jones.

There is another very sad result which comes natu-

rally from supreme devotion to one's person. It makes one supremely selfish. Mrs. Jones has permitted her personal vanity to control her so long that she really can see nothing in the universe but herself. It seems proper and right that everybody should serve her. Any labor that would soil or enlarge her small, white hands—any toil that would tax the powers of her petted body—any service for others that would draw her away from service to her own person—is shunned. Her mother, her sisters, her friends, are all laid under tribute to her, and her petulance under denial has made them her slaves. Absorbed by these thoughts of herself, devoted to nothing but herself, making room for no plans which do not relate to herself, she has come to regard herself as the world's pivotal centre. It does not occur to her at all that the kind people around her can have any interests or plans of their own to look after. All the fish must come to her net, or she is unhappy; and if those around her are not made unhappy, it is not because she does not try to make them so. . Sometimes she acts like a miserable, spoiled baby, and then, under the spur of jealousy, she acts like an infuriated brute. The tendency to this shameful selfishness is natural and irresistible in all who devote themselves, as she has done, to the care and exhibition of their persons. Others may cover it from sight more than she does, by a more cunning art, but it is there. It cannot be otherwise, and I cannot conceive of a type of selfishness more nearly

perfect than that which the character of almost any fashionable woman illustrates.

There is still another result which naturally flows from supreme devotion to the person, viz., vulgarity. I look anywhere in God's world for genuine refinement and lady-like instincts and manners rather than to what is called fashionable society. True refinement and gentle manners can never find their home in any society in which selfishness reigns. True refinement has brains; true refinement has a heart. True refinement always makes room in the world for others. True refinement has consideration for others. True refinement does not find its satisfactions in the display and adornment of the body. True refinement refuses to be governed by fashion, having within itself a higher and purer law. True refinement shrinks from conspicuity and show. True refinement engages in no unworthy and unwomanly rivalry. Mrs. Jones knows that the coarsest words that we ever hear from the lips of women—the harshest, the meanest, worst things, the lowest expressions—we hear from the lips of those of her own set. Yet mark the impudent hypocrisy of the thing! She and her set assume to be the leaders of society—the ton—the pattern women of the nation—so far refined that all other women are counted vulgar. Why, how can she or they help becoming vulgar when they have been nothing for years but their own grooms? How can she or they help becoming low when they have thought of nothing for years

but their own persons? They are vulgar. All their pursuits are vulgar. Their rivals and associates are vulgar, and their ambitions are as vulgar as those of the horse-jockey.

I would not be misunderstood. I admire a well-dressed woman. I admire a beautiful woman, and I thoroughly approve all legitimate efforts to render the person both of man and woman agreeable. Men and women owe it to their own dignity to drape their persons becomingly and well, and they can do this without acquiring an absorbing passion for dress, or giving any more than the necessary amount of thought and time to it. The fact is that a woman who is what a woman should be has no need of elaborate personal ornament to make her attractive. A pure, true heart, a self-forgetfulness of spirit, an innocent delight in innocent society, a wish and an effort to please, ready ministry to the wants of others, graceful accomplishments willingly used, sprightliness and intelligence—these are passports to personal power. Relying upon these, there is no woman whose person is simply and becomingly dressed who is not well dressed. With any or all of these, the person becomes pleasing.

As I write there comes to my memory the person of a woman whom everybody loved and admired—the most thoroughly popular woman I ever knew. She was welcomed alike in fashionable and refined society, and behaved herself alike in both. She was not beautiful, but

she was charming. She never ornamented her person, but she was always well dressed. A simple, well-fitted gown, and hair tastefully disposed, were all one could see of any effort to make her person pleasing, and these seemed to be forgotten, and, I believe, were forgotten, the moment she entered society. When friends were around her she had no thought but of them—no desire but to give and receive pleasure. If she was asked to sing, she sang, and, if it ministered to the pleasure of others, she sang patiently, even to weariness. She was as intelligent and stimulating in sober conversation as she was playful in spirit; and though she loved general society and mingled freely in it, not a breath of slander ever sullied her name, and not an emotion was ever excited by her that did not do her honor. Every man admired and honored her, and every woman—a much greater marvel—spoke in her praise. Many a belle, dressed at the height of fashion, entered her presence only to become insignificant. Diamonds were forgotten, and splendid dress was unmentioned, while her sweet presence, her self-forgetful devotion to the pleasure of others, and her gentle manners, were recalled and dwelt upon with unalloyed delight.

I have been painting from life. I have painted Mrs. Jones from life, and I have painted this friend from life—a friend so modest and so unconscious of her charms that she would weep with her sense of unworthiness if she were told that I had attempted to paint her. How

does the contrast strike Mrs. Jones? Does she not see that she is a slave, and that this friend is a free woman? Does she not see that the latter has entered into the eternal realities of things, and that she is engrossed in ephemeral nothingnesses? Does she not see that this friend is a refined woman, and that she is a coarse one? Does she not see that the unselfish devotion of this friend to the happiness of others is beautiful, that her unconsciousness of her charms is beautiful, that her simplicity is beautiful, and that her own selfishness and devotion to dress, and her jealousy and her rivalries, are all vulgar, and ugly, and hateful?

It is complained of by many of her sex that men regard woman as only a plaything—a creature to be humored and petted and controlled, and indulged in, as a troublesome luxury. It is complained of that woman does not have her place as man's equal—as his friend, companion, and partner. Are men entirely to be blamed for this opinion, to the limited extent in which it is held? Suppose men were to take Mrs. Jones and such as are like her as the subject of their study: what would be their conclusions? Suppose they were thoroughly to comprehend her devotion to her own person, —to realize the absolute absorption of all her energies and all her time by the frivolous and mean objects that enthrall her—what would be the decision? What does Mrs. Jones' husband think about it? I hope she will excuse me for mentioning him. I am aware that he oc-

cupies a very small share of her attention; but, really, the man who finds her in money has a right to an opinion upon this point. She does not care what his opinion is? I thought so. She has ceased to love him, and he has ceased to oppose her. It is impossible for her husband to love her. It is impossible for any man either to love or to honor a woman so selfish as she is; and her sex may blame her and those who are like her for all the contempt which a certain class of men feel for women. She degrades herself to the position of a showy creature, good for nothing but to spend money. She teaches men contempt for her sex, and it is only the modest and intelligent women whom she despises that redeem it to admiration and love.

MISS FELICIA HEMANS JONES.

CONCERNING HER STRONG DESIRE TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.

I HOPE Miss Jones will permit me to reply publicly to the private letter in which she has informed me of her strong desire to engage in literary labor, as a form of self-expression which embraces all her ambition and all her wish to do good. Had her letter been the first of the kind that had reached my hand, I should not have ventured to treat her case publicly; I have received a hundred such, and many of these came to me so reluctantly—after such a struggle with inclination—that I am convinced that she is only one of a class which numbers its thousands in every part of the country. Indeed, the world is full of women whose unsatisfied lives and whose overflowing natures fill them with suggestions of ideal good, to be won in some field of art. If these women could use the pencil or the chisel, many of them would be artists, or would try to be artists; but the pen is the only instrument of expression with which their fingers are familiar, and they come

to regard it as their only resort. I have a deep sympathy with this desire to write, and I am sure that Miss Jones will receive what I have to say of her as the words of a friend.

She has a strong desire to write, she tells me. Well, this power to write may be associated with the power to succeed as a writer, or it may not. The desire to write is not even *prima facie* evidence of fitness for writing. The desire, as I have already intimated to her, is quite universal. One of the strangest anomalies of human nature is exhibited in the general desire to do those things which are the most difficult to do. A little man desires to do the work of a large man, and a large man desires to be thought nimble. A man of slender limb desires to be an athlete. It is very common for men to have a strong desire to sing or to play upon a musical instrument who could not sing or play with a century's practice, because they have neither voice nor ear. I suppose that nine out of every ten of the students of our colleges have a strong desire to become orators, and they know how much, or how little, the desire amounts to. Most probably the student who has the least desire to be an orator of any one in his class is the one who is the most certain to become one; and perhaps he will readily see that he who is conscious of possessing the orator's native power has least occasion to desire it. Of the great multitude who write, she knows that only a few succeed. Nine out of every ten fail—perhaps even

a larger portion than this. A very few of these fail, doubtless, through no real fault of their own, but through unfavorable circumstances; while the most of them find, to their mortification and their cost, that their desire to write misled them entirely with regard to the work which nature intended them to do." So she sees that I do not think much of desire as a guide to one's work in the world. Indeed, I think it is the most unreliable index ever consulted.

I think I understand the process through which the mind of Miss Jones is constantly passing. She takes up a book from the pen of a favorite author, and she is refreshed and nourished and inspired by it. She is exalted by this communion with a highly vitalized and fruitful mind, and feels herself longing for action and expression of some kind. It is the most natural thing in the world for her to desire, before everything else, to be a writer. She admires the author who has inspired her. She imagines that the mind that has within it the power to work such marvels upon her must be a supremely happy mind. His position of power seems very enviable to her—if not enviable, very desirable. The result of his efforts upon her are so good and so wonderful that it seems to her that it must be a glorious thing to work it. She longs to do for others what he has done for her. She longs to be regarded with love and admiration as an inspirer. This is the same feeling that is excited in a sensitive mind by public speakers. Thousands of very

commonplace men are excited, by oratorical efforts in the pulpit and on the platform, to a strong desire to become public speakers. The desire to be preachers, or orators, or lecturers, or public debaters, is always excited in some minds by listening to the different varieties of public speaking, yet the most of these need only try once to become convinced that desire is a very poor index to power.

The desire to write is intimately connected with—perhaps it is one of the expressions of—the longing natural to every heart to be recognized. The heart that loves men, and is conscious of the wish and the power to bless them, longs for the recognition of men. All of us who are good for anything have this longing. We long for the recognition of our real value; we long for a place in the respect and love of those around us. It is not unfrequently true that those whose affections have been unsatisfied at home—whose plans of domestic life have miscarried—or who are immediately surrounded by those who will not, or who cannot, sympathize with them—who are every day associated with those by whom they are undervalued—turn to the public for that which has been denied them at home. I do not know whether I hit Miss Jones' case in these remarks or not, but I should think it strange if I did not. It is not common for a woman who is satisfied in her affections, who is surrounded by sympathetic friends, and who holds a good position securely, to care for, or even to think

of recognition beyond. On the other hand, it is very common for women whose domestic surroundings and society are not satisfying, to look to other fields for recognition, and to none so commonly as to that of authorship.

In her letter to me she speaks of her wish to do good by writing. I do not question the sincerity of the wish. It may flow from the benevolence of her nature, developed by Christian culture, or it may have been inspired by the consciousness of good received from the writings of others. But she must remember that one's motives may be very good while one's native gifts may be but poorly adapted to literary effort. Her motives decide nothing as to her power. That she may readily see, by looking at the pulpit, filled by men whose motives are excellent, while the power of one-half of them has never found demonstration, and never will. I have sometimes thought that there were no preachers in the field who more uniformly have the noblest motives and the most charming Christian spirit than those who have not the slightest power in the pulpit. No person should write without good motives, but good motives alone never made a good book. Goodish books are written in great numbers by people who write with good motives and incompetent brains; but I suppose she does not care to write such books as these.

I have made these remarks, not to prove to her that she is incompetent to write a book, and not for the pur-

pose of making her believe that she is incompetent. I have made them for the simple purpose of showing her that her strong desire to write, even when backed by the purest and most benevolent motives, is no evidence that she can succeed. The world is full of desire to do good and great things, and it is not lacking in worthy motives. She is not peculiar in these things. She shares them, to a greater extent than she suspects, with her neighbors. She would probably be astonished to learn how many there are among her immediate friends who have been moved by the same desire that moves her, yet she may be able to see that not one of them could succeed as a writer. There may be one among her friends, too, who has not had any desire about the matter, but who has written by a sort of natural necessity, without recognition or publication. What does she think of such a man as Theodore Winthrop, who wrote quite a little library of books that could find no publisher until he was killed, and that have now made him famous? Such a man writes because it is a necessity of his nature to write, and I venture to say that he never sought advice on the subject. He certainly was not checked in production because the publishers would not print his books, and the public could not read them. Still, it is possible that Miss Jones has just the native gifts that would command success in authorship, though I wish her to feel that the probabilities are against her, and to open her eyes to these probabilities.

We will suppose that she has those native gifts which, under favorable conditions, would enable her to succeed, and we shall have these conditions to look after. The first of these is the possession of something of genuine value to communicate. Her power of expression may be unsurpassed, and her style may be exceedingly attractive; but, unless she has something of value to convey, these will avail her nothing. What has she of knowledge or wisdom to give mankind? How much has she thought and felt and lived? How much more has she thought and felt and lived than those for whom she is to write? Does she, in her character and in the general results of her life, stand so far above the mass of mind around her, as to be able to inspire it and to lead it to higher ground? This question has a great deal more to do with her success in authorship than that which relates to the desire to write. Has she knowledge which the world has not, and which the world needs? Has her life led her through such paths of experience and observation that she feels qualified to lead or direct others?

Another essential condition to success in authorship is time. To write a brief poem, or a clever little essay for a magazine or a newspaper, does not require much time. She can do this in the intervals of domestic labor. It would be quite likely to sweeten labor, and give significance to leisure, to have on hand the work of embodying in some good or graceful form, some good

or graceful thought for other eyes; but this would be playing at authorship. To succeed in a field which numbers among its competitors the brightest and the best minds of the world—minds which devote all of their time to their work—involves the entire devotion of one's time to the effort. Success in authorship cannot be won without time. The man who gains the ear of the world by the labor of ten years may be accounted fortunate. It is possible that an author may write a book very early in life which will be read, but it will be forgotten within a shorter time than he occupied in writing it. A book lives by its value—by the amount of genuine life, or food for life, which it contains; and it takes time to collect this. Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was also the author of more than two hundred other works, and it is more than likely that Miss Jones never heard of any of his books except this that I have named. Yet this book was among his last. It was written after many years of authorship—the only book of all his life that had vitality enough in it to survive him. It took nearly sixty years of his life, and more than thirty years of authorship, to bring him where he could write Robinson Crusoe. Mr. Motley, the now celebrated historian, began early as a novelist, and his book failed so signally that, when he emerged from his obscurity as a historian, nobody remembered the novel. Where did Mr. Motley spend the ten years, more or less, that divided the issues of the novel and

the history? He spent them in his study, at his desk, in patient labor, giving to his project the very best years of his life.

Now, will Miss Jones ask herself whether she has time to give to a life like this? Does she realize how much of sacrifice it involves?—sacrifice of health and society and domestic pleasures? Are her plainly indicated domestic duties such as to permit her to devote herself to a life like this? Is the time that it would absorb so entirely at her disposal, through abundance of means for her support, that she can afford to run the risks of authorship? This question of time is a very important one to a person who is poor. A writer may devote one or two years to writing a good book, and then look one or two years for a publisher, for the best books by new authors have notoriously begged for publishers. "Waverley" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Jane Eyre" were all beggars for publishers. She would not be apt to have a better fate. But suppose, after the usual working and waiting, she were to obtain a publisher. Then he waits for the proper time to bring out his book. It may be three months; it may be a year. Six months after the day of publication he will give her a note for whatever may be due her for copyright, payable in four or six months from date. Does she think that this is an exaggeration? Every author knows it is not. It is the simple truth, and many of them know that when the day of settlement has come,

their copyright amounts to nothing; or they have found that their note, when they were fortunate enough to get one, has not been paid at maturity, on account of the failure of its maker. A man must be rich and independent, or poor and desperate, to afford to write a first book. There are hardly ten persons among the fifty millions of America who rely on the writing of books for a living, and the most of those have a hard task of it. There is but one way in which a person who is dependent upon his labor for a living can write a book, and that is to write it in the intervals of labor, which labor is devoted to the simple purpose of getting a living. She will readily see that a writer thus engaged is at work very disadvantageously.

Another condition of successful writing is patience. A man furnished with all the necessary means of support, and impelled to write by the desire which moves Miss Jones, and by her wish to do good, will find that, after the labor of a few weeks, the desire dies out. The impulse to write, born of the inspiration of the books which one reads, is very fiery and very fine at the first, but it is hard to stretch it over a period of six months or a year, through weariness, and headache, and confinement, and doubt as to the result, and disgust with the failure to satisfy one's own taste and judgment. The man or the woman who writes on after the original inspiration has lost its impulse—labors on in the drudgery of detail, in polishing, trimming, rewriting—finds

it at last an irksome task, and is only sustained in it by a self-supported determination. A fresh interest will sustain labor; but, when a book has been fully constructed in the mind and realized in the imagination, and nothing remains but the labor of writing a limited amount from day to day for many months, all of which writing must be done before one can get any sympathy from others, it takes a will as patient and unyielding as that which a besieging army needs before a fortress that is to be approached by inches. Does she possess this patience, this persistence, this adamantine will which will stand, and command, and do, after desire and inspiration are gone, and even the motive of doing good has been discouraged?

I have thus attempted to show her how easily she may be misled as to her abilities by her desires, and what the conditions of successful writing must be, admitting that her abilities are all that she supposes them to be. I have exaggerated nothing, but tried to give her a faithful survey of the ground, so that if she still feels impelled to undertake writing, she may approach her task with a good understanding of its difficulties. If I were intent on discouraging her—if that were my motive at all—I might go farther, and speak of what are supposed to be "satisfactions" of authorship. I might tell her that the article which so inspired her probably left the author a disgusted man. It is more than probable that the books which have pleased and strengthened her most are, at

this very moment, regarded by the writer as unworthy of him, and altogether unworthy of the purpose to which they were addressed. I might tell her of the incompetent criticism, the mean personal attacks, the careless condemnations, and, worst of all, the undiscriminating praises which are every successful author's lot. But, as she does not propose to write to please herself, and is actuated by the desire to do good, the effort would be irrelevant. It would be very painful to me to feel that I had dissuaded any man or woman from a legitimate career, or to know that I had turned aside any mind from a walk of usefulness; but I cannot but believe that an intelligent survey of the difficulties of authorship, and a comprehension of the signs of power to succeed usually relied upon, will settle this question forever in their minds. It is one of the curses of life to feel that we are out of place, and to feel that we might be doing something better than that which engages our powers. The world is full of the unsatisfied, multitudes of whom, I believe, turn their eyes to the field of authorship with desire, and with more or less of conviction that there are success and satisfaction in it for them. These people will never write, but they will always be thinking about it; and they need something to turn them back upon their legitimate field for the satisfaction which they seek. I hope this paper will have an influence on the mind of Miss Jones as well as on theirs. Of this I feel measurably certain: if she was born for an authoress, she will

find that within her which will set all my wisdom aside, and push on. There is a consciousness of power and a faith in success which I cannot define, but before which I bow; and if she has these—heaven-imparted—I bid her God speed. But I beg her not to mistake a simple desire to write, which she shares in common with thousands, for the divine impulse to which I allude.

JEHU JONES.

CONCERNING THE CHARACTER AND TENDENCIES OF THE FAST LIFE WHICH HE IS LIVING.

I HAVE been watching Jehu Jones with painful solicitude for the last five years. He was originally what people call a wild boy, with no particular vices, but with strong passions and a great overflow of animal spirits. He came into manhood with a cigar in his mouth and a reputation for "spreeing," in both of which he apparently took a proud delight. He abused every horse that he had the opportunity of driving, and particularly affected a dashing turnout. He liked the society of sporting men, and took naturally to their ways and to their morals. He cut loose from the influence of the Christian friends around him, and broke the Sabbath, and frequented the haunts of vice, and engaged in scenes of dissipation, and laughed at those who yielded themselves to the control of conscience. He is a good-natured person enough, but he is wicked, and while he maintains a place in respectable society, he is regarded with fear by the good and with suspicion by

all. It is understood among the women that he is not a pure man, and it is known, by some of them, that he has abused the confidence of more than one. All of his friends have heard sad reports of his sins when beyond their sight, and all regard him as a ruined man.

I wish to call his attention particularly to this point, viz., that the community regard him as a ruined man already. He does not imagine this to be the case, at all. He has no idea that he is ruined. He is not aware that he has the reputation of being ruined. Now I hope he will permit me to set him before himself.

He is not under the control of principle in the slightest degree. He has some notions of honor, but they are entirely conventional. They would not keep him from breaking his pledge to a woman or breaking her heart, and I say, therefore, that he has no principle—not even the principle of personal honor which he doubtless supposes he has. There is, thus, nothing to restrain him from the most unscrupulous means for securing his personal ends, and nothing to stand between him and personal gratification of his sensual desires, except the law. Now will he not decide for himself how far a man in this position is from ruin? Does he imagine that he is, to any extent, under the control of principle? Does principle restrain him from indulgence in strong drink? Does principle withhold him from association with lewd women? Does principle forbid him the use of the profane oath or the obscene jest? He knows it does none

of these things. Then why does he fancy that he is controlled by principle? Why does he fancy that there is anything within him to keep him from moral ruin? If he is not ruined to-day, he is pretty certain to be ruined very soon, because salvation involves reformation, at which he scoffs.

Let me ask him to look around him and see what those have come to who began where he began. There goes his neighbor with a blotched and burning face and a stuffed skin, whose drink will just as certainly kill him as if it were arsenic. He stood once where Jehu Jones stands to-day. He did not dream, ten years ago, that he was ruined; but he has taken no new step to bring him where he now stands. He only continued to do what he was already doing. There was no principle to stand between him and destruction. He drank with his friends occasionally, then he drank with them habitually, then he drank alone to gratify a thirst which drink had created, and which will never die while his vitiated body lives. Let him look at that other neighbor of his with dark red skin and troubled eye, who knows where he is going. It is not ten years since he was not even suspected of drinking, but it came out that he had learned in secret to love hot liquors, and that he had set his heart against reform. That man is in the straight road to hell, and he knows it, and Jehu Jones is on the same road, stops at the wayside resorts and drinks with him. Delirium tremens waits for that man and is sure

of him. Let Mr. Jones look at that little circle of neighbors younger than those to whom I have called his attention. Does he see how they are changing? Does he not see that they are growing preternaturally heavy, and that they are becoming more habitual in their visits to the dram-shop and in the indulgence of drink at home? Has he any doubt as to where they will be in the course of ten years more?

Having looked at these, suppose he goes with me to visit certain others who have arrived at the close of their journey. There sits one in his doorway—a miserable wreck, filled with gouty pains, unable even to taste of the liquor which has destroyed him, and loathing the food which he has no power to digest. There writhes another in torment—in a delirium whose horrors are beyond conception, as they are beyond description. There sits another in the sun, from whom the flesh has all fallen away—who is left feeble and flaccid and foolish—a poor, broken-down, diseased wretch, beyond the reach of help. There sinks another in paralysis, a helpless mass of bloated flesh.

What does Mr. Jones think of these men? Does it seem as if that handsome face and those shapely limbs of his could ever arrive at such degradation? He has only to keep along the track which he now follows, with no fears and no compunction of conscience to pass through the various stages of ruin which these men have presented to him. There is but one end to a life of

drink, and that is hell. It matters little whether the popular doctrine of future torment be admitted or not to make my statement true. A body long abused by drink becomes all that we can conceive of as hell. It is the dwelling-place of torment—the home of horror. Mr. Jones sees these men on their way to ruin. He knows just where they are going, and I see he is going on the same road, to the same end. Let him tell me whether he does not love drink better to-day than he did five years ago. Let him tell me whether it does not take more drink to satisfy him than it did five years ago. Let him tell me whether he does not drink oftener than he did even two years ago. Let him tell me whether he does not think of it oftener when away from it than he did one year ago. Let him tell me whether his conscience reproves him at all, and whether, under the accumulating evidences of his essential ruin, he has felt the smallest alarm as to what may be the result of his indulgence. I see what he does not see—that he has acquired an appetite for liquor. He used to drink it only when on a frolic; now he drinks it every day. Now let me tell him what observation and experience teach—that he will love it more and more as the years pass away, and will be less and less inclined to relinquish its use. Why should I not speak of him, then, as a ruined man? There is another element that enters into his ruin. He has for the last five years, consorted with ruined women. When he was younger, evil companions and evil desires

and curiosity led him into their society. There were certain things in that society that disgusted him then. To-day he is at home in it. To-day, he is a beast. He delights in the company of women who shame the names of mother, sister, and wife—of prostitutes who sell for gold that which, in God's pure economy, is sacred to love—of women whose touch is pollution and whose hold upon him is damnation. Oh, Heaven! When I think of the young life around me, that it is permitting its feet to be directed into these terrible paths of sin—when I consider how seductive these paths are to youthful appetite and passion—when I remember how opportunity invites from ten thousand hiding-places—when I realize that there is no vice which so deadens or destroys the moral sense as that of licentiousness, I am sick and almost in despair. Jehu Jones is old in this vice, but there are those around me who are young in it, as he was once—boys, whose feet hang upon the verge of a precipice more fearful than death—young men—with Christian mothers and pure sisters—whose characters are as base as their bodies are diseased. Does he shrink from this vice, and from the society which it involves? Is he not in love with it—so much in love with it that he does not enjoy the society of pure women? Is he not so much in love with it that the society of pure women only brings to him shameful suggestions? And yet, he thinks he is not ruined! Ruined? He is rotten. If mind were subject to the laws of matter, and moral corruption were

accompanied by the phenomena which characterize physical decay, he would stink like carrion.

I have no words with which to express my sense of the ruin which this single vice has wrought in him. Men who drink are sometimes reformed, and if they have not proceeded too far in their vice, they come back to a self-respectful manhood. The taint left upon their morals is not so deep that it cannot be eradicated, but a man who has been debauched by licentiousness, is incurable. I do not mean that he cannot reform, but that he must always be weak, and must always carry with him a sense of degradation and shame. Does Mr. Jones persist in believing that he is not ruined? There is, of course, one aspect of his case in which he is not.

It is possible for him to reform, but he has no idea of reforming. He bases no hopes or calculations on reformation. That is why I declare him to be ruined. He voluntarily blocks up the only way of escape from ruin. If a man, loving his welfare, speaks to him of reformation, he is angry with him. If he ventures to reprove him for his vices, he bids him mind his own business. He braces himself against every influence which is intended to reform him. He joins hands with those who are nearer the grand catastrophe of their lives than himself. He scoffs at temperance and purity in life. He laughs at religion. He glories in his independence of all weak and womanish notions of morals and life, yet God knows that in these weak and womanish notions of morals and of life

abide his only hope of deliverance from a career whose end is certain disaster and misery. Let him look at the poor women who share his debaucheries. Are they ruined, or are they not? How great a chance does any one of them stand of reformation or of a happy life? Can he not see that their lives are morally certain to end in wreck? Does he not know that their steps tend directly into the blackness of darkness—into a horrible tempest of remorse, whose howlings, even now, ring in their ears in the intervals of artificial madness? What is he better than they? He is no better than they. They are his equals and his companions, travelling the same path—bound to the same perdition.

Would to heaven I could paint to his imagination the horrors of a lost life, that he and all who may gaze upon the picture might shrink from the gulf, and make haste to reach safer and higher ground! I would call up to his vision his former self—the unpolluted boy and young man—full of life, and joy, and generous impulses, with inclinations drawing him toward sin, and pure influences from parents and home and heaven dissuading him from it. I would show him how, yielding to these better influences, he might now be an honored member of society, with a virtuous wife at his side, and pleasant children at his knee—with a smiling heaven above him, a safe future before him—with conscious freedom from the slavery of thirst and desire—with self-respect, and that strength which comes from the possession of the

respect of others. I would show him all his possibilities of excellence in manhood, of virtuous happiness, of self-denying effort for the good of society, of domestic delight, of faith and confidence in a great and glorious future. And having shown him all these, I would show him all those—lost! I would show him a life that might have been that of an angel thrown away—its physical health and resources wasted in debaucheries—its mind feasting only on impure imaginations and delighting only in impure society—its heart reeking with corruption—its pure ambition dead—its present controlled by animal appetites, rendered foul by indulgence and fierce by their feverish food, and its future overclouded by fear. I would show him a man—the noblest being God has placed on the earth—thrown away—transformed into a beast—a gross, unreasoning thing, that glories in its appetites, and boasts of their indulgence—a being lost to decency, to self-respect, to happiness, to good society, to God—lost even to the poor inheritance of conscious shame.

A lost life! What is it? Theologians stickle about words in describing the future of the vicious, but if any theologian can tell me how a man can live the life of the beast, subjecting his soul, with all its pure aspirations and inspirations, to the service of lust, and throw away his life in this miserable perversion, and be able to look back upon it from the other side of the dark river with anything but remorse, he will explain to me the strangest

anomaly of the moral universe. The thing is impossible. A lost life is something that belongs to a lost soul. What is in store for such a soul, of possible reform in the long ages which lie before it, I cannot tell. I only know that it has lost its best chance, and, so far as I know, its only chance, for everlasting happiness. I only know that such a soul must go before its Maker a polluted thing, full of regret for its life of folly and of sin, consciously out of sympathy with all pure and heavenly society, shorn by the death of its body of every source of pleasure. I know that Jehu Jones is losing his life—that he is marching straight into the jaws of physical and spiritual destruction. He refuses to reform. He scoffs at reform. What remains? A life—lost! My God! What a surrender of thy gift is this!

It would be a gratification to me, sweeter than any material success, to turn his feet into the path of virtue; but I have not much faith in so happy a result of this expostulation. For many years I have watched the career of such men as he. Death has reaped a dozen crops of them within my short memory. The young men who occupied ten years ago the position which he occupies to-day, are nearly all of them dead. One remains, here and there, a played-out man, whom circumstances have restrained from going on to absolute suicide. The rest have hidden their faces in the grave, and no one speaks of them except as of men who lost their lives. Let him look back and see how many of those with

whom he has joined in carousal and debauchery are now dead. They are scattered all along the track of his dissipated life. How many of his companions have reformed? Can he name one? I hope he can name many, but if he can, he is more fortunate than I am. Now, I have but little hope of saving him, but it would give me more joy than it would be possible for me to express to be able so to present to him his situation as to frighten him back from the precipice which he is rapidly approaching. If any entreaty of mine could save him, I would willingly get on my knees before him, and beg him to save himself by immediate reform. I would do anything to arrest his progress to destruction, and I would do anything to turn the feet of those who are younger than he from the life which he is leading.

I have written this paper mainly to arrest the attention and secure the salvation of those who are tempted as he was, when younger, to forsake the path of temperance and purity. It is more than likely that when he commences this paper, and notices its drift, he will lay it down without reading it. It is more than likely that many young men who are not fallen, but who are liable to fall, will read the whole of it. It is mainly for the use and the warning of these men, that I have drawn his picture, and I place it before them with hopefulness of a good result. I would show them by his life whither license leads. I would show them by his loss what illicit indulgence costs. I would warn them by the disasters

and death of their friends to abstain from the intoxicating cup, and to shun the house of her whose steps take hold on hell. Licentiousness, were it not the vice of all ages, might be called the special vice of this age. Certain it is that never in the history of Puritan America did this vice reap to its infectious bosom such harvests of the young as it now is reaping. Certain it is that this vice never spread its temptations before the public with such impunity as now. The community seems to be benumbed, discouraged by its boldness, strength, and prevalence. It literally advertises itself in the public streets, and no man lifts indignantly his voice against it. Rum and riot thrive. The dram-shop and the brothel are everywhere, and into either of these no man can go without endangering both his body and his soul. Mr. Jehu Jones will some time know how precious a possession is in the hands of these young men—he will reach the time when he would give the world, were it his, to win back the innocence and health and peace, which he will have forever lost—the time when he would esteem it a privilege to adjure them to keep their bodies and their souls from the grasp of those appetites which will have borne him into the realm of despair.

THOMAS ARNOLD JONES,

SCHOOLMASTER.

CONCERNING THE REQUIREMENTS AND THE TENDENCIES OF HIS PROFESSION.

WHEN I review the life and character of Dr. Thomas Arnold — a man in whose honor the subject of this sketch was named, it is easy for me to understand why he was so great a schoolmaster. He was a profound scholar, surpassing in attainments most of the professional men of his time. He was a rare historian, with a minute knowledge and a philosophical appreciation of modern times, and that master of antiquity which enabled him to write a History of Rome which competent critics have characterized as "the best history in the language." He was a theologian of the highest class, paying but little respect to systems constructed by men, but drawing directly from the fountain of all theological knowledge—the Bible. Above all, he was a man—a large-hearted, catholic man —a gentle, loving man—full of enthusiasm—devoted to

reform, in constant communication with the best minds of his age through a private correspondence which astonishes all who now look upon its record—a laborious, conscientious, Christian man. Knowing all this of the man, it is not surprising to me that he was the greatest schoolmaster of his generation, or that we cannot find his peer among the schoolmasters of to-day.

I heard some years ago that the member of the Jones family who was named in honor of Dr. Arnold, purposed to make teaching the business of his life. I know comparatively little about him, personally, but I know what, in the definitions of the day, fitting one's self for teaching means. It is commonly understood that when a man is "fitted for teaching" he is fitted to conduct recitations in the various branches of learning pursued in the ordinary schools, having thoroughly gone through the usual text-books himself. If a man knows grammar, he is "fitted to teach" grammar. If a man has learned arithmetic, and natural philosophy, and astronomy, and moral science, as he finds them in the accredited text-books, he is "fitted" to teach all those branches of learning. We hear constantly of young men and women who are "fitting themselves for teaching," and we know exactly what the process is. We hear often of those who travel in foreign parts as a preparation for labor in the pulpit, and in other professions, but I do not remember an instance of travel, undertaken by man or woman, as a preparation for teaching. "Fitness" for

teaching seems to consist wholly in the ability to conduct recitations; and when this ability is compassed, so that a candidate for the teacher's office is able to pass an examination before a board more or less competent for the service, he is "fitted" for teaching.

It is true that teachers fitted in this way for their work are competent to impart what, in the common language of the time, is called "an education." With all that is written intelligibly on this subject of education at the present time—and in my judgment, the subject is better understood now than it has ever been before—it is astonishing how almost universally it is the opinion that education consists in the cramming into a child's mind the contents of a pile of text-books. I do not think that I exaggerate at all when I say that three-quarters of the teachers of American youth practically consider fitness for teaching to consist in the ability to conduct recitations from the usual text-books, and that three-quarters of the people who have children to be educated regard education as consisting entirely in acquiring the ability to answer such questions as these teachers may propose from the text-books in their hands. The larger view of teaching and of education is not the prevalent view. Teaching is conducted often by men who are not competent to do anything else. They take up teaching as a preparation for other work. A man teaches as a preparation for preaching—as a stepping-stone for something better—as a means of earning

money to enable him to learn some other work. "Fitness for teaching" seems to come a long time before fitness for anything else comes, and is certainly not regarded as indicating a very high degree of intellectual advancement.

I have no means of knowing how far I have defined Mr. Jones' notions, or his attainments, in these statements, but I have prepared him, certainly, for the proposition that real fitness for teaching only comes with the most varied and generous culture, with the best talents enthusiastically engaged, and the noblest Christian character. Dr. Arnold was a great schoolmaster simply because he was a great man. His "fitness" for hearing recitations was the smallest part of his fitness for teaching. Indeed, it was nothing but what he shared in common with the most indifferent of his assistants at Rugby. His fitness for teaching consisted in his knowledge of human nature and of the world, his pure and lofty aims, his self-denying devotion to the work which employed his time and powers, his lofty example, his strong, generous, magnetic manhood. That which fitted him peculiarly for teaching was precisely that which would have fitted him peculiarly for any other high office in the service of men. His knowledge of the ordinary text-books may not have been greater than that which Mr. Jones possesses. His excellence as a teacher did not reside in his eminence as a scholar and a man of science, though that eminence is undisputed; but in

that power to lead and inspire—to reinforce and fructify —the young minds that were placed in his care. He filled those minds with noble thoughts. He trained them to labor with right motives for grand ends. He baptized them with his own sweet and strong spirit. He glorified the dull routine of toil by keeping before the toilers the end of their toil—a noble character—that power of manhood of which so high an example was found in himself.

Now let Mr. Jones ask himself how well fitted for teaching he is, tried by the standard which I place before him in the character of Dr. Arnold. I do not ask whether he is as great and good a man as Dr. Arnold. I do not require that he should be as great and good as he; but I ask him whether he now regards, or whether he has ever regarded—save in the most general sense—this matter of fitness for teaching as being anything more than fitness to govern a school, and conduct recitations intelligently? Having acquired this sort of fitness sufficiently to enable him to get a position, is he pushing in the pursuit of that higher fitness which will give him the power of an inspirer of the youth who are placed in his charge. That is the question most interesting not only to his pupils, but to him. Is he making progress as a man, by constant culture? Is he bringing his mind into communication with other minds, that he may gain vitality and force by contact and collision? Is he reading—studying—striving to lift himself out of the

dead literalism of his recitation-rooms, so that he can win higher ground, whither he may call the young feet that grow weary with plodding? Outgrowing all bondage to forms and technicalities and mere words and names, has he mastered ideas, so that he can give vitality to his teachings? Do these text-books, to the mastery of which he devoted some years, and in the exposition of which he now spends much of his time, still enthrall him with the thought that they hold the secret of an education within their covers; or, standing above them, does he look down upon them as rudimentary, and as things which, in the consummation of an education, are left far behind?

In the course of his education, he was, as I happen to remember, placed under the tutelage of several different masters. Will he now look back and recall them all, and tell me which of them he remembers with the most grateful pleasure? Will he tell me which of them all did him the most good—which of them left the deepest mark upon his character, and accomplished most in building up and furnishing his mind? Was it the most learned man of them all, or was it the wisest man? Was it he who was most at home in the text-books, or he whose mind was fullest of ideas? I know that he can give but one answer to my question. The answer will be that he who was most of a man was the best teacher, and the name of that one will always awaken enthusiasm. He has been peculiarly unfortunate if he has not, at

some time in his life been under a teacher who had the power to inspire him to such an extent that all study became a pleasure to him, and the school-room, with its tasks and competitions and emulations, the happiest spot which the earth held. And now, when he looks back to this man, when he hears his name mentioned, his mind kindles with a new fire, as if he had touched one of the permanent sources of his moral and intellectual life. His best teacher was the man who aroused him—who gave him high aims and lofty aspirations—who made him think, and taught him to organize into living and useful forms the knowledge which he helped him to win. In short, he was not the man who crammed him, but the man who educated him—who educated those powers in which reside his real manhood.

I wish to impress upon Mr. Jones the great truth that his excellence and success as a teacher will depend entirely upon the style and strength of his manhood. The ability to maintain order in a school, and to conduct recitations, with measurable intelligence, is not extraordinary. It is possessed by a large number of quite ordinary people, but that higher power to which I have endeavored to direct his attention is extraordinary. The teachers are not many who possess it, or who intelligently aim to win it. It is not a garment to be put on and taken off like a coat, but it is the result of the loving contact of a generous nature with those great and beautiful realities of which the text-books only present

us the dry definitions. The greatest naturalist of this country—perhaps the greatest of any country—was a teacher whose equal it would be hard to find among a nation of teachers; and this was true, not because he knew so much, but because he was so much. No mind could come within the reach of his voice and influence without being touched by his sublime enthusiasm. No pupil ever spoke of, or now recalls him, save with brightened or moistened eyes. I have heard women pronounce his name in many places, scattered between Maine and the Mississippi, and always in such terms of gratitude and praise that it has seemed as if the brightest days which they recalled were not those of childhood, and not those spent with parents, or husbands, but those passed at the feet of that noblest of educators and inspirers—Agassiz.

I have already intimated that this question as to what kind of a teacher Mr. Jones is to be is quite as important to himself as to his pupils. The character of a schoolmaster has been, in the years that are past, notoriously a dry one. It is really sad to see with what little affection many old teachers are regarded by those who were once their pupils. There are men who, having spent twenty-five years of their lives in teaching, are always spoken of by the boys who have been under their charge as "old" somebody or other. "Old Boggs," or "Old Noggs," or "Old Scroggs" has stories told about him, and is never mentioned in terms of respect—much

less in terms of affection. Now why is it that these men are remembered so lightly? It is simply because they are teachers, and not men. They are all good scholars enough, but they have not that in their characters and personalities that wins the love and respect of their pupils. I suppose it must be admitted that there is something in the business of teaching which tends to make the character dry. The drudgery and detail of teaching —are hardly more interesting than the drudgery and detail of the work of the farm, or of the kitchen. Indeed, I think the work of handling the rake and the hay-fork a more refreshing exercise for the mind and body than that of turning over and over a verb, or a sum in simple addition, or even a proposition in Euclid. This everlasting handling of materials that have lost their interest is a very depressing process, to a mind capable of higher work; and a mind that can interest itself in such work, and find real satisfaction in it, is necessarily a dry and unlovely one. I beg not to be misunderstood with regard to this latter statement. A teacher may be interested in his routine of labor through the effect that he aims to work on the young minds before him, and he should be intensely interested in it; but there is a class of teachers who seem to be really interested in the drudgery of repetition, and these are always dry characters, and they grow drier and drier, until they dry up and die.

Mr. Jones has "fitted" himself for teaching, in the

usual way. He is prepared, by the mastery of his text-books, to "teach school." The probability is that he will never have any pupils who will be as familiar with these books as himself, and, so far as maintaining his position is concerned, he will have nothing to do but to handle over and over again familiar and hackneyed materials. Whatever there may be of moral and mental nutriment in these materials, he has already appropriated and digested. There is in them no further growth for him, and, so far as any good to him is concerned, he might as well handle over so many dry sticks. Exactly here is where a multitude of teachers stop. They never take a step in advance. The work of teaching is severe, and when they are through with their daily tasks, they are in no mood for study, or experiment, or intellectual culture in any broad and generous sense. Any mind will starve on such a diet as this, and the work of instruction becomes to such a mind degraded below the position of an intellectual employment. I warn him against the danger of falling into this unfruitful routine, which is certain to dwarf him, and give him a dry and unattractive character. He must make intellectual growth and progress by the means of fresh intellectual food, or he must retrograde.

There is another reason why the business of teaching has a tendency to injure the character. While contact with young and fresh natures tends to soften and beautify character under some circumstances, I doubt whether

this influence is much felt by those who are engaged in teaching. We take into our mouths some varieties of fruits as a corrective, which would hardly be regarded as the best of daily food. We take medicines which operate kindly for a brief period, but, if they are continued longer, the system becomes accustomed to them, and they lose their medicinal effect. It is thus with the influence of children. To the literary man, or the man of business, the occasional society of children and youth is very grateful and refreshing, but it soon tires, and if necessarily long continued, becomes irksome. A really vigorous and healthy mind, forced to remain long in contact with the minds of children, turns with a strong appetite toward maturity for stimulus and satisfaction. Now Mr. Jones will be obliged to spend the most of his time with children, or those whose minds are immature. He is almost constantly with those who know less than he does, and in this society he will be quite likely to forget—as many schoolmasters have forgotten before him —that he is not the wisest and most learned man in the world. It is under these circumstances that pedants are made, alike conceited and contemptible. To a mature mind, there is no intellectual stimulus in the constant society of the immature, and he is certain to become a dwarfed man if he does not mingle freely in the society of his equals and his superiors. I do not know of a man in the world who, more than the teacher, needs the corrective and refreshing and liberalizing influences

of general society and generous culture, to keep him from irreparable damage at the hand of his calling. He must mix with thinking men and women, and he must feed himself with the products of fruitful lives, in books, or his degeneration is certain; and he will come to be regarded as a dry, pedantic, uninteresting man.

A man or woman who does nothing but deal out dry facts to small minds is certain to become over-critical in small things. Mr. Jones has not been a schoolmaster so long as to forget the peculiar emotion once excited in him by the presence of a "school-ma'am." Before this day of large ideas, to be a school-ma'am was to be a stiff, conceited, formal, critical character, which it was not altogether pleasant for a man to come into contact with. There seemed to be something in the work which these women performed that threw them out of sympathy with the free-and-easy world around them. They carried all the formal proprieties, all the verbal precisenesses, all the pattern dignities of the school-room into society; and one could not help feeling that they had lost something of the softness, and sweetness, and roundness that belong to the unperverted female nature. All this has been improved by the modern correctives, but the reminiscences will help him to comprehend one phase of the danger to which he is exposed. I think that if the world were to give its unbiased testimony touching this subject, it would say that it has found teachers to be men who give undue importance to small details, and who

seem to lose the power to regard and treat the great questions which interest humanity most in a large and liberal way.

And now, before closing, let me do the honor to his position which I find it in my heart to give, for I hold that position second to none. The Christian teacher of a band of children combines the office of the preacher and the parent, and has more to do in shaping the mind and the morals of the community than preacher and parent united. The teacher who spends six hours a day with my child, spends three times as many hours as I do, and twenty-fold more time than my pastor does. I have no words to express my sense of the importance of having that office filled by men and women of the purest motives, the noblest enthusiasm, the finest culture, the broadest charities, and the most devoted Christian purpose. A teacher should be the strongest and most angelic man that breathes. No man living is intrusted with such precious material. No man living can do so much to set human life to a noble tune. No man living needs higher qualifications for his work. Is Mr. Thomas Arnold Jones "fitted for teaching?" I do not ask him this question to discourage him, but to stimulate him to an effort at preparation which shall continue as long as he continues to teach.

MRS. ROSA HOPPIN JONES.

CONCERNING HER DISLIKE OF ROUTINE AND HER DESIRE FOR CHANGE AND AMUSEMENT.

WHEN I first met Mrs. Rosa Hoppin Jones, she was a restless child. She is now married into the great Jones family, and henceforward, through all time, the blood of the Hoppins will mingle with that of the Joneses. What changes will be wrought by this combination of strange currents does not now appear, though I suspect that they will not be strongly marked. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that there have been Hoppins in the family before, for I find many Joneses who constantly remind me of the Hoppins, and many Hoppins whose ways are suggestive of the Joneses.

The children of the Hoppins do not differ in any essential respect from the children of the Joneses. Pretty nearly all children are, or might be, Hoppins. They live upon little excitements. They are constantly on the alert for new sources of pleasure. They delight in being away from home, in new and strange places. They are miserable without society and miserable with-

out change. Children have no power of application to the performance of duty, no sources of interest and amusement within themselves—no love of work. They grasp a new toy with eagerness, and tire of it before it is broken. The moment they are compelled to sit down, they seize upon a book, or ask for a story, or whine with discontent. They are unhappy unless something is going on for their amusement, or they are going somewhere, or doing something, with amusement for their special object. The genuine Hoppins rarely outgrow this disposition, but carry it with them to their graves. The Hoppins do not sit down quietly in their houses of an afternoon, unless compelled to do so by circumstances. They are either in the street, or at the house of a neighbor. In the evening, either their houses are full of Hoppins, or they are out visiting Hoppins, or attending some place of amusement, or doing something at home to make them forget that they are at home. Nothing so weighs down the spirit of a Hoppin as home duty and the confinement which it involves. Children are half hated because they interfere with indulgence in the passion for going somewhere and doing something pleasant, and husbands become bores when they happen to love home, and like to find there a thrifty and contented home life.

Mrs. Rosa Hoppin Jones is still a child. She is married, it is true, and she has children, but I do not see that she is changed at all. She has the same love of

novelty that possessed her when she was a little girl—the same greed for change—the same fondness for "visiting"—the same restless impatience with work—the same desire for constant and varied amusement. She is fond enough of dress, but dress does not absorb her. She tires of the old dresses, it is true, and greets the new ones with genuine pleasure, but, after all, dress is not her passion. Fine dress costs her too much care and trouble, and personal vanity is not her besetting weakness. She will willingly leave all this matter of fine dress to Mrs. Royal Purple Jones and her circle, if she can be permitted to have what she calls "a good time." She delights in a party or a picnic, or an excursion, or a play, or a pageant, or a circus, or an Ethiopian concert, or a frolic of any kind; and she never passes a day at home, even when she has around her the society she loves best, without the sense of irksomeness. She will either have her house full of those who destroy all the sweet privacy and communion of home-life, or she will invade the home-life of some other person—Hoppin or otherwise. And yet, I like her. She is not a disagreeable person at all. Her nature is affectionate and pleasant, her tastes are social, she is generous, and pure, and true-hearted—as much so as she was when she was a child. Her husband is fond of her, and proud of her. He has tried to adapt himself to her, and take delight in that which most interests her; yet I cannot but think that a man who carries his burden of care

would delight most in a quiet home, and in the certainty of finding a contented wife in it, whenever he comes back from the work by which he supports it.

There are some women in the world—and she seems to be one of them—who never heartily, and with devoted purpose, enter upon the work of life. She does what she is compelled to do by circumstances. If circumstances should compel her to do nothing, she would do nothing. All work is an interference with her favorite pursuits, or her mode of spending time. Nothing would be more agreeable to her than to have the privileges of going, and gadding, and seeking for fresh amusements all her life. She certainly must recognize a difference between herself and many estimable women of her acquaintance. She knows many women who, from choice, and on their individual responsibility, have undertaken a life-long task to which they cheerfully and systematically devote their powers. They keep their houses, and understand the minutest affairs connected with them. They devote themselves to the right training, in body, mind, and morals, of the little ones born of them. In society, they are the reliable ones—the women of character and consideration. They are women who use time for good ends, outside of themselves, and who take delight in action—in the useful employment of their powers. She must, I repeat, recognize a difference between herself and these women. They have their life in exertion; she has hers in amusement. She exercises no power,

but finds her sweetest satisfaction in the varied impressions that are made upon her sensibilities.

There is another class of women from whom she finds herself differing very appreciably. I allude to those whose greatest delight is in opportunities for culture. If she reads a book, she reads it for the same purpose that a child reads a book. She reads it only for amusement; she never reads for instruction. The idea of taking up a book for purposes of study is one that never occurs to her; and she has no delight in a book that taxes her mind. Whatever she reads must amuse her—interest her—absorb her—or she lays it down and calls it stupid. There is no culture in such reading as this—there is only dissipation. She reads a book for the same purpose that she attends a theatre, or engages in a frolic—for the simple purpose of having her emotional nature excited, and her sensibilities played upon. She never seeks for mental nourishment or mental exercise anywhere. Thus, though she reads a great deal, and really enjoys some works that are enjoyable by sensible people, she gains nothing. She reads for momentary excitement, and wins nothing of permanent use. She cannot weigh a book. She cannot even talk about a book, further than to say that she likes or dislikes it. The philosophy or the lesson of a novel or a poem is never grasped by her; and every book she reads is to her just what Mother Goose's Melodies are to the child, and no more.

She must also perceive a difference between herself, and those who love society for society's sake. There are many women who love society because of the mental stimulus it brings them—because in the presence of intelligent and sprightly men and women, they feel themselves brightened and strengthened, and because they find in such society the most grateful opportunity to act upon others. They are talking people who think before talking, and who think while they talk. I have noticed that while Mrs. Jones is exceedingly fond of society, she always shuns these people. She can talk nonsense, after a fashion, but her special delight is in hearing other people talk nonsense; and the man or woman in society who says the drollest things, and "runs on" in the wildest way, and does the most to amuse her and to relieve her from the necessity of either thinking or talking, is the one who monopolizes her attention. If she has any special horror, it attaches to being cornered with a sensible man or woman, and being expected to talk sense with them. She must see, therefore, that she does not go into society with anything in her hand to pay for that which she receives, except her agreeable person, her willing ears, and her ready and complimentary laugh. These make her popular enough; but she ought to be just a little ashamed to think that her love of society would be destroyed if she could find in society none but those who have brains and a disposition to use them in sensible talk. She ought to be

ashamed that all social circles are stupid to her in the degree that they are brilliant to the wise and the intellectual and the ready-witted. She ought to be ashamed that the clever buffoon of a company interests her most, and helps her most to what she calls "a good time."

She must perceive, too, that she is very different from those women to whom home is the sweetest spot on the earth. I have known many women who have become so much enamored of home that they will never leave it willingly. They never go into society without a sense of sacrifice. They cling to home as if they had grown to it—as if every tendril of their heart's life had wound itself around its pleasant things, and could be only dislocated by violence. This love of home and this self-confinement to its walls and its duties may become, and often does become, an intensely morbid passion of the soul—just as much to be deprecated as an unhealthy love of change—but Mrs. Jones cannot but feel that a supreme love of home and devotion to its duties are very lovely, and that the best women whom she knows entertain this love and this devotion far beyond herself. Her home is not her refuge, so much as the home of her neighbor is. When she wishes to be happy—when she feels the need of some comforting and soothing influence—she does not draw the curtains of her home about her, and draw the loved ones of her home closer to her heart, but she rushes to her neighbor that she may forget her troubles in the diversions of lively society. Her life is

not at home. Home is mainly her boarding-place; and if there were no such thing as "visiting" to be done, she would feel life to be shorn of most of its attraction. In short, she is never so much at home as she is when she is not at home. She is affected by a chronic mental uneasiness which prevents her from remaining long in any one place—especially in any place to which a duty holds her.

I have thus endeavored to reveal her to herself, by calling her attention to the contrast which she—consciously I must believe—presents to four different classes of women worthy to be respected and loved, viz.: to those who, by definite purpose, have devoted themselves to a life of active duty at home and in society; to those whose satisfactions are found in culture and its opportunities; to those who love society for the mental stimulus and strength it imparts, and to those who are supremely in love with home and its quiet enjoyments. To one of these four classes, or to sundry, or all of them combined, she must know that the best women of this world belong; and I believe that she has sense enough to understand and sensibility enough to feel that she is not of this number. She is a frivolous woman, constantly on the lookout for new sources of pleasure, and with no definite purpose except to get along as easily as possible with such duties as circumstances have forced upon her, and to have just as many "good times" as circumstances will permit her to have.

I hope she will permit me to say, in all frankness, that I believe she is made for something better than this. She has qualities of body and mind and heart out of which a noble woman may be made—qualities which I cannot help but admire any more than I can help loving the light. Her nature is open and frank, and she will admit at once everything I have said concerning herself.

She possesses a pleasant temper, a pure flow of animal spirits, an affectionate nature, and a general desire that others may have just as good a time as she has. But she gets no mental growth, she accomplishes no worthy purpose, she is not the steadily radiant centre of a worthy home life. She is not doing a true woman's work in the world, for husband, children, and friends, or gaining a true woman's wealth of character and culture. She is, as I have said before, a child—with children on her lap and at her knee—children who do not very profoundly respect her—children whose acute perceptions have already learned her weakness—children who already treat her like a child. Is she never to be a woman? She ought not only to love home, but she ought to be the abiding corner-stone of home. Her husband's house is not home without her presence and her presidency. That restless mind of hers should have steady work and healthy food. It should have a business—work that will engage its powers in the accomplishment of a worthy object—work that will fill her time, and make these "visits" of hers and these "good times" of hers, the

healthy diversions and not the absorbing pursuits of her life. There is a world of life and power in her. It only needs to be held and trained and put to noble, womanly service. I hope she is not so badly dissipated that her will has lost the decision necessary to execute the wish which I am sure now springs in her heart.

If she should undertake reform let me warn her against a mistake that she will be quite likely to make. There are not a few women in the world, considered very useful and pious persons, who are useful and pious in the same way that she is useless and dissipated. They are just as fond of change and excitement as she is, and, being of a religious turn of mind, they seek religious excitements, and suppose themselves to be in the path of duty. They attend a prayer-meeting, or make visits to the poor, or wait at a hospital, or go to a benevolent sewing-circle, or distribute religious reading, or minister to the sick, or attend a stranger's funeral, for the change and excitement which they find in these things. They are just as fond of being away from home as she is, and they seek excitement and amusement for the same reason. I do not think that I entertain more respect for them than for Mrs. Jones. Perhaps the sort of dissipation which they choose is preferable to hers, but their motives can hardly be called better. Some of these women neglect their home duties very much, and they do it simply because they cannot obtain in them the excitement and amusement which they seek. Many of them

are out on what they suppose to be purely religious or benevolent errands, when they ought to be at home with their husbands and children. Becoming like these women, she would only change her style of dissipation, without essentially changing her motive, or working a desirable revolution in her home-life.

No; she must learn the difficult lesson that in routine lives the real charm of life and the essential condition of progress and growth. That which is now irksome to her, must be heartily recognized as essential to her happiness. She must learn to be happy in the performance of a daily round of duty at home, and learn to be dissatisfied unless that daily round of duty shall be performed. She must learn to take most pleasure in those excitements which flow from action, not passion. These excitements of sensibility in which she has her life are legitimately only diversions from routine. Ah! this routine which is so hateful to her! Why—routine is the road to heaven and God. Routine is the pathway of the stars and the seasons, the songs of the tides, the burden of all the generations. The clouds sing it to the meadow, the meadow to the brook, the brook to the river, the river to the sea, and the sea to the clouds again, in everlasting circles of beauty and ministry. Routine is the natural path of all true human life. It is in this path that the feet grow strong and steady, and the soul adjusts itself familiarly to its conditions. It is in this path only that genuine peace and contentment

are found ; and she must, of stern and settled purpose, hold herself to this path until she feels the upward lift of its spiral round, and know that she is reaching a calmer atmosphere and a more womanly because a diviner life. She should never be afraid of routine. It has in it the secret of her reformation and the condition of her success.

If she could but see, as I see, what a grace thoughtfulness would give her character, and could measure, as my imagination measures, the loveliness that would come to her through the chastening of her wayward impulses by work and self-devotion, I am sure she would fall in love with the picture, and make any sacrifice to realize its truthfulness. It pains me to see her so frivolous, so childish, so incapable of work, so impatient of home restraint and routine, so fond of wandering, so devoted to amusement and play ; for I know that the time must come when those animal spirits of hers will droop, when the light delights that now entertain her will become insipid, and when she will learn that her life has been wasted, in a childhood that rotted at last without ripening into womanhood.

JEFFERSON DAVIS JONES,

POLITICIAN.

CONCERNING THE IMMORALITY OF HIS PURSUITS, AND THEIR EFFECT UPON HIMSELF AND HIS COUNTRY.

THE love of that which we call country is among the highest and noblest passions of the soul. The love that kindles into joyful enthusiasm at the sight of a national symbol, that feels personally every insult offered to its object, that burns brightest in absence, that is full of chivalry, and bravery, and self-devotion, that sacrifices itself on battle-fields, and counts such sacrifice a joy and a glory, that lives even after a country is lost, and passes down through many generations as a precious inheritance—this, if not religion in one of its forms of manifestation, is, certainly, next of kin. Indeed, there is something of every love, and of all love, in patriotism. Country is the patriot's mistress, his father and his mother, his brother and his sister, his home, his teacher, his friend, his treasure—the storehouse into which he garners all his affections—heavenly

and human—all his interests, aspirations, hopes; and when necessity demands it, he turns his face and feet from mistress, father, mother, brother, sister, home, friend, and treasure, and gives himself to his country, in obedience to motives that are hardly to be distinguished from the highest religious feelings and convictions which his bosom holds. I think it would be hard to tell where, in the sublimer walks of the soul, patriotism leaves off and religion begins. In many of its humbler manifestations patriotism doubtless halts this side of heaven; but when it becomes sacrificial, its incense curls around the pillars of The Eternal Throne.

It is to Christian patriotism that we are to look for all the motives which have any legitimate place in government, and the management of public affairs, yet it is to patriotism that resort is rarely made. For the selfishness of supremely selfish men has organized other and baser motives, by which all public policy is fashioned. The love of power, the love of office, and the love of money have all conspired in the organization of parties, which live upon lies, and which uniformly die, at last, for lack of dupes, or perish of their own corruptions.

It is possible, of course, that two equally patriotic men may differ widely in their views of public policy—so widely that their opinions may furnish a legitimate basis for opposite political parties. Theoretically, therefore, political parties have legitimate ground to stand upon, but, practically, they are a curse to the country.

For the love of party has always usurped the place of the love of country. Everything, on every side, is done in the name of patriotism, of course; but patriotism is made subservient to, and is confounded with, party interest. Men forget "our country" in their mad devotion to "our side." It has always been so; I fear it will always be so. History makes a uniform record of the fact that, however pure the birth of a party may be, and however patriotic may be the motives of the people who sustain it, it passes early into the hands of designing men, whose supremely selfish love of power controls its action and directs its issues, solely for personal and party advantage.

Every thorough politician in the world—every man in whom love of party is stronger than love of country—every man in whom the love of power is the predominant motive—is a possible traitor. It matters not what party he may belong to. I make the proposition broad enough to embrace all parties, and believe in it, as I believe in any fundamental truth of the universe. A politician is a man who looks at all public affairs from a selfish standpoint. He loves power and office, and all that power and office bring of cash and consideration. Public measures are all tried by the standard of party interest. A measure which threatens to take away his power, or to reduce his personal or party influence, is always opposed. A measure which promises to strengthen his power or that of the party to which he is

attached, is always favored. The good of his country is a matter of secondary consideration. His venality and untruthfulness are as calculable, under given circumstances, as if he were Satan himself. I know of no person so reliably unconscientious as the thorough politician, and there is no politician of any stripe that I would trust with the smallest public interest if I could not see that his selfishness harmonized with the requirements of the service. Therefore, I say that every politician is a possible traitor. There is not a man in America who loves his party better than his country, or who permits party motives to control him in the discharge of his duties as a citizen, who would not betray his country at the call of his party.

I introduce this paper upon Mr. Jefferson Davis Jones, with these statements, that I may the more easily show him to himself, and justify my opinion of him; for it will be hard for me to convince him and the public of his immorality. The public mind is thoroughly sophisticated on this subject. The public has a suitable horror of gambling with dice and cards, but it is quite ready to call those most indecent and immoral games of chance which Wall street plays "operations in stocks." Nay, the public permits these operations to fix the prices of the property it holds in its hands, and, indirectly, of the bread it eats. It is quite as oblivious of the real character of the politicians who lead it by the nose. A clever politician who manages to keep power in his hands

for personal and party ends—who is unscrupulous in the choice of means for securing his purposes—who is not even suspected of a patriotic motive in any act of his life—is regarded with a degree of admiration and esteem. He wins the object of his desire, and his success crowns his efforts with respectability. The man in whose honor Mr. Jones is named, finds it for his personal and political interest to plunge the country which has honored him into the most terrible war known in history, and the people are filled with horror at his treachery and his ingratitude. Mr. Jones, actuated by the same motive, opposes him; and owes to circumstances, and not to his principles, the fact that he is not in the other's shoes. If Jefferson Davis Jones, who now prates of liberty and patriotism and sundry party words and phrases, were in the dominions of Jefferson Davis, he would be his most willing instrument, without the slightest change in the ruling motive of his life.

Does he not feel that this is so? Does he not feel that to all intents and purposes he makes merchandise of his country? Does he not regard, and has he not for years regarded, politics as a grand, exciting game of mingled chance and skill, at which opposing sets of men play, not that advantage may accrue to their country or its institutions, but that the stakes of power and plunder may be won by them for selfish use? Of course he knows this; but it is not so much a matter of course that he knows this view to be immoral, and this treatment of

his country sacrilegious. He has been bred to these things, among men who were honored and respected. He has learned to gamble for power from men who first used him as their tool. He has learned all the tricks of the political hell. He pulls wires, and plays puppets, and veils his selfish purposes behind sacred names, and lies to the people whom he makes his dupes. Open falsehood, wicked innuendo, cunning evasion, shameless suppression, downright fraud—not one of these instruments does he hesitate to use when occasion demands for securing his personal and party ends. I tell him that these lies and subterfuges, over which he laughs and jests in private, are outrageous crimes against liberty, against good government, against a patriotic people, against the public morals, against God.

What is this country that he is playing with so carelessly—whose interests he is making secondary to his own? It is the present home of fifty millions of people—the future home of uncounted hundreds of millions of people, whose destiny is to be shaped and decided in a great degree by the institutions of the country, and the men who make and administer its laws. He cannot tamper with a single human right without awakening the groans of whole generations of men. He cannot cram a lie down the public throat, and manage to incorporate that lie into public life, without vitiating the issues of that life through all coming time. He and his friends cannot lead the nation into mistakes of theory

and practice without leading it into certain and serious disaster. The rebellion which cost us hundreds of thousands of priceless lives, and thousands of millions of treasure, was entirely the work of politicians. The people of this country are patriotic and loyal, when they are not deceived by politicians. We have only politicians to fear. Selfish men have played their games for power over this country too long; and they have already had one serious day of reckoning. Not a man fell in the horrible war to which we have alluded, who did not owe his death to those scheming politicians, who, in the past, have regarded their country simply as a chess-board on which they could play their game for power.

What is this country that he is playing with so carelessly? I ask again. It is that for which a million men have voluntarily risked all of good that is covered by the name of "life." It is that for which the great and generous have been willing to relinquish home delights, and home pursuits, and fond hopes and expectations, taking upon themselves the burdens of the camp, and yielding themselves to the sad chances of the battle-field. It is that for which a nation of Christians has prayed before God with faithful persistence, mentioning its name with tenderest love and reverence, morning and night, among the names they love best. It is the inheritance of our precious children—an inheritance that may be one of honor—that may be one

of shame. It is the property of history. Far down the vista of time, I see the man (whom it requires no prophetic eye to see) whose mind will weigh the character of this country, and whose pen will give his judgment record. I see him sit in the light of a dawning millennium, while the lurid fires that so recently filled the sky with flame, only feebly light the hem of the far horizon. Mr. Jones and I will have been dust five hundred years, when that calm pen shall begin its story—a story which shall determine for all the following generations of men whether he and I had a country or whether we died without one, or whether we were worthy of one,—a story which shall tell whether we wasted our inheritance —whether we bartered it away for party advantage, or saved and sanctified it by our patriotism. This man, so certainly unborn—so certain to live—has this country in his hands to present to the great futurity of the world. He has me and he has Mr. Jones and all that we hold dear in his hands, and we cannot help ourselves; and this country of ours we hold in trust for him. Shall we betray our trust, and damn ourselves and our country together?

That which gives me most apprehension for the future of my country is the fact that its affairs are in the hands of such men as he, and are likely to be. Theoretically, we are a self-governing nation; practically, we are governed by designing politicians. Theoretically, the people select their own candidates for office, and elect

them; practically, every candidate for office is selected by the politicians, the candidate himself being of the number, and the people are only used for voting, and for confirming the decrees of their political leaders. For fifty years this country has not been governed in the interest of patriotism, or been governed by the people. For fifty years, patriotism has not ruled in Washington, or in any of the political centres of the nation. Occasionally, a true patriot has been placed in power, but it has always been a matter of accident. Occasionally, a patriot has been "available" for carrying out the purposes of the politicians, in their strife for power. But often imbecility and rascality have been found "available," and politicians have not failed to take advantage of the fact. Selfish party men have ruled the country, and selfish party men are trying to ruin it. It is beyond dispute that the political leaders of the people of this country have uniformly been men without religion, and without even the pretension of religion. When a political man or a candidate for office has been found to be religious, the fact has been advertised as a remarkable one. Let us look at the great political leaders; then at the lesser ones; then at the whole brood of petty politicians who are their tools and the recipients of their favors. There cannot be found in all the country a class of men less regardless of Christian obligations, or more thoroughly the devotees of selfish interest.

Yet this is called a Christian nation! The theories and institutions of the country are Christian, but the practice and the administration has as little to do with Christianity as possible. Do Mr. Jones and his associates, when laying out and prosecuting a political campaign, ever consult Christianity,—either its dictates or its interests? Is he Christian in his treatment of an opponent? Is he particular to use only Christian means in forwarding the interests of his candidates and his party? Does he push a Christian principle any farther than it will pay as a party principle? Does he not uniformly pander to the prejudices of the ignorant and flatter the vices of the vicious, while, at the same time, he hypocritically pretends to respect the religious convictions of the better elements of society? Does he not mingle with the degraded, and court the smiles of those who live upon social vices, and descend to the meanest tricks to compass his ends? He can have but one answer to these questions. The political machinery of this country—that by which elections are carried as they always are carried, in the interest of a party—is simply and irredeemably unchristian. It has not in it even the poor quality of decency.

I have written in this general way about these things, because the subject of my paper is only the representative of a class, and because I am more interested in my country than I am in either him or his class; but it is proper that I say something to him about the effect of

his political life upon himself. He has probably seen enough of it to learn that its lack of religious principle is not attributable entirely to the fact that only bad men engage in it. He has learned that many men who have gone into political life good men have come out of it bad men. He has seen Christian men there who failed to maintain their integrity among the temptations that assailed them. He has seen good men elected to office, by combinations of influences, who, in their selfish desire to retain their places, have thrown themselves into the hands of such as he and have become as mean and unprincipled as any of them. A minister of the gospel, turned politician, will show the degrading power of his new associations quicker than any other man. There has seemed to be an impression in the minds of Christian men that duplicity and trickery are indispensable to a politician, and not only necessary, but justifiable. It has been the practice to recognize other than a Christian rule of action in political affairs, so that, after a Christian man has been in political life sufficiently long, he usually wears out his Christianity. It is impossible for a Christian to go into political life, and stay there as a party man, and join in the operation of party machinery, and retain a conscience void of offence.

How is it with Mr. Jones? I remember the time when he was not only a patriot, but professedly a Christian. I remember when he first held office; and of the

Christian patriotism which actuated him in his first party strife, I never had a doubt. He worked faithfully and well for what he believed to be the right. The selfish crowd with whom he now associates looked upon him with approval, because he helped them; but they regarded him as verdant, and knew with measurable certainty that his generous zeal would soon find rest in calculating selfishness. His term of office expired, and he was in want of office again, and then he found himself in the hands of those who, he had already learned, were unprincipled. They had called upon him for money for party purposes—money which he knew would be spent in an unchristian way, and he had given it to them. He became aware that they had placed a market value on his Christian character, and had calculated on the amount that his patriotic unselfishness would add to their capital. He learned then to scheme with them. He grew unscrupulous in the use of means. He learned to regard politics as a game, and he determined to become a player. It took but a short time for him to become an adept, and when he had conquered the political trade thoroughly, he had become a demoralized man. I do not think him a debauchee, or a thief, or a murderer; but he has lost his sincerity, his moral honesty, his Christian purpose, and his patriotism. I can hardly imagine a character more utterly valueless than his. He has come to measuring everything by a party standard. He looks upon every public question, every mat-

ter of policy, and every event, as a party man. He belongs to that hellish brood of political buzzards who cannot hear of a battle, or scent a rumor of war or of peace even, without calculating first what party advantage can be gained from it.

I suppose that if I were to give utterance to my wishes and my aspirations touching the future of my country, I should be called Utopian. But that which is possible, and that which is desirable on every Christian and patriotic consideration is not Utopian, and I should be forever ashamed of being scared by the taunt. This country is to be saved to freedom and to happiness and to justice, if saved at all, by the Christian patriotism of its people, and by the institution, in the place of party machinery managed by unprincipled men, of some system of popular expression that shall place good men in power, and bad men in prison, where they belong. It is easy for Mr. Jones and his associates to sneer,—easy to say that this is all impracticable, that the people cannot possibly prevent him from pulling the wires, and that, moreover, he will continue to use the people for his own selfish ends, and use them with their consent. I say it is not impracticable, because it is in the line of Christian and patriotic duty, and is not impossible. I say that this change must be made, or we must, as a nation, be forever going through financial revolutions, social convulsions, destructive wars, and all that terrible catalogue of national calamities which attend the man-

agement of a nation for selfish ends. The Christian and patriotic men of this nation must rise, under Christian and patriotic leaders, whom they shall choose, and depose the crew with which Mr. Jones holds association, or we must, as a nation, drift along in a state of constant social warfare, to land at last in anarchy. A nation that is governed by its worst men, who have at command its worst elements for that purpose, must go to wreck. Only the nation that governs its worst men, and holds its worst elements in subjection, can live. Mr. Jones and his friends must die, therefore, or the nation must die. Which shall it be?

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH JONES.

CONCERNING THE POSITION OF HIMSELF AND HIS PROFESSION.

I HAVE abundant reason to hold this gentleman in profound and tender respect. His devotion to me in sickness, his benevolent self-sacrifice among the poor, his sympathy for the young and the weak, his uniform kindness and politeness among all classes of people, and the Christian spirit and the Christian counsel that he has been able to bear through all those scenes of suffering among which his life is mainly passed, have won my reverent affection. I have never heard him utter a coarse word in the presence of a woman, or jest with coarse women upon themes with which his profession makes him unpleasantly familiar. He is a Christian gentleman; and may God bless him for all the comfort and courage which he has borne to a thousand beds of suffering and dying, for all the pleasant words he has spoken to the tender and the young, and for the excellent personal example which, throughout all his life of ministry, has made every act an exhortation

to noble endeavor and his presence a constant benediction.

I have noticed in my intercourse with him his profound respect for his profession. He has felt that a share of its honor was in his keeping. A light word spoken of it has been felt by him as a personal insult. He has regarded it with more than the love of a lover; he has guarded its honor with more than the sensitiveness and chivalry of a son. He has believed in it, and honestly labored to give it a high place in public esteem. This enthusiastic love and admiration of his profession, which he has brought down, without abatement, from the days of early study, is accompanied by the most devoted fraternal feeling toward his professional brethren. He guards their honor jealously, and carries more than his share of that *esprit de corps* which holds together the body of physicians of which he is the best member. This love of his profession, and this regard for those who practise it, lead him, on all occasions, to take sides against the public in such medical disputes or contests as may arise, and tempt him into positions which compromise his candor and betray his conscience. The only place in which he has shown himself to the public as a weak man has been in the position of defender of professional incompetency—a position taken simply through an extravagant respect for his profession, and an incorrect view of the duty which he owes to its practitioners. A professional brother, prosecuted for

malpractice, is always sure that he will do what he can to clear him. Any notorious case of incompetent medical or surgical management, which the public gets hold of, and tosses about, to the disgrace of the profession and the physician who is responsible for it, this man will always take up and treat tenderly. People have learned that he will not patiently hear anything reflecting on his profession, or those who represent it. This is true with relation to what is known in the world as "the regular profession." There is a "regular" profession and there is an "irregular" profession. I do not know that his charities ever extended themselves far enough to embrace any member of the medical fraternity who was not strictly "regular." If he has been devotedly friendly to all who have practised in the regular way, he has been uncompromisingly bitter toward all who have practised in an irregular way, with or without regular diplomas. The only bitterness I ever heard from his lips was poured upon the head of some "quack," or upon quackery generally. I do not think that he ever, for a moment, admitted to himself that an irregular physician had cured a case of disease, or could possibly prescribe for a case of disease intelligently. He would never admit the most intelligent quack that lives to a professional or social equality with himself. He has only contempt for the whole brood, and for all who have anything to do with them. He cannot take himself socially away from many whom he calls dupes to quack-

ery, but, in his heart, he partly pities, partly blames, and partly despises them all.

Now, Dr. Jones is not generally an unreasonable man, and I insist on his taking good-naturedly a few things I have to say to and about him. I know that he thinks I have no right to touch upon a subject like this, but, as a representative of the public, I know I have, and I propose to do it. Is the profession of medicine, practised in the most regular way, by the most regular men, so nearly perfect in its operations and the results as to deserve the enthusiastic respect which he accords to it? Does he find medicine so uniformly successful and so reliable in his own hands, with the best regularly acquired knowledge to guide him in its exhibition, that he can have any degree of certainty that he is doing the best thing there is to be done? Is the profession of medicine, as it is understood and practised in this country, so rich in knowledge that it can afford to shut out of itself such truth as may flow to it through irregular channels? Is it so successful in the treatment of disease, and so much more successful in the treatment of disease than various forms of the irregular practice, that it has a right to condemn without exception or qualification the irregular practitioner, and call him a quack? The arrogance of the position which medical men assume, in this and other countries, is an insult to the spirit of the age and the intelligence of the people, and has been carried to the extreme of absolute inhumanity. I have

known a regular physician approach the victim of an accident, and, when his immediate services were needed, turn away from the wretch without lifting a finger, simply because he saw that he should be obliged to work in company with an irregular physician. I have known a regular physician to go a hundred miles to see a patient lying at the gates of death, with a dozen hearts ready to break around her, and turn on his heel without looking on her, and leave her to die, not because he did not find a "regular" physician at her bedside, as a regular attendant, but because that regular physician did not happen to belong to a certain medical society!

I repeat that Dr. Jones is not generally unreasonable, and I should like to know what he thinks of this. I could multiply instances like these that I have given him; and what do they prove? To my mind they prove simply that *esprit de corps* in his profession has degenerated into contemptible clannishness and partisanship. I doubt whether he would decidedly condemn the acts to which I have alluded, and have little question that he would be guilty of similar ones on occasion. He and his professional brethren act as if they believe that they hold the exclusive right to administer medicine and get pay for it, as if they possess exclusively all medical knowledge worth possessing, and as if they mean to maintain their rights against all disputants, by any available means. They are not alone a mutual admiration

society: they are a mutual insurance company; they mean to lord it medically over the community, and over each other. No man of the profession can step outside of the regular field to experiment and prosecute inquiries without having his heels tripped from under him. Every man must toe the regular crack, or he is at once socially and professionally proscribed. Now I confess that this is spirited and positive treatment, but it strikes me to be out of keeping with the times, and inconsistent with the good of the public. Moreover, what he calls quackery and the patronage of quackery, thrive on this treatment. The freely thinking and independent men of his profession leave him, disgusted, and the people rebel.

Why should Dr. Jones and his associates set up for exclusive possessors of medical wisdom? They know very well that all medicine is empiricism, and that medicine has made advances only by empiricism. Their true policy is to take into their hands, and honestly and faithfully try, all those remedies which have received the endorsement of any considerable number of intelligent men. Their duty is to have their eyes constantly open for improvement, and to take it when and where they can get it. Almost every system of quackery under heaven has been found to have in it some good—some basis of truth—some valuable power or principle—which it has always been the business of the regular profession to seek out and incorporate into their system. No man of sense believes in universal remedies; but because a

remedy is not universal it is not, therefore, valueless. Cold water cannot cure every ill that flesh is heir to, but the fact that it can cure a great many of them is just as well established as any fact in natural philosophy. The regular profession, however, will not use cold water, because cold water is used by quacks, and because cold water is claimed by some quacks to be a universal remedy. Preissnitz was a quack—regarded and treated by the medical profession as a quack—but the world has recognized him as a philosopher and a benefactor, and after the prejudices against him shall have been outlived, that which he has done for medicine will slowly, and under protest, be adopted into regular practice.

Dr. Jones and his professional brethren have a very hearty contempt for homœopathy, but homœopathy is to do him and his friends good, in spite of themselves. No man of sense believes that allopathy is all wrong and homœopathy is all right, but a man must be an idiot to suppose that a system of medicine which has won to itself large numbers of skilful men from the regular profession, and secured the approval, when compared directly with the regular practice, of as intelligent people as can be found in this or any other country, has nothing of good in it. For them—without experiment, without observation, without careful study—to call homœopathy a system of unmitigated quackery, and to hold those in contempt who practise and patronize it, is a piece of the most childish arrogance. This is neither the way of

true science nor liberal culture. They may be measurably certain that there is something in homœopathy worthy, not only of their examination, but of incorporation into their system of practice. It has already modified their practice while they have been talking and acting against it. They are not exhibiting to-day a third as much medicine as they did before homœopathy made its appearance. It has killed the old system of large dosing, forever. This is a fact; and what they call "no medicine at all" has at least shown itself to be better than too much medicine, even when administered in the regular way. They say that a homœopathic dose cannot affect the human constitution, in any appreciable degree. A million men and women stand ready to-day to swear that, according to their honest belief and best knowledge, they have themselves been sensibly affected by homœopathic doses, and that, on the whole, they prefer homœopathic to allopathic practice in their families, judging from a long series of results.

Now, what is the regular profession going to do with facts like these? They cannot dismiss them with a contemptuous paragraph, and a wave of the hand, and maintain their reputation as candid men. If they are free men, and not under bondage to the most contemptible old fogyism that the world ever gave birth to, they will act as free men. They will permit no man to limit their field of experiment and inquiry, and allow no society or clique to prevent them from extending medi-

cal science over all the facts of medical science, wherever they may find them. I am a champion of no one of the thousand "pathies" that occupy the field of irregular practice, and I have alluded to two of them only because they are prominent. I speak of Dr. Jones simply as a searcher after truth; and I declare my belief that the profession to which he belongs has failed to keep pace with other professions—that medical science has lagged behind all the other sciences of equal importance to mankind—simply because it would not accept truth when it has been associated with the error and the pretension that is so apt to accompany the advent of truth in every field. The science of medicine embraces, or should embrace, all the facts of medicine, and when he or his friends proudly decline to entertain a fact because it was discovered by an irregular empiric, they are not only false to science but false to humanity.

Dr. Jones cannot help but notice a growing tendency in the public mind to break away from the regular practice, and to embrace some of the numberless forms of irregular practice. He notices this with pain, and so do I, because I know that if the regular profession were to pursue a different policy, the fact would be otherwise. He must notice with peculiar pain that this defection is not confined to the ignorant and the superstitious, and that, more and more, it takes from him the intelligent and the learned. Why will he be so stupid as not to see that this waning of respect for the regular practice is

owing to the bigotry and intolerance of the regular practitioners? He assumes to be the sole possessor of the medical wisdom of the world. Every man who does not practise in his way, though he may have been a graduate of a regular medical college, he assumes the privilege of condemning as a quack; and he denies to him not only professional but social position. He places all matters of social and professional etiquette before the simplest humanities, and intends by his policy to coerce the public into his support. The rules of his medical associations are intended to hold their members to the regular field, to compel them to fight all irregular practitioners out of the field, and to force the public into the exclusive support of the regular practice. It is a thorough despotism, and intended to be so; and is so discordant with the free spirit of the time that the public rebel and many are driven into extremes of opposition.

Does he ask me if I am a medical "Eclectic?" No; I am nothing of the kind. I am a catholic, with every prejudice, predilection, and sympathy of my mind clinging to the regular practice. I have a contempt which I cannot utter for all these "completed systems" of irregular practice, which are built upon some newly discovered or newly developed fact in medicine. I have only contempt for the broad claims of quackery in every field. When a man tells me that the regular practice is murder, and that drugs are never administered in allopathic doses with benefit, I know simply that he is a

fool. And when an adherent of the allopathic school tells me that such and such things cannot be, in the range of irregular practice, which I know have been and are, I know he is a fool.

I write in my present strain to him, because I believe that through what is called the regular practice the future substantial advances of medicine are to be made. Medical science can only go about as fast as the regular profession permits it to go. It is too well organized, it has too many schools, it has too much power, to permit any outside organization to get the lead, and to become the standard authority of the world. My doctrine is that the regular profession should become the solvent of all the systems, and not the uniform and bitter opponent of everything that claims to be a system. They should make their system one with universal science, one with humanity, and not build a wall around it. When a man gets so bigoted that he can say that a thing cannot be true because it is not according to his system, he has become too narrow for the intelligent practice of any profession.

The church is getting ahead of the medical profession very decidedly. It is but a few years ago that Christians of different sects had just as little toleration for each other as the different sects of medical men have now. There was one of these sects that was "the regular thing," and those who departed from it were made to suffer socially. It was in this country, in a degree, as it

is in England now. There is the established church—the recognized church—and all the Protestants outside of it are independents. These independents are looked down upon socially, and regarded with a contempt quite as profound as that which the medical profession feels for "quacks" and their "dupes;" yet it is coming to be understood in England that the substantial Christian progress of the time is being made by the despised independents, and it is felt that by their influence they are working a revolution in the established church which will, at no distant day, give to it a new vitality and a fresh impetus. Dr. Jones may fight this revolution in medicine, but it is coming, and when it shall come, he will find that what he calls quackery will fall before it.

He, possibly, supposes that there are no intelligent and scientific men engaged in irregular medical practice. If there are not, it is the fault of his own schools, for they have been educated in them by thousands; and the practical point at which I aim is this: that he and they shall meet as scientific men, and that as scientific men he and they shall reveal the results of experiment and inquiry in their various fields of observation. I would have him win from them what they have learned. I would have him and them do this in behalf of medical science, and in the interest of humanity. Until they become willing to do this they must occupy the position of despots and bigots—a position which no profession, with science in one hand and humanity in the other, can

afford to occupy. At present they are creating quackery and stimulating quacks at a rate which no other policy could possibly effect. The means which they and their professional brethren are employing to keep the medical practice of the country in their hands, are certainly working to defeat their object. They must be more catholic and more tolerant, or their profession, and every human being interested in it, must suffer a range of evil consequences which I cannot measure. The position which they assume of holding a monopoly of all the medical wisdom, all the medical science, all the power of intelligent observation of disease, is a standing insult to the age, and is certain to be punished.

I am aware that I am quite likely to be misunderstood and misconstrued by Dr. Jones, and by those of his professional brethren who may read this paper. They have been so much in the habit of calling all irregular practitioners quacks and charlatans and mountebanks—of looking upon them all as either ignorant or knavish, or both together, that they will be quite apt to charge me with favoring charlatanry and quackery. I ask them to associate with no knave or ignorant pretender. No man can more heartily despise a pretender in medicine than I do, either in or out of the regular profession ; and I am sure that the question is yet to be decided as to which side holds the preponderance of ignorance and pretension. As between licensed and unlicensed igno-

rance and pretension, I have no choice. I simply ask the profession to admit the fact that there are just as good, true, scientific, honorable, and able men outside of the regular profession as there are in it; that all improvements in medicine must come through empiricism; that medical science is one in its interests, aims, and ends; and that the people have a right to demand that the profession which has its most precious interests in charge shall not place before those interests its own partisan purposes and prejudices. I wish Dr. Jones to see how utterly unworthy of him, personally, his professional bigotry is, and to induce him to do for his profession what he is so ready to do in all the popular fields of reform.

DIOGENES JONES.

CONCERNING HIS DISPOSITION TO AVOID SOCIETY.

I SOMETIMES think that I am the only person who understands and appreciates this member of the Jones family; and the fact I take to be flattering to my discrimination, for all the fools believe him to be a fool. There are comparatively few who know that behind his impassive spectacles there are eyes full of kindliness and intelligence, and that his shy manner and reticent mood cover a heart that longs for love and a wealth of conscious intellectual power that would rejoice in recognition. Few care to study him, but everybody wonders why he shuns society. Few go toward him, because he goes toward nobody. I never should have known him if I had not, by pure force of will, penetrated the armor of cool indifference in which he has encased himself. I was determined to find him, and I found him. I was not surprised to discover in him the average amount of humanity in its common powers and properties, and more than the average amount of sensitiveness and gentleness. So soon as he saw that I understood him, he

surrendered himself to me gladly, and we held communion with one another, heart to heart.

The first cause that operated to make him a solitary man was a sense of his incongruity with the elements of society, or with the elements of such society as were around him. He looked upon the young, and saw them absorbed by frivolities that had no charm for him—engaged in pursuits which did not interest him. There was but little animal life in him, and no overflow of animal spirits—so he had none of the spirit of play; and he could take no pleasure in the insignificant things with which the spirit of play interested itself. Whenever he was thrown among those of his own years, he entered scenes that had no meaning to him, so that he was always oppressed with the feeling that he was out of place. He knew that his companions interfered with his pleasure, and naturally thought that he interfered with theirs, forgetting that they were thoughtless while he was thoughtful.

This consciousness of incongruity could not long be entertained in his sensitive nature without very serious self-questionings. He began to ask himself why it was that he was an exception to the rule that prevailed around him; and the more he questioned himself, the more sensitive he became, until there was not a feature of his face, or a part of his frame, or a peculiarity of his speech and personal bearing, that was not inquired of concerning the matter. The result was an impulse to

hide himself from observation, and great reluctance to enter the society to which his life naturally introduced him. His consciousness that there was something peculiar in his temperament was a hinderance to him—it made him awkward and stiff. While he felt himself to be the possessor of more brains and more knowledge than the most of the young men around him, he despaired of appearing to know anything. He had not the secret of self-possession and confident bearing. Many were the struggles with himself, but at length he became habitually a solitary man. He lost the small measure of confidence which nature originally gave him, lost his familiarity with the forms of social intercourse—almost lost himself. He could not bear to be looked at or spoken to. He retired into himself, and sought in self-communion or in studious pursuits for the satisfaction which his nature craved.

I have already suggested the character of that poverty of constitution which has made him what he is. He is not a thoroughly healthy man. Either he is very weak naturally, with no overflow of animal life, or, by heavy draughts upon his nervous system, he has expended that life. Work, or study, or both together, have exhausted his stock of vitality, so that he has only just enough for the necessary uses of life. Until men and women rise to a degree of cultivation which few reach, it is not to be denied that social life is made up of or is carried on by the aggregate overflow of the animal life

of society. It may be a humiliating consideration, but it is true, that where there is none of the spirit of play there is no social life that is worth the name. Youth is generally social because it is playful; and, as youth goes on to middle life and old age, it generally becomes less social because it becomes less playful. Playfulness is the offspring of animal spirits. There are some men and women who bubble throughout their whole lives with this overflow, and are always cheerful and charming companions. There are others who either never have it, or who lose it by expenditure of work or study, and who, as a consequence, become taciturn and unsocial. Lambs in a pasture will run races in delightful groups, and frolic by the hour; but the dams that nurse them, and seek all day among the rocks for food, manifest no sympathy with them. In a healthy constitution, put to healthy work, there seems to be a stock of animal life and spirits sufficient for the individual, and a superabundant amount which is intended for social purposes. We may look the world over, and we shall find that all men and all races of men in whom this overflow of animal life is characteristic are social; and that all men and races of men not characterized by this overflow are unsocial.

Overflowing animal spirits form the stream on which the social life of the world floats. If other evidences of the fact were needed than that which lies upon the surface, it might be found in the efforts to produce an arti-

ficial overflow at convivial parties. A company of weary men sit down and pass the evening together over a supper. They come together for the simple purpose of enjoying a gay and social time. They know very well that, independent of the contents of certain bottles, they have no power of social enjoyment of the kind they seek. They wish to bring back the hilarity of youth, the carelessness of youth, the overflowing joyousness of youth; but this they cannot do, because their animal life is expended. So they get up the best imitation they can of the departed motive power, and a very sorry one it is. When the artificial stimulant has worked its work, the company is social enough, and hilarious enough, after a fashion, but the fashion is a disastrous one. It will answer, however, as a proof of the proposition that in overflowing animal spirits is to be found the medium of social intercourse—the menstruum of all social materials. Even when social life starts from a higher source—from the overflow of intellectual life—it is greatly assisted by animal spirits, and those men and women in whom there is an overflow of both animal and intellectual life are, socially, the most valuable and attractive that the world contains.

Mr. Diogenes Jones must have noticed how much animal spirits will do in making a man—very inconsequential otherwise—socially valuable. He must remember young men and women with ordinary powers of intellect, and not more than ordinary personal attractions, who

were deemed the life of the party they entered, simply because they had an overflow of animal spirits. If they were awkward, nobody minded it—least of all did they care for it. They brought society a vessel full of life, and society was grateful for it. Mr. Jones took into this same society, perhaps, a mind well stored with learning, and natural gifts superior to any, yet the empty pates amused everybody and furnished the means and medium of social communion while he sat with his tongue tied, or retired in disgust. Now let him imagine himself to be possessed of the abounding animal life which distinguishes some of his acquaintances, united with the intellectual power and culture which distinguish himself, and it will be easy to see that nothing could restrain him from society. The overflowing man must play, and he will always seek somebody to play with. If he does not understand the conventionalities of society and the forms and the manners of social intercourse, he will good-naturedly blunder over them. He will be social, because he must expend that which is in him in play.

I am aware that Mr. Jones' case is not like all those which result in self-exclusion from society, but I believe that no case of such self-exclusion can be found in any man who possesses a healthy overflow of animal spirits. I find the disposition to shun society exists very widely among students and studious men. I believe it is the truth, that most authors and writers avoid society, or feel decidedly disinclined to it. Men who thus confine

themselves within doors, and exhaust their nervous energy in thought and composition, and with no vigor from the open air, are necessarily without an overflow of animal spirits; and they will find themselves disinclined to society exactly in proportion to their sense of exhaustion. Not unfrequently young women who have been distinguished for their love of society and their adaptedness to it, lose both on becoming mothers of families, and never enter society again as active members. So it seems that just as soon as the animal life sinks below a certain level, the disposition to play naturally ceases, and the motive to enter society dies.

I am now asked for the remedy. I am asked a hard question, and yet I believe there is an answer to it, though a fresh and overflowing supply of animal life is not to be had by the asking. Undoubtedly something can be done by attending to the conditions of a vigorous animal life. Undoubtedly a life in the open air among men would work a great change in Mr. Jones, but circumstances will not permit this, perhaps, and he seeks for the next best course.

I have said that overflowing animal spirits form the stream on which the social life of the world floats. To extend the figure, I may say that on this stream some row while others ride, and the relative proportion of rowers and riders does not vary essentially from that which prevails on more material streams. The rowers are in the minority—the riders are in the majority, and

if he cannot row he must be content to ride, for it is essential to his spiritual health that he enjoy the air and sunlight and change which only the passengers upon this stream can win. If he possesses no superabundance of animal life, he must be content to breathe the atmosphere furnished by others. He may not be much interested in general society, and society may not be much interested in him at first, but I am sure that if he enters it and remains in it, he will not fail to discover points of sympathy between himself and others from which refreshing and enriching influences will be received by him. Society will take him away from his books and break up his reveries, and that is precisely what is needed. He needs to be drawn out from himself, and made to contribute something to the life and wealth of others.

If directly entering general society seems too difficult or too distasteful, there are various indirect methods of entering it which are entirely practicable, and which need not be disagreeable. Let him enter some field of charitable effort or public enterprise. Whenever a man undertakes any effort for the good of the public, whether in the broad field of Christian charity, or the equally broad field of public improvement, he at once comes into sympathy with a certain number of men and women who give him a cordial welcome. It is only a point of sympathy that is needed to make him feel at home in society. Society may be very attractive to him, though

he has but little power to contribute to its life, provided only that he finds in it those with whom he has been thrown into sympathy. Let him think of the effect upon his mind of meeting at the bedside of some sad sufferer, or in some hovel of the poor, a man on the same errand of mercy that took him there. He knows that he would feel immediately the formation of a tie of sympathy between himself and this man—would feel that he had reached his heart, that the latter had found his, and that thenceforward they could meet with mutual esteem. Think of the effect of laboring side by side with men and women in any work of Christian reform, or public education, or literary culture. All work of this character, pursued in the company of others, establishes sympathy between the co-workers, and he has only to engage in it to weave around himself a net of social attractions that must gradually draw him out from himself.

He must contrive some scheme for meeting society half-way. He is unlike most men who shun society, if he does not feel that it does not quite do its duty to him in not coming after him. He retires into himself, he takes no pains to show that he possesses the slightest social value, he does not even exhibit that interest in humanity generally, or in the community in which he lives, that leads him to efforts on their behalf, yet, somehow, he feels that society ought to find him out, and make itself agreeable and valuable to him. He may rest assured that society will never do any such thing.

I know that he has no native impulse to social communion; that the spirit of play about which I have talked is gone out of him, even if he has ever possessed it; but that which most men do by impulse or natural desire, he must do by direct purpose, and as a matter of duty. And he must do this at once. The penalty of failure is the gradual dwarfing of himself and the sacrifice of all power to influence others. He has a laudable desire to be something and to do something in the world, and knows that he has within him the ability necessary to accomplish his purposes, but without social sympathy he will never know what to do or how to do for the world, and the world will find it impossible to understand and receive him.

SAUL M. JONES.

CONCERNING HIS HABIT OF LOOKING UPON THE DARK SIDE OF THINGS.

I SUPPOSE Mr. Saul M. Jones imagines that I am about to endeavor to prove to him that there is no dark side to the things of this life, or none worth his attention. He is mistaken. There is a dark side to every man's life, and to the world's life, which I do not think it either possible or desirable to ignore—a dark side, that is legitimately the subject of melancholy contemplation. We live in a world of want and disease, of sin and sorrow, of disaster and death. Our souls, that think and feel, that fear and hope, that despair and aspire, are associated with bodies which are subject to debasing appetites, to derangement, to decay, to a thousand modes of suffering incident to animal life. No mind of ordinary sensibility can look upon, or ought to look upon, the evils which throng the path of humanity without deep sadness. No man of humane instincts can realize, even in an imperfect and faint degree, how the earth seethes with corruption, and moral evil vies with physical disor-

ganization and decay in the work of darkness and destruction, without emotions of mingled sorrow and horror —emotions that cannot be relieved by the encouraging reflection that the future promises an early dissipation of the cloud that overshadows the world.

There are several reasons, however, why neither he nor any person should dwell constantly upon the evil that is in the world. The principal one is that no one can regard it perpetually, with anything like a realizing comprehension of that which he contemplates, without morbid depression or absolute insanity. A man's duty to humanity, no less than his duty to himself, demands that he shall not depress his vital tone and weaken his courage by the contemplation of evils for which he is not responsible, and for the cure or relief of which he needs all the strength he possesses, or will find it possible to win. I suppose the angels of heaven, with their quick sympathies, might make themselves most unhappy over the woes of the world, and fill their holy dwelling-place with lamentations, but I do not believe they do, or that they ought to. The woes of the world are not put upon one man's shoulders, and though we may feel them keenly, we have no moral right to permit them to affect us further than to make our hearts tender in sympathy, and our hands active in ministry. If dwelling upon the woes of others had power in it to do them good, there would be excuse for it, but it is the idlest of all painful indulgences. No one is benefited by it, while one's own

misery, thus awakened, is added to that which awakes it, and the world is only the more miserable for his misery. Thus his dejection would not only be harmful to himself, but useless to the world. It would be a gratuitous addition to the aggregate of human woe, and would widen the field of misery for other eyes.

But these remarks have comparatively little practical application to Mr. Jones, or to others prone, like him, to look on the dark side of things. The men and women are few who are permanently depressed by the habitual contemplation of woes that do not personally concern themselves. I have heard of a person driven hopelessly insane by a contemplation of the destiny of wicked men, and of others whose horror over human condition has plunged them into atheism, or some other dark form of unbelief; but these are rare cases. Almost all cases of permanent dejection, and of habitual refuge in shadows, are the result of personal trials, of personal peculiarities. Various causes have contributed to make Mr. Jones a dejected man. I think there is a natural lack of hopefulness in his constitution. There are great differences among men in this matter. Some, with naturally hopeful spirits, live through a hard life, and see many bitter days, yet preserve their buoyancy and their hopefulness to the last. Others, with a comparatively easy life and surrounded by pleasant circumstances, will grow sadder and sadder until they sink into the grave. Natural temperament is all-powerful to make some desponding

under all circumstances, and others cheerful under any circumstances. Something of Mr. Jones' condition is due, I do not doubt, to this native deficiency, though I do not think this deficiency so great as to be the responsible cause of his calamity.

Disease is not unfrequently the cause of much of the permanent dejection that afflicts mankind. Hypochondria is not uncommon, and this is a genuine disease that comes under the cognizance and treatment of the physicians as legitimately as rheumatism or any other disease. And there may exist a general depression of the vital energies in consequence of age, or the disease of some of the organs concerned in digestion whose legitimate result is depression of spirits. I cannot tell how much this man's depression is attributable to causes of this character, but I do not doubt that disease has its place among the causes. Still, neither natural temperament nor disease has worked this work alone. They have done something in furnishing favorable conditions for the operations of other causes, without being very active themselves. I have never been able to find in his lack of hopefulness, or in any disease that has been permanently upon him, the reason for that disposition to look upon the dark side of things which has become the habit of his life. He is probably not aware of this habit. He is probably not aware that he never utters a hearty laugh, that he never confesses to a moment of genuine enjoyment, that he is never willing to acknowl-

edge that there is anything encouraging in his life and lot, that he has for years persistently believed his health to be in a failing condition, that he utterly refuses to admit that there is any palliation of his misery in any event that affects him. His friends are aware that he is in very comfortable circumstances, that not a want is unsupplied, that love surrounds him with its tireless ministries, and that, somehow, life has many charms for him; but he wonders at their perverseness, or attempts in various ways to convince them of their mistake.

I have spoken of his dejection as a habit, and I think it is one which a sufficient power and effort of will can break up. I do not know, indeed, but he has lost this power of will in a measure, but I cannot think that it is entirely gone. He seems to have plenty of reason and a sufficiency of will with relation to other subjects; and if he could have the disposition to apply both to this, he could break up his unhappy habit, I do not doubt. He has a habit of watchfulness against evil, as if he did not intend that Providence should ever catch him napping. He guards himself equally against joy, as if afraid of being happier than he has any right to be. For many years, he has kept a lookout for death, determined not to be taken when off guard. This watchfulness against evil and against joy has been maintained till it has become the habit of his life, and made him a miserable slave.

Far be it from me to deny that he has suffered se-

verely by sickness, by early struggles with poverty, and by the loss of those who were near and dear to him. Indeed, the blows of Providence have been neither few nor lightly inflicted; but they have been blows for which a kind Father has provided abundant balm. No shame has befallen him; no dishonor has come to him; nothing has happened to him strange to the lot of the hundreds of cheerful men whom he meets. I do not doubt that these blows bent him as grief always bends, but there was no sufficient reason for their breaking him. They were not the expression of infinite displeasure, and were not intended to fill his life with gloom. Nay, he professes to believe that all these precious lost ones of his are in heaven, and that soon he shall meet them there. I think he is thoroughly honest in his belief, and that even his griefs cannot be held accountable for his habit of looking upon the dark side of things, and his persistent discontent.

I look farther back than grief for the causes of his sadness and deeper than disease. I believe that the real and responsible cause of his dejection is the religious training of his early life, and the ideas which he now entertains of God and of duty. God has never been to him an infinitely affectionate Father, to whom he has been willing to give himself up in perfect trust. I do not question the honesty of his reverence for Him, or the purity of his worship of Him, but his fear of Him is of such a nature that he seems always afraid that He

will play him some trick—that He will call for him before he is ready, or that He only bears a joy to his lips in order, for some disciplinary purpose, to dash it away. He does not, like a child, trust Him—give himself and all his hopes and all his life up to Him. He has no ease in Him—no peace in Him. He is on the constant watch for himself, seeking to fathom or foresee His designs concerning himself, and bearing, with his poor, weak hands, the burden which only He can carry without toil. God, the judge—God, the ruler—God, the providential dispenser—that is his God; but God, the everlasting Father, full of all tender pity and compassion, wooing him to His arms, asking him to repose upon His bosom and give up to Him all his griefs, and trust Him for all the future, is a strange God to him. Ah! I am more sorry for him in this great mistake and misfortune than my words can tell.

I think he has always felt that it is wrong to be cheerful. His religion has been a joyless one. He received in early life, I cannot doubt, the impression that no person realizing the brevity of life, the tremendous realities of eternity, the consequences of sin and the necessity for constant preparation for death, and the readiness for every affliction, could possibly be cheerful. Naturally reverent and constitutionally timid, this kind of teaching planted itself so deeply in his spirit that a better doctrine, assisted by his own reason, has never uprooted it. To him the most cheerful peal of bells comes only

with suggestions of the grave, and the touch of a baby's hand upon his cheek reminds him only of its frailty and its doom. The earth has been literally a vale of tears to him. As he has seen the young overflowing with life and joy, and dancing along a flowery pathway, he has sighed over them with an ineffable pity. He has never dared to set his affections upon anything for fear that it would be taken away from him, or that, in some way, it would become a curse to him. He has looked upon life simply as a period of discipline preparatory to a better life, whose joyfulness must necessarily be in the ratio of the joylessness of that which precedes it. Life has appeared to him to be only a preparation for death, and religion has been only something to die by.

Now I am very much mistaken if it be not one of the special offices of Christianity to release those who, through fear of death, have all their life been subject to bondage—to make the future so clear and attractive that it shall fill the present with joyful content. I know that we are directed to be ready for death when it shall come; but how can a man be readier than when engaged actively in pushing on the great work of the world, and enjoying all the satisfaction that must naturally flow from the consciousness of a future forever secure?

If his idea and his policy were to become prevalent in the world, the world would certainly become more thoroughly a vale of tears than it ever has been—more

than he imagines it to be. Such prevalence would be universal paralysis. God is not interested exclusively, I imagine, with the small concerns of individuals like himself. He watches the life of nations and the rise and growth of civilization. One generation lays the corner-stone of the state, and a hundred generations rear the superstructure, and numberless lives are swallowed up in the process. Lives and destinies overlap each other, and one continues what another begins. The thread of silk is not cut off because a single cocoon is exhausted. The single cocoon is not missed, and if it were, there are a hundred to take its place. Men do not live to themselves alone—do not live with reference alone to that which, in the providence of God, may personally befall them. There is a family, there is a posterity, there is a country, there is a world to live for; there are great enterprises to be engaged in which consult no period of suspension short of the national death or the final consummation of all things.

What headway does Mr. Jones think would be made in the world's educational and reformatory work by men who, like him, think there is not much use in undertaking anything because death is so very near? Let him judge for himself. Is he an active man in any of the great Christian and humane movements of the time? Does he ever dream of putting his shoulder to the wheel of progress? No. He is the subject of mental and spiritual paralysis; and if the world were made up of

such as he, it would come to a dead halt. He has lived in his old house until it is tumbling down about his head, because it has seemed as if anything like permanent repair of it would tempt Providence to take him away from it altogether. He could tear the old house down and build anew, but life seems so short and death so near, that even the suggestion of such an enterprise has appeared impious. He has thought only of him who proposed to pull down his barns and build greater, and of the end that came before the barns were begun. The new garments which he puts on are adopted with the sad reflection that he shall probably never live to wear them out, and every chastened pleasure which he puts fearfully to his lips is loaded with the thought that he has possibly tasted it for the last time.

What kind of a Christianity does he think this is to commend to a careless world? There can be no question as to the relative comfort and happiness of the worldling and himself. The careless worldling, so that he has no vice that burns his conscience, is a happier man than Mr. Jones; and if he be a man of active, benevolent impulses, he is a more useful member of society. This continual thoughtfulness touching himself, this constant carefulness of himself, this perpetual watching of events with relation to their bearing upon himself, cannot fail to make him selfish, or rather cannot fail to shut out the thought of others and of the great interest of the world at large.

I count that man supremely happy who, prepared in his heart for every emergency and every event, has given himself in perfect trust to the Great Disposer, and addressed himself with a glad heart to the work and the enjoyment of the present life. Such a man makes no calculation for misfortune and watches not for death, but does that which his hand finds to do, knowing that if he does not enjoy the fruit of his labor, others will, and is content to take the ills of life when they come. Such a man sees woe, only to do what he can to alleviate it. There is light in his eye, there is life in his step. To me he is the pattern Christian of the world. The bright side of things is with him so bright that its radiance quite overpowers the darkness of the other side. He is cheerful because he is free. Is it too late for our friend to be relieved of this load of fear and carefulness and apprehension? I think not. I believe that this habit of his life can be broken, and that many happy days can yet be his—days of calm joy, undarkened by a single care or cloud, days of heavenly hope and trust, and days of earnest, far-reaching work.

JOHN SMITH JONES.

CONCERNING HIS NEIGHBORLY DUTIES AND HIS FAILURE TO PERFORM THEM.

NEXT to being a good husband and father, I consider it every man's duty to be a good neighbor. A good neighbor! My heart brims with gratitude as I write the phrase, for memory, by her magic call, summons to their places along the track of the past, a line of ministers of good to me in a thousand ways through neighborly kindness. Among this long line of good neighbors, all of whom I remember with grateful delight, there were some in whom the neighborly instinct was as distinct and characteristic and original as the parental instinct, or the religious sentiment. Neighborly kindness has hitherto been regarded as the offspring of a benevolent disposition, but such a theory degrades it. It is a distinct growth from a separate seed, and often thrives in people who are not remarkable for general benevolence. When unhindered and thrifty, it is in some natures the distinguishing characteristic.

Before I come to the treatment of the case of Mr. John

Smith Jones, I regard it as a neighborly duty to pay tribute to some of those good neighbors whose deeds are forever embalmed in my heart. To that hearty, loving woman who used to flit backward and forward between her humble house and my childhood's home, lending more than she borrowed, and always returning more, bringing in tidbits of her cooking to me, always sharing her luxuries with the hand that cared for me, watching with us all in sickness, and always declaring that she had done nothing at all, and was, on the whole, ashamed of the unworthiness and insignificance of her offices, my tearful thanks! Though for many years she has walked in white upon the heavenly hills, I hope it is not too late to tell her that the man does not forget her pleasant words and kind deeds to the boy, and that the son, though he should live to be old and gray-headed, will always hold in precious remembrance her tender service to his mother. To that old saint whom I used to see stealing across lots to carry food and clothing to needy homes, and entering the back doors of those homes with many apologies for his intrusion, my acknowledgments for his beautiful lesson! To that kind woman who had a large family of boisterous boys, and who not only understood that boys had good appetites, but that they particularly liked to gratify them on the night after the annual Thanksgiving, and found attractions at her house superior to any other in the neighborhood, I assume the privilege of returning the thanks of at least twenty men

besides myself. And to him who took a young man's hand in trouble, and giving him his faith and the voice of his encouragement, and sacrificing something and risking much, helped him over the hardest spot of his life into the fields of life's successes, my reverence!

Ah! my good neighbors! I did not dream how numerous you were until I undertook to recall you. Throughout all my life you have formed the circle next to that which sits around my heart. I have exchanged my morning greeting with you, have walked to the house of God with you, have met you at your tables and in my own home, have shared with you the work of neighborly charity; and, ever since I can remember, some of the constant pleasures of my life have come to me from you. In the days of darkness your gentle rap was at my door, your whispered inquiry was constant, your proffered service was always at hand. And when the little form was carried out to be laid under the flowers, there were fairer flowers upon his bosom that came from you than have ever grown above it since. You are my brothers and my sisters, to whom I feel bound by a tie almost as sweet and precious as that which binds me to those who fill my home.

Exactly how this rhapsody will strike Mr. John Smith Jones I cannot tell. I do not think that he has ever looked to see whether he could identify himself with those of my neighbors whom I have endeavored to recall. It seems to me that he must be conscious that he

is different in most respects from his neighbors. He must be aware that most people are good neighbors among themselves, as most people are affectionate parents. The neighborly instinct is as universal as the parental. Let so much as this, at least, be said for human nature: that, without respect to creed or culture, men and women are, in the main, good neighbors. I have never yet seen the place where the offices of good neighborhood were lacking. There is not only the neighborly instinct engaged in this thing, but there is a universal personal pride that fills out where the instinct fails. It is generally understood and felt that for one neighbor to help another in trouble, and for one neighbor to make the path of another pleasant, are forever fit and good things. This being recognized, it is felt that a gentleman will do that which is fit and good, and that to fail in neighborly well-doing is to fail to prove one's self a gentleman. I think I know many supremely selfish men who are always spoken of as good neighbors. They have a sense of that which is fit and good. They feel that no person who pretends to be a gentleman will fail to do that which is fit and good with relation to his neighbors. They feel that neighborhood imposes certain duties upon them which they must perform or lose caste, not only with others, but with themselves. They feel that it is not respectable to be a bad neighbor.

I suppose there may be some neighborhoods in the world that have no bad neighbor in them, but nearly

always, though many are right, there is one individual in the wrong. Very few are the neighborhoods in which there is not one person who is a bad neighbor. In his neighborhood, Mr. John Smith Jones is that neighbor. He is always in a quarrel with somebody about a fence. He is always very much afraid that somebody has encroached upon his line. He keeps a miserable dog that worries all the horses that pass his house, and renders it next to impossible for anybody, except a courageous man armed with a cane, to enter his door. He keeps hens that enter the gardens of his neighbors, and scratch up seeds, and rip open tomatoes, and wallow in flower-beds, and make a nuisance of themselves from May until November, leaving nobody in their vicinity in quiet possession of his premises. Mr. Jones will not take care of his sidewalk in the winter, and I have thought that he takes a malicious satisfaction in hearing his neighbors curse him as they hobble over the ice in front of his house. He will join with his neighbors in no effort for beautifying his street. His consciousness that he deserves ill of his neighbors leads him to suppose that they are all banded against him, and, shutting himself into his own castle, he looks out upon the little world of neighbors around him in defiance, and full of the spirit of mischief. He does not care how much he annoys them. He would feel uncomfortable if he did not annoy them; and, though his dog and his hens are a perpetual plague to them, let but a pet rabbit stray into his

enclosure, and down comes his musket and the pet rabbit dies.

How far he is to be blamed for this it is impossible to say. I have no doubt that it is a legitimate apology for him to say that nature did not endow him with the neighborly instinct. There is really something lacking in him in this respect, and, so far as this want exists, there is an excuse for him. There is a lack in his nature still further than this. He is not sensitive to feel how everlastingly disgraceful it is to him to be at variance with his neighbors, and to do those things which must necessarily make them dislike him. I suppose that if this paper arrests his attention, he will put in the further plea, or, disregarding my apologies for him, put in the exclusive plea, that his neighbors are quarrelsome, and interfere with him. Let me say in reply to this that I do not believe the man can be found who is always at variance with his neighbors, who is not himself blamable for it. I know men who are accounted good husbands, good parents, and good men—perhaps religious men—who are notorious as uncomfortable neighbors. I know men of irreproachable morals of whom I never heard a neighbor speak a kind word. In such cases the blame attaches to the unloved person always; and if any man who may read these words, feels that, as a neighbor, he is not loved, let him take home to himself the conviction that he is a sinner, and that when he shall be reformed his neighborhood will be

reformed. Quarrelsome neighbors are invariably little-minded persons. A really noble mind never quarrels. A really noble man or woman is never complained of as a bad neighbor.

I think Mr. Jones is a worse neighbor than he was when he was less prosperous. Poverty not unfrequently makes an excellent neighbor and an excellent neighborhood. When men and women are engaged in a struggle for bread, and are obliged to depend upon mutual assistance in sickness and the various emergencies of life, they are very apt to be good neighbors. When Mr. Jones was poor he was a tolerably good neighbor, notwithstanding his want of the neighborly instinct and other noble qualities; but since he became an independent man, all his show of a neighborly disposition has vanished. The sense of independence has isolated him, and given his selfish pride the opportunity to assert and maintain its full sway over his little spirit. His house is in every sense his castle. It stands as coldly and as lonely in the midst of the neighborhood, and seems as thoroughly barred against neighborly approach, as that of Sir Launfal, that

> "Alone in the landscape lay
> Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray."

His fences are high; his screens are broad; and behind these he sits, and self-complacently makes faces at the world. If he borrows of nobody, nobody borrows

of him. Nobody goes near him, and he has abundant time to indulge in the selfish contemplation of his independence.

After all, is not this a small and miserable kind of life? Does it satisfy him? I am prepared to hear that it does, but it would gratify me much to know that he is not so utterly selfish as to be contented with it. Are there no times when he longs for neighborly sympathy—when the face of a loving and kind neighbor looking in at his door, bent upon some office of good-will, or even asking a favor, would seem delightful to him? If such times ever come, then is he not only saveable but worth saving. Sooner or later the time must come to every man who is worth saving, when he will feel that life has no genuine satisfaction outside of the love and respect of those who are around him. Our only satisfying life is in the hearts of others. He may content himself with his family—for the sake of holding the respect of his family—he must sometimes long for the love and respect of his neighbors. No despised and hated man, conscious that he has legitimately earned the dislike in which he is held, can long maintain his self-respect; and when this breaks down, even the worst nature will cry out for help. It must be that there are times when it would be a great relief to him to do a neighbor a favor for the asking.

I do not question the sincerity of his belief that he has very bad neighbors. I do not doubt that he hon-

estly considers them the worst and meanest men that ever constituted a neighborhood. I have no doubt that they have shown the worst and meanest side to him, and that, if the men were to be judged exclusively by the aspect which they have presented to him, their pictures would not be flattering. But he should remember that his position and his words and acts have only been calculated to call forth that which is evil in them. They have shown their worst side to him, because he has shown only his worst side to them. He has provoked their indifference, their insolence, their petty revenges, their spiteful remarks, their cold rebuffs, and all their unneighborly doings. What there is of evil in them they show to him, because he has been only a bad neighbor to them. Suppose when he first entered his neighborhood he had been a generous, kind-hearted, neighborly man, opening his house and heart to those around him, entering their houses, and in every possible way showing good feeling toward them, and doing good through various schemes of improvement; does he think he would have seen anything of this unpleasant side of which he now complains? If he has common sense, he knows that all his neighbors would have shown him nothing but good-will, and that he would have been loved and honored.

Now this good side of his neighbors, which I see and he does not, he must find. He can find it, and, though for various reasons it may seem to him now that not

one of them is amiable, he may learn that there is not one of them who is not more worthy to be loved than he is. How is it that they love and respect one another, while none of them love and respect him? Why is it that he is selected as the object of their united dislike? It is because he is the meanest man in the neighborhood, and yet he has times of believing himself abused, and of considering himself the only decent man among them all. He feels that there is something in him that is lovable, and that that something ought to be loved. That something which his wife has found, which his children have found, which his father found years ago, should, he feels, secure the love and good-will of his neighbors. Is he the only man of all his neighborhood who has lovable qualities that are hidden? All these men whom he has come to regard as bad neighbors are a good deal more lovable than he is, and they show their unlovely side to him simply because he has shown his unlovely side to them. Let him show the best part of his nature to them, and he will be astonished to see how quickly they will become lovely to him, through the exhibition of excellencies whose existence has been hitherto hidden from him. He has never shown anything but his hateful side to them, and it is very stupid of him to suppose that they will love that.

I imagine that this kind of talk will do him very little good, but there are two motives which I can present to him that he can measure, and that, I am sure, will com-

mend themselves to his consideration. With all his meanness he is proud, and he feels that there is something admirable in manliness. Now his position as a neighbor is not a manly one, but it is inexpressibly childish. Is he a man, and does he shut himself within the lines of his possessions, and quarrel about fences and lines of boundary and encroachments? Is he a man, and does he rejoice in making himself offensive to those around him by petty annoyances? Is he a man, and does he stand ready to pounce upon any unlucky child or pet of his neighbors the moment it enters his enclosure? Does he call such things manly? Is he not ashamed of his childishness? The real man is noble. He will himself suffer inconvenience rather than annoy his neighbor; he will suffer wrong rather than betray a small spirit of revenge; he will not permit himself to be degraded by a quarrel that can be avoided by any generous and self-denying act. By acts of justice and generosity, he will compel the respect of his neighbors and vindicate his claim to manliness. He has moral vision enough left to see all this, and sensibility, I hope, to feel that a mean neighbor is no man, but only a childish imitation of one.

The second motive which I present to him is more selfish even than the first, and for that reason he can appreciate it better. A bad neighbor has no influence. No man can move society in any direction who has lost his hold upon those who are around him. Mr. Jones

has isolated himself, and he reaps the consequences in his loss of influence. He is without power upon the world. With all his fancied independence, and with all the power which money gives him, there is not a man who would permit himself to be moved by him. He must become a good neighbor if he would win power over others for any purpose. As it is, he is counted out of every ring, and has no power to call a ring around himself.

I wish I could at least make him and every other man who reads these words feel that an unpleasant neighbor is a nuisance. There is no good reason why the word "neighborhood" should not be as sweet and suggestive and sacred a word as "family." A neighborhood is a congeries of homes, and the home spirit of love and mutual adaptation and mutual help and harmony should prevail in it. Home life itself is incomplete without good neighborhood life, and every man who poisons the latter is the enemy of every home affected by his act.

GOODRICH JONES, JR.

CONCERNING HIS DISPOSITION TO BE CONTENT WITH THE RESPECTABILITY AND WEALTH WHICH HIS FATHER HAS ACQUIRED FOR HIM.

THE father of Goodrich Jones, Jr., by a life of integrity and close and skilful application to business has made for himself a good reputation in the world, and become what the world calls rich. He lives in a good house, moves in good society, commands for his family all desirable luxuries of dress and equipage, and holds a position which places him upon an equality with the greatest and best. He began humbly, if I am correctly informed, and won his eminence by the force of his own life and character. I honor him. I count him worthy of the respect of every man, and I find myself disposed to treat his family with respect on his account —for his sake. This feeling toward his family, which I find springing up spontaneously within myself, seems to be quite universal. The world bows to the family of the venerable Goodrich Jones—bows, not to Mrs. Jones, particularly, as a respectable woman, but to the wife of

Goodrich Jones—bows, not to his children as young men and women of intelligence and good morals, but as young people who are to be treated with more than ordinary courtesy because they are the children of the rich and respectable Goodrich Jones.

This feeling of the world toward Mr. Goodrich Jones' family is very natural. It is a tribute of respect to a worthy old gentleman, and, so far as he is concerned, is one of the natural rewards of his life of industry and integrity. I notice, however, that the family of Mr. Jones have come to look upon these tributes of respect to them on account of Mr. Jones, as quite the proper and regular thing, and to feel that they are really worthy of special attention, because Mr. Jones commands it for himself. Instead of feeling a little humiliated by the consciousness that they are treated with special politeness, not because they are particularly brilliant, or rich, or well-bred, but because they are the family of a rich and respectable man they are inclined to feel proud of it. How they manage to be vain of respectability and wealth won for them by somebody besides themselves I do not know; but I suppose their case is not singular. Indeed I know that the world is full of such cases, many of which would be ridiculous were they not pitiful.

The thought that Goodrich Jones, Jr., is the son of Goodrich Jones, and that he bears his name, seems to form the basis of his estimate of himself. I have already given the reason why the world treats him respectfully,

but that reason need not necessarily be identical with that which leads him to respect himself. If, owing to some circumstance or agency beyond his control, he were to be suddenly stripped of all his ready money and other resources, and set down in some distant city among strangers, what would be his first impulse? Would he go to work, and try to make a place for himself? Would he be willing to pass for just what he is—to be estimated for just what there is in him of the elements of manhood—or would he endeavor to convince everybody that he was the son of a certain very rich and respectable Goodrich Jones, and try to secure consideration for himself upon such representation? I presume he would pursue the same policy among strangers that he pursues among friends. He has never made an effort to be respected for works or personal merits of his own. He pushes himself forward everywhere as the son of Goodrich Jones—indeed as Goodrich Jones, Jr. He has not only been content to live in the shadow of his father's name, but he has been apparently anxious to invite public attention to the fact that he does. He has not only been content to live upon money which his father has made, but he seems delighted to have it understood that he can draw upon him for all he wants. He seems to have no ambition to make either reputation or money for himself. On the contrary, I think he would look upon it as disgraceful for him to engage in business for the purpose of winning wealth by labor.

Now will he permit one who has frequently bowed to him for his father's sake, to talk very plainly to him for his own? Let me assure him, in the first place, that all this respect which the world shows to him is unsubstantial and unreliable. The man who treats him with respect because his father is rich, would cease to treat him with respect if that father were to become poor. The man who bows to him because his father occupies high social position, would pass him without recognition were his father, for any reason, to lose that position. Let me assure him that the world does not care for him any further than he is the partaker of the money and the respectability which have been achieved by his father. Nay, I will go further, and say that, side by side with the deference which it shows for him on his father's account, it cherishes a certain contempt for one who is willing to receive his position at second-hand. He cannot complain of this, for he places his claims for social consideration entirely on his father's position. The negro slave is proud of the superior wealth of his master, and among his fellow slaves assumes a superior position in consequence of wealth which is not his own. He belongs to a splendid establishment, and, in his own eyes, wins importance from the association. When his master fails, the slave sinks. No, there is nothing reliable in this consideration of the world for Goodrich Jones, Jr. He is only treated as a representative of the wealth and respectability of another man, and if Goodrich Jones were

to become displeased with him, and were to disown and disinherit him, he would find himself without a friend in the world.

In the second place, his position is an unmanly one. None but a mean man can be willing to hold his position at second-hand. I count him fortunate who is born to pleasant and good social relations, and all the advantages which they bring him for the development of his personal character; but I count him most unfortunate, who, born to such relations, is willing to hold them as a birthright alone. A man who is willing to keep a place in society which his father has given him, through his father's continued influence, is necessarily mean-spirited and contemptible. Every young man of a manly spirit who finds himself in good society through the influence of others, will prove his right to the place, and hold the place by his own merits. No man of the age of Goodrich Jones, Jr., can consent to hold his social position solely through the influence of his father without convicting himself either of imbecility or meanness. If he has any genuine self-respect, he feels that to own to others what he is capable of winning for himself, and to be considered only as a portion of a rich and respectable man's belongings, is a disgrace to his manhood.

I suppose the thought has never occurred to him that he owes something to his father for what his father has done for him. His father gave him position. His father's name shielded him through all his childhood

and youth from many of the dangers and disadvantages which other young men are forced to encounter. He gave him great vantage ground in the work of life, and he owes it to him to improve it. If his father's name helps him, he ought to do something for his name. If his father honors him, he ought to honor his father, and to do as much for his father's name as his father has done for his. He has no moral right to disgrace one who has done so much for him; for his father's reputation is partly in his keeping. It would be an everlasting disgrace to the father to bring up a boy who relied solely upon him for respectability. It would be a blot upon his reputation to have a son so mean as to be content with a name and fortune at second-hand. He must change his plan and course of life, or people will talk more and more of his unworthiness to stand in his father's shoes, and express their wonder more and more that so sensible and industrious a father could train a son so inefficiently as he has trained him. When this good father of his shall die, he will be thrown more upon himself. He will have money, I presume, and he will still sit in the comfortable shadow of his father's name; but the world changes, and strangers will estimate him at his true value, and those who knew his father will only talk of the sad contrast between the father's character and his own.

I suppose that he is not above the desire for the good-will of the world. Well, the world is made up of work-

ers. The great mass of men—and his father is among the number—are obliged to depend upon their own labor and their own force and excellence of character for wealth and position. People do not envy him, because he won all that he possesses by his own skill and industry. He is universally admired and esteemed, and he is enjoying some of the fruits of this admiration and esteem in the politeness of the world toward himself; but this will not always last. His son must mingle in the world's work, and cast in his lot with his fellows, contributing his share of labor and, taking what comes of it in pelf and position, or else he will be voted out of the pale of popular sympathy. The world does not love drones, and he must cease to be a drone or it will never love him.

I suppose it is hard for him to realize that he is not the object of envy among men, but I wish he could for once feel the contempt which his parisitic position excites, even among men whom he deems beneath his notice. There are many young men who have been compelled to labor all their lives for bread, who would shrink from exchanging places with him as from a loathsome disgrace. They would not take his idle habits, his foppish tastes, his childish spirit, and his reputation, for all his father's money, and these men, strange as it may seem to his mean spirit, are more respected and better loved by the world than himself. I say that he is not above the desire for the good-will of the world, but, if

he would get it, he must be a man. He must show that he has a man's spirit, and that he is willing to do a man's work. No idle man ever yet lived upon the wealth won for him by others and at the same time enjoyed the love of the world.

All this he will find out by and by without my telling him, but then it may be too late for remedy. He is now young, but, if he lives, he will come at length to realize that, instead of being envied he is despised. He will make a sadder discovery too, than this. He will discover that he has as little basis for self-respect as for popular regard. Years cannot fail to reveal to him some things which youth hides from him. He will find that the world is busy, that he has no one to spend his time with, and that the men who have power and public consideration are men who have something to do besides killing time and spending money. He will find that he is without sympathy and companionship among the best people, and when he ascertains the reason—for it will be so obvious that he cannot fail to see it—he will learn that he is not worthy of their sympathy and companionship. In short, he will learn to despise himself.

I have already spoken to him of the debt which he owes to his father, for what his father has done for him. There are some further considerations relating to his family which I wish to offer. A family name and reputation are things of life and growth. The character which his father has made is a product of life, so grand

and far-spreading that his family sits beneath and is sheltered by it. It is the law of all vital products that they shall grow, or hold their ground against encroachment, by what they feed upon. Food must be constant, or death is sure to come soon or late. The character of his family—its power, position, and high relations—is the product of his father's vital force, working in various ways. Not many years hence that force must stop its work. His father will die, and unless he takes up his work and does it, this family character will pine and dwindle, and ultimately sink in utter decay.

Let Goodrich Jones, Jr., look around him and see how some of the rich and influential old families have died out because there was no men in them to keep them alive. The founder of the family did what he could, raised his family to the highest social position, gave them wealth, bequeathed to them a good name, and died. The sons who followed were not worthy of him. They were not men. They were babies who were willing to live upon their family name, and who did live upon it until they consumed it. It is sad to see a family name fade out as it often does, through the failure of its men to feed it with the blood of a worthy life; and his will fade out in a single generation if he does not immediately prepare himself to take up his father's work and carry it on. It is always pleasant and inspiriting to see young men who expect to inherit money entering with energy upon the work of life, as if they had their fortunes

to make. It proves that they are men, and proves that they are preparing to handle usefully the money that is to come into their hands. It proves that they intend to win respect for themselves, and to lay, at least, the foundation of their own fortunes. When I see such men, I feel that the name of their families is safe in their keeping, and that, for at least one generation, those families cannot sink. The desire to be somebody besides somebody's son, shows a manly disposition which the world at once recognizes, and to which it freely opens its heart.

I am aware that a young man in young Jones' position has great temptations, and labors under great disadvantages. We are in the habit of regarding a poor young man who has neither family name nor influence as laboring under disadvantages, and in some aspects of his case we regard him rightly. But he has certainly the advantage of the stimulus which obstacles to be overcome afford. The poor man sees that he must make his own fortune, or that his fortune will not be made at all; and the obstacles that lie before him only stimulate him to labor with the greater efficiency. When I see a poor young man bravely accepting his lot, and patiently and heroically applying himself to the work of building a fortune and achieving a position, I am moved to thank God for his poverty, for I know that in that poverty he will ultimately discover the secret of his best successes.

The disadvantage of Goodrich Jones, Jr., is, that position and wealth have already been won for him. It is

not necessary for him to labor to get bread and clothing and a comfortable home. These have been won for him by other hands. I do not deny that this condition of things is naturally enervating. I confess that it takes much good sense and an unusual degree of manliness to resist the temptations to idleness which it brings; but he must resist them or suffer the saddest consequences. He must labor in a steady, manly way to make his own place in the world, as a fitting preparation for the husbandry and enjoyment of the wealth which will some day be his. If he has not those considerations in his favor which stimulate the poor man to exertion, then he must adopt such as I have tried to present to him. He must remember that to be content with a position received at second-hand, and to live simply to spend the money earned by others, is most unmanly. He must remember that he owes it to his father, and to his family name and fame, to keep his family in the position of consideration and influence in which his father has placed it, and that it is certain to recede from that position unless he does. He must remember that only by work can he win the good-will of the world around him, or win and retain respect for himself.

If the disadvantages of his position are great, his reward for worthy work is also great. The world always recognizes the strength of the temptations which attach to the position of a rich young man, and awards to him a peculiar honor for that spirit which refuses to be re-

spected for anything but his own manliness. I know of no young men who hold the good-will of the public more thoroughly than those who set aside all temptations to indolence and indulgence which attend wealth, and put themselves heartily to the work of deserving the social position to which they are born, and of earning the bread which a father's wealth has already secured. He has but to will and to work, and this beautiful reward will be his.

THE END.

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